

287 Dreams Of Steven Collier in 1987

Dream of: 01 January 1987 "Logarithms"

I was sitting in a pew in a church during services.

Sitting next to me on my left was a woman (probably in her early 20s). I had been whispering to her and, although I had become quite sexually attracted to her, I had made no open demonstration of my attraction. Finally, on impulse I simply put my left hand on her right knee. A sort of desk was in front of us which shielded my action from being seen by anyone.

The woman was completely surprised and squirmed a little as if to shake my hand off. However, I held resolutely to her knee and finally she quietly acquiesced. She was wearing a dress which came down right about to where my hand was. She was also wearing white hose. She continued to keep her legs pressed firmly together so I couldn't put my hand between them. All I could manage to do was to slip my fingers between her knees.

I whispered to her that we could do something together after church. She whispered back that she had to study her "logins." I thought she was a

student and that "logins" was another word for "logarithms." I told her I could help her with them.

Finally, to my surprise and delight she separated her legs. I quickly began running my hand up the inside of her leg and, encountering no resistance, I continued all the way to her crotch. I began passionately caressing her through her hose and panties. She seemed to be thoroughly enjoying my fondling and I decided to stick my hand inside her panties. I raised my hand to the top of her panties and began to stick it down inside. Her skin was soft and pleasant to the touch, although it did seem as if she might need to lose a little weight.

Before I had reached my goal, she suddenly stopped me. I tried to proceed but she was determined I should not, and finally I had to relent. I whispered to her that after church I would like to take her to an open field and have sex with her. But it suddenly occurred to me that I really didn't know her that well and that if I had sex with her, I would be taking the chance of catching a venereal disease. So I added that actually what I wanted to do was simply simulate having sex with her.

The idea of simulated sex seemed much less appealing to me than actually having sex and I wondered how it would take place. It occurred to me that perhaps I could use a condom. But what if

I wanted to have oral sex with her? Would I put my condom-protected penis into her mouth? I had never done that, and the idea seemed rather bizarre. But having intercourse with a condom didn't seem much less bizarre. The whole concept of sex was beginning to seem less appealing under those conditions.

Dream of: 02 January 1987 "Trojan War"

I awoke and found myself in the living room of the Gallia County Farmhouse. Perhaps 10-15 people were milling about in the kitchen and living room.

I was disconcerted at first and I couldn't remember what I was doing here. Gradually, however, it began to come back to me.

I recalled that I was the leader of the people here (actually I was their king) and that many more of my subjects were outside. The previous day we had been involved in a battle with people who looked like Trojan soldiers and whom I indeed called Trojans. The Trojans had attacked us at the Farmhouse and our forces had been able to repel them. We were expecting another attack today.

I wondered what time it was and how long I had slept. I had the impression it was rather late, and I was concerned I might have missed something.

Sitting up and looking out the large picture window in the front of the Farmhouse, I was astounded by what I saw: in the large bottom field

at the foot of the hill in front of Symmes Creek stood a large arc which very much reminded me of the Arc of Triumph in Paris, except it was much larger.

The Arc towered for probably 100 meters into the air. I had never seen an arc so tall. It was made of large, dark-brown stones and had images carved all over its face. How could the Trojans possibly have built such a thing overnight? And why? It didn't seem to serve any defensive purpose. It just stood there in the field. But it certainly did give one pause to wonder at the ingenuity of the Trojans. I thought it might awe my subjects into fearing the Trojans more. But I thought I would probably be able to encourage my people by pointing out that now at least when we had defeated the Trojans, we would capture the Arc and have something to show for our struggles.

I could discern many Trojans walking around in the field. And closer to the house along the fence line Trojans were busily building a stone fence which also was made of brown stone and was already as high as a man's chest. The Trojans were obviously fortifying their position and that gave me cause for some concern.

I finally stood and began walking around the house. I still felt very disoriented and although I knew I was the king, I was uncertain what my next

move should be. I walked into the kitchen and two prisoners were brought in. I recognized one of them as Brian, but we didn't acknowledge we knew each other. I had earlier decided the prisoners were to be executed, but I hadn't yet told them. The prisoners stood up before me and I explained they were to be executed at 6 o'clock today. Ordering the execution was extremely unpleasant for me and made me feel bad. Plus, it was only about 15 more minutes until 6 o'clock and I disliked having to give the prisoners so little notice of their death. A clock on the wall said it was already 7 o'clock, but I explained that the clock was wrong, and I told them the correct time.

Brian immediately became very animated. He didn't contest the decree of execution in any way, but he seemed to want to hurry and take care of some last-minute affairs before he was executed. He paced back and forth across the kitchen floor a few times and then exited through the kitchen door. The other prisoner followed.

I walked back into the living room where I was presented two women whom I had likewise ordered to be executed. The women (probably in their late 50s) appeared thin and perhaps a bit frail. One was wearing a pink dress. They were likewise told of their impending execution and quietly accepted it.

I walked away from them more downcast than ever. I didn't want to have them executed. But the order had been given. I wondered if it would be interpreted as weakness if I were to rescind my own order and I tried to think of some precedent where a king had done such a thing.

Three men were crouched down inside the room near the front door. They definitely reminded me of Kurds from Kurdistan. They were dressed in their typical Kurdish outfits while I was wearing a simple shirt and blue jeans. I knelt to speak with them. I felt that even though I was the king, I still needed to speak personally with people who came to see me like that. I spoke with them in another language, perhaps German, and asked them what they wanted. We stood up and they informed me they were relatives of the two women who were to be executed. They had come to take care of arrangements for the women after the execution. I let them talk to the women and I walked away.

Who would perform the execution? And how would it be done? I thought it would probably be done by simply using a hand gun and shooting the people in the back of the head. But that seemed very bloody, especially in the case of the women and especially if their relatives were going to have some kind of funeral for them. It would be a messy affair if half their heads were blown off. Perhaps some kind of sleeping pills would be better. It

seemed to me that some sleeping pills were somewhere in the Farmhouse and I might give the condemned people a choice of being shot or taking the pills. Then of course there was always the possibility I would cancel the execution.

But I didn't want to pull the trigger myself. Perhaps I could find one of my subjects who could do it. I would still make very clear to all that it was I who had ordered the execution and that even if I didn't actually pull the trigger, I was the one responsible. But who could I get to pull the trigger?

With that question in mind, I walked out onto the front porch and realized not many of my subjects seemed to be left. I wasn't sure what had happened to them. But I did know one thing - I needed some advice as to how to proceed with the war. But I didn't know who my ministers were. Indeed, I was unsure I even had ministers. Finally, I decided I needed to find a boy to run through the men and announce that the king wanted to meet with his ministers. I asked for a boy and one showed up. I explained to him that it was important for him to dash about shouting "Ministers." He should explain to the ministers who responded that they should immediately come to the front of the house for a council with the king.

I sent the boy off and I hoped the plan worked. I didn't know who my ministers were, but I hoped someone at least would respond to the call. I desperately needed to confer with someone about the status of affairs and develop a plan of action.

I was concerned that indeed the situation might already be hopeless. If that was the case it might be best to send all my subjects away and simply await the inevitable alone. In that case I would probably simply go to the top floor of the house and await the attack. The house would probably be burnt, and I would die in the conflagration.

But until I was sure it was hopeless, I intended to continue trying to fulfill my function as king. And at the moment that seemed to mean trying to establish some order in the seeming chaos about me. I walked back through the house and onto the back porch. There I was surprised to find a large group of soldiers. But although they were friendly soldiers, they weren't part of my group. They were all dressed in blue uniforms and had yellow scarves. They were Union soldiers fighting for the North in the United States Civil War. I didn't mind their using the area for their needs, but I realized -- just as they couldn't demand my support in their battle -- I wouldn't be able to ask them to assist me in mine. Still I felt somewhat comforted just seeing them here.

I walked back through the house again and to the front porch. I now seemed dressed in a long white robe and I had very long hair. I also seemed to have gained some weight. I felt older and more kingly. It was time to meet with my people and discuss with them the plans for dealing with the enemy. Actually, the plans weren't formulated yet in my mind, but I knew it was time to meet my subjects.

There was one point I knew I wanted to make. And that was that in the present war we weren't the aggressors. We were the ones being attacked by the Trojans. Indeed, we had tried to escape from the Trojans and had only recently come to where we were. But the Trojans had followed us, and they were the ones attacking us. I thought it was very important that that point was made clear.

I was surprised by what I found in the front yard. The entire area was thronged with people. It appeared I had far more support than I had thought. Indeed, there was practically no room for me to come out onto the porch and people had to be pushed back. The yard was completely filled, and I hoped no one would be pushed over the cement wall in front of the yard.

I wanted to speak to the throng and I began trying to do so. But the din was very loud, and it suddenly became clear to me that I had lost my

voice and I couldn't speak above a whisper. With what little voice I had I began crying, "Orator. Orator." I wanted to find someone to whom I could whisper and who could repeat my words to the crowd. A woman volunteered, but I needed someone with a strong, male voice.

Finally, a tall fellow dressed in a suit stood out from the crowd and I grabbed him. He bent his head down, I whispered a sentence to him and he repeated it to the silenced crowd. But a cry immediately went up from the rear of the crowd where the man's weak voice couldn't be heard. I discharged him and again began walking through the crowd pitifully whispering, "Orator."

Suddenly I saw Proctor (a former fellow law student) standing in front of me. He was very neat-looking. His black hair was cut short and he was dressed in a nice-looking suit and tie. I remembered him as being an impressive person and I immediately decided he might be a good voice for me now. He was only slightly taller than I. He came close to me and I explained what I wanted. The crowd quieted down, and I whispered to Proctor, "Thank you my people for gathering here today."

Proctor repeated in a loud voice, "Thank you my people for gathering here today."

The crowd remained quiet and Proctor was obviously able to be heard. I didn't know yet what I was going to say, but I began to feel words coming to life within me. I continued, "I am pleased by the number present."

Proctor repeated, "I am pleased by the number present."

As I continued, my voice also seemed to become stronger. I seemed to have the attention of the people and I knew they were anxious to hear me. I continued, "Which shows the continuing interest in our cause."

Proctor repeated, "Which shows the continuing interest in our cause."

Dream of: 03 January 1987 "Reciting Poetry"

A woman who seemed rather peculiar to me was trying to teach me some poetry. The woman seemed liked someone I had known for a while, but she also seemed like a stranger. Her age was difficult to discern but she was probably in her 20s. Her facial features weren't pronounced. She was slender and dressed mostly in black.

She had been repeating some poems to me and I had been trying to understand and memorize them, but I was having a very difficult time. I couldn't seem to grasp central concepts and I felt

as if I were just stumbling along. The woman clearly wasn't the patient sort and she was obviously becoming increasingly exasperated by my bovine nature. Finally, she spurted out, "You're not very strong with the words, are you."

I immediately acknowledged that was my problem: I had a very difficult time with words. I didn't understand words well and I couldn't seem to grasp their meanings.

The woman pulled out another poem to show me. What she had in her hand looked like a piece of black bauxite in the shape of a rectangle a little longer and about as wide as the woman's hand. The surface of the side of the bauxite she showed me had been carved so that it had about a dozen different levels rising and descending from one end to the other. I touched it and felt that it was very smooth.

The woman said I was looking at a poem. I had the feeling that it was a particularly difficult poem and that she realized as much. It seemed to illustrate exactly the type of problem I was having with poetry. I saw no words whatsoever on the surface of the bauxite. It was completely indecipherable to me what it could possibly mean. I certainly had no idea what kind of poem could be contained within it.

The woman began reciting as if she were reading the stone. She had an energetic way of speaking and letting the words jump from her mouth. It was painfully obvious that I wasn't following the poem. I couldn't even completely understand it when she spoke it. She stopped, and I asked her if she might decipher somewhat for me what she saw on the bauxite.

She clearly was becoming fed-up with me, but she began moving her hand over the stone and told me how easy it was. She touched the highest level of the stone and uttered a Greek word which began with a "c." She said it represented the height of Christianity. She then touched the bottom-most level of the rock and muttered another Greek word. She said that represented the depths of hell. She said that once those two words were known, then the other words simply fell into place and she began reciting the poem again. I still didn't understand, although some of her words seemed to be registering somewhat.

The woman finished the poem. She then began criticizing me and she seemed to be pointing out that I wasn't putting enough emotion into the effort: I needed to feel the poetry and thrust my being into it. Yet she seemed to have grown tired of our lesson and she was ready to recite a poem for herself, one with which she could let herself go.

We were outside; she stood up in the grass and began reciting again. She began dancing around making bizarre motions and finally she pulled out a hangman's noose. She seemed to be working herself up into a frenzy and she finally put the hangman's noose around her neck. While dancing wildly about, continuing to speak and finally wildly screaming the poem, with one hand she began pulling the noose as if she were trying to hang herself.

I thought her actions were more than just a little strange, but I had to admit that a central point of the poem was being made clear to me: that try as she might to hang herself, it simply wasn't possible to do so by the method she was using. One couldn't hang himself by pulling the noose tight with one's own hand.

I felt more and more uncomfortable and I finally walked away. Even though I wasn't that bright, I did indeed know some poetry and a poem even began flowing through my head as I walked along. It was a poem about a lamb which had become separated from the herd of sheep, had ventured near some water and was in danger of drowning. What I particularly noticed was that as I repeated the poem, it became clear to me how poetry reflected reality, and indeed in this case I felt there was a lost sheep which needed to be found.

My feeling was strongly reinforced when to my left I noticed a field with a herd of white sheep. I continued along until I reached a small stream and standing on the edge of the water was a black lamb. I quietly approached the lamb, intending to try to grab it. Then I noticed a second black lamb was also standing nearby in the water.

Suddenly from behind some bushes the woman appeared. She appeared to be wearing a black tuxedo, but her attire didn't stop her from getting on her knees and approaching one of the sheep.

She quickly grabbed it and pulled it from the water. I crept up on the other one and was able to grab it. I held it awkwardly in my arms and I tried to position it so I could hold it better. It seemed to have rather sharp little hooves.

I carried it up on the bank and then noticed still a third little black sheep. It was standing near what looked like a piece of dead flesh. The flesh looked like the tit of a mother sheep which was dead. I guided the sheep away from the putrefying flesh.

Dream of: 04 January 1987 "Caesar's Tomb"

I had been traveling through Europe and had gone to visit a museum in Italy, apparently in Rome, which contained a large sculpture I had seen before and in which I was particularly interested. The first time I had seen the sculpture I hadn't been especially impressed by it, but after

reflecting about it later, I had realized what a captivating piece of art it was. Now I found myself again in the spacious room where the piece was located.

The sculpture -- made from white marble -- sat in a recessed section in the floor. The bottom part of the work consisted of a large rectangular slab which measured approximately ten meters by five meters and stood about a meter high. On top of the slab were a variety of intricate carvings. Directly over top the slab about a half meter above it was another slab held in place by marble sculptures of men on the ends of the slab, who were holding the slab just by the tips of their fingers. On top of the second slab was a large marble sculpture which formed what could probably be called the central theme of the entire work.

That part of the sculpture wasn't entirely clear but seemed to depict several people gathered together in a lump. The features of the people had been partially carved out and seemed in a way to be emerging from the marble.

I knew the entire work was dedicated to Julius Caesar and I thought it might be Caesar's tomb, but I wasn't entirely sure. I wondered whether the work had been done while Caesar had still been living or after he had died. I began thinking about

the work and another sculpture I had seen of a famous person of antiquity and I wondered about the significance of men actually having sculptures made of themselves which then survived through history. It seemed to reveal a puzzling part of man's nature.

I wondered what it would have been like if the two slabs had been placed closer together so the carvings on top of the bottom slab couldn't be seen without crawling in between the two slabs. Would I get down and crawl there? I realized such thoughts were useless because the statue was carved the way it was, and it couldn't be changed.

I was anxious to find some description of the work. I paced back and forth around it looking it over and looking for some plaque which would describe it. I remembered the last time having seen a long, gold, metal sign that identified the work, but I saw that it had been removed from the back of the statue. I was determined to find out more about the moving work and I directed my attention to a type of nearby concession stand.

I stepped up to the stand and immediately noticed lying on the glass cases which formed the counter of the concession stand about ten pictures which had been cut out in relief. I immediately remembered that I had actually been in the museum the night before and with someone who

had been helping me, I had cut out the pictures to add to my collection of collage pictures. I apparently had forgotten and left them here. A man stepped up and, speaking to him in French, I immediately told him the pictures belonged to me and I began gathering them together. He seemed unconcerned and he helped me stack them up. Some were lying in front of a boy standing to my left and some were in front of the cash register. I put them all into a neat stack before me.

I then turned to the man and began speaking. I didn't know how to speak Italian, but I thought he probably spoke English. However, I decided to speak to him in French because I wanted to speak as much French as possible. Choosing my words, I said, "Avez-vous quelque petit chose que describe ce sculpture?"

I wasn't entirely sure that "describer" was a French word; but I thought the man would understand. He replied to me in French that he did have something, and he pulled out a small pamphlet which he handed to me. It looked like what I wanted, and I asked him how much it was. He answered, and I thought he said. "Dix dollars."

I repeated, "Dix dollars?"

Ten dollars seemed to me to be far too much for the tiny pamphlet and I wasn't sure I was willing to pay that. But he said, "Deux dollars."

That time I understood him. Two dollars I could afford. I reflected about how close the pronunciation was between "deux" and "dix" in French.

He also added that included in the price was a bag in which to carry the pamphlet and he pulled out a rather large, light brown leather or imitation leather bag. I thought I didn't really need it, but I might be able to find some use for it.

I opened my billfold, extracted two one-dollar bills and handed them to the man. He told me he needed an additional 23 cents. I hadn't heard that at first, but I dug my hand into my pocket and I pulled out a handful of change, mostly pennies. I counted out two dimes and three pennies which I dropped into the man's outstretched hand. He already had some change in his hand and as he looked at the money I had handed him, he seemed uncertain whether I had given him the right amount. I thought I could have just given him a single dime and three pennies and he wouldn't have been able to tell the difference since my money had mixed so quickly with the money in his hand. But it would hardly be worth my time to try to cheat him like that.

Finally, I opened the pamphlet, some pages of which were orange. I realized I hadn't specified that I wanted the pamphlet in French; but I saw

that it didn't matter because the same thing was written inside in many different languages. I noticed some pages of Russian in the Cyrillic alphabet. I was a bit disappointed to see all the languages because I realized the same information was repeated many times in the pamphlet and therefore I hadn't received as much information as I had anticipated. The entire pamphlet was probably only 20 pages and probably only three of those pages would be in French.

Dream of: 04 January 1987 (2) "Piercing Eyes"

I had gone into a neat European restaurant, sat down at a table covered with a white table cloth and ordered a meal. To my left was seated a couple with whom I was acquainted. The meal arrived, and I ate heartily. The food included some white rice, which I noticed contained small shrimp. I hadn't intended to eat any meat but consumed the shrimp anyway.

The meal finished, the waitress (a stout woman probably in her 40s) came and took my plate. She then proceeded to bring me an after-meal dish, part of which consisted of a glass of wine. She placed a sizable glass in the middle of a clean plate in front of me, and from a large bottle on which I noticed the words "Bordeaux" and "1913" she filled my glass with a brownish-colored wine. I

was intrigued by the vintage of the wine and I thought it would be interesting to taste.

To my right was seated Kim (a friend whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977). I had half-way been aware of her presence before, but I hadn't paid much attention to her. I turned to her and was going to tell her the date of the wine was 1913. But then noticing the waitress hadn't poured any wine for Kim, I recalled that Kim didn't drink alcohol and that she had probably told the waitress not to give her any wine. I suddenly felt quite foolish because I also considered myself a non-drinker. I had rationalized when the wine had been poured that it came with the meal and that refusing the wine would be improper. But obviously Kim had been able to refuse her wine without difficulty.

What should I do? I certainly didn't want to guzzle down the wine with Kim sitting right there next to me. When the waitress returned, I turned to her and said, "I should have stopped you from pouring the wine for me. I hate to waste it, but I do not drink and would like for you to take it away. Maybe you can do something else with it."

The waitress seemed slightly surprised, but she wasn't annoyed. She simply said she would use the wine in the relish. I asked, "You put it in the

relish?" She replied that she did and whisked the glass away.

It suddenly occurred to me why the waitress had looked a bit surprised when I had told her I didn't drink alcohol. Between my legs I was holding with my right hand a large bottle (at least a liter) of wine which I had been drinking with my regular meal. I had polished off at least two thirds of the bottle but had already forgotten I had been drinking it.

Like a clown, yet still feeling sheepish, I held the bottle in the air where Kim could see it. But she seemed to have known all along I had been drinking the wine. I realized I slightly felt the effects of the wine. I tried to make a joke and laugh off the fact that I had been drinking. Kim didn't seem to want to condemn me for what I had done, but she certainly didn't think it was any laughing matter.

I looked more closely at Kim and what struck me most was her eyes. They were a dark, black color and seemed beautifully intelligent and – so serene. They weren't piercing but simply quietly calm and tranquil. I didn't feel threatened by her looking at me and I simply wanted to look back into her dark, deep eyes. The rest of her face was indistinguishable, although her skin appeared soft and she seemed to have long hair. She didn't seem

to be any particular age, rather simply to be a mature woman in her flower.

Dream of: 05 January 1987 "Stolen Paintings"

I was walking along a narrow street crowded with pedestrians. I was carrying an original, framed painting which measured approximately a third of a meter in height and a half meter in length. The painting, which I enjoyed, was predominately red, and consisted of abstract designs, patterns and intersecting lines. I had just purchased it for \$50 one or two days earlier. It had been sitting with some other paintings for sale on the porch of a house reminiscent of a house around Court and Third Street in Portsmouth. After having bought the painting, I had passed by the house again and had seen several other paintings which had also been for sale, and which had been marked down in price from \$50 to \$25. I was now on my way back to the house, intending to probably buy one of the other paintings.

How surprised I was when I was passed in the crowd by two men and a woman (probably in their late 20s), casually dressed, who were carrying what looked like the very paintings I had seen at the house. After first hesitating as they passed me, I suddenly turned around and ran back to them. For some reason it seemed suspicious to me that they would have all those paintings and I even

thought there was a possibility they might have stolen them. I stopped them and without further ado began questioning them about where they had acquired the paintings.

One of the two men immediately said they had bought the paintings and he identified the same place where I had bought mine. When they saw my painting, I told them I had bought it at the same place. But I didn't want to mention how much I had paid for my painting, because I thought they had probably bought theirs for half as much, and they would think I had been foolish for having paid so much. I asked them how much they had paid for their paintings. One of the men (a tall, dark-haired fellow wearing a blue denim jacket) replied that they had paid \$2 apiece.

I was immediately alerted, for I knew the paintings were certainly worth far more than that and they wouldn't have been sold for that price. I immediately decided not to let them proceed until I had satisfied my suspicions. I forthwith told them I didn't believe them and that they were going to have to accompany me to the place where they claimed to have bought the paintings. They immediately expressed their unwillingness to do so, although I couldn't detect any fear in their refusal. I adamantly told them if they didn't cooperate, I would be forced to summon the police. One of them said that would be fine and he

even pointed out a police officer approaching us in the crowd behind me.

I turned to the officer (tall and dressed in a black uniform) and called him over to us. I immediately showed him the painting I had bought, told him the price I had paid and told him where I had bought it. I then showed him one of the paintings in question and explained to him my suspicions which were founded upon my having been told that the paintings had only cost \$2 apiece. The police officer took one look at the paintings, gruffly stated that paintings such as those were definitely worth more than \$2 apiece and gathered them all together in his arms. After he indicated that we should all follow, we marched off in the direction of the house.

Instead of following, however, one of the fellows began running ahead of the policeman as if he wanted to reach the house first. I raced after him, overtook him and in short order found myself standing in front of the house, an old two-story, red brick. No paintings were in sight on the cement porch now, but instead some fellows were standing there. I walked up to one, whom I quickly recognized as a fellow I had once known named Gerry, and asked him if the people who sold the paintings were around. I then noticed I recognized one of the other fellows on the porch, but I

couldn't remember his name. He helped me out and said his name was Bob.

Gerry told me the name of the man who sold the paintings and he said the man was in a room in the back of the house. I walked into the house and headed for the back room, the door to which was closed. I knocked on the opaque glass panel which covered the upper portion of the door and then I walked on in. A woman in a gray tee shirt was sitting with her back to me, apparently typing at a table. After I had told her whom I was looking for, she pointed to my right and identified a young man sitting there as the person I sought.

I immediately showed the fellow my painting, which I was still carrying, explained that I had purchased it and told him of my desire to buy some more paintings. He seemed happy that I liked the painting, but he immediately told me he couldn't sell me any more because his other paintings had been stolen. I excitedly spurted out that I thought I knew who had stolen the paintings. Before continuing, however, I asked him how much he would sell the missing paintings for if they were recovered; I thought I might be able to get them for \$10 apiece, since I would have been instrumental in retrieving them. He replied, "\$30."

I looked at him, frowned and told him I knew the paintings had already been marked down to \$25.

He squirmed, but I didn't wait for a response because I heard the fellow whom I had overtaken enter the house. I immediately walked back to the front of the house, roughly grabbed the fellow by the collar and pulled him into the back room. I ordered him to now tell the man how he had paid \$2 apiece for the paintings. He remained silent.

The police officer arrived in the front. I went to meet him, and he laid the paintings he was carrying on a chair and walked to the back room. The other man and woman (who were now with the police officer) likewise walked into the back room and some other people also gathered. I quietly watched as a bit of turmoil ensued as the people discussed the matter and someone pulled out a small baggie of what appeared to be marijuana which apparently had been found on one of the suspects.

Amid everything, the police officer stepped up to me and mentioned that my father was very sick. I was surprised the officer knew me, but then I recognized him as someone whom my father had pointed out to me before. The policeman looked different than I remembered. He was now quite a bit overweight, short and had graying hair. What he told me about my father concerned me and I

thought I might visit him. I didn't know what else I could do for him.

Meanwhile it was gradually concluded that a little hearing should be held, and the police officer sat down, apparently to conduct the hearing. The owner of the paintings pulled out a sheet of paper which described how the hearing should be conducted. He read that the suspects should be questioned by the complainant or the complainant's attorney. Someone said, "Collier's an attorney."

The suspects seemed surprised to hear that piece of information. I reflected that although I was an attorney, I wasn't an attorney for the owner. However, I did feel involved in the matter and I thought I might ought to question the suspects. I wondered how I would get them to identify the marijuana.

I thought we should have the paintings in the room for evidence and I returned to the front room to fetch them. There they lay on a chair. There were four of them, all different sizes, and I looked them over. One was much larger than the others and was probably a little over a meter in length. The others were about half so long and were all about a third to a half meter in height. They seemed not to have been damaged (although the large painting had two small, metal hinges

screwed close together on the front of its frame). I wondered if the hinges had been attached by the suspects and I asked someone standing nearby if the hinges had been there before, but he didn't know.

All paintings were abstract in design and each was different in color. One had a lot of pale colors; one had mostly pink. I noticed some marks on the board the pink one had been painted on, but it appeared they had been there before. The large painting in particular had a lot of gobs of paint on it which had been used for a textural effect. It reminded me of a painting of the sea.

I gathered all four paintings together and carried them into the back room. I was still debating whether I should question the suspects. I thought there would be some things only a lawyer would know how to say, such as, "I'm going to show you what has been marked as Exhibit A and ask you to identify it."

Dream of: 06 January 1987 "Lost Feeling"

I had gone to visit Walls at a house where he was living in Portsmouth. Walls and Gower (another Portsmouth acquaintance) were both in the house, and after a short while Walls told me that he and Gower were going to go somewhere and would return soon. They left, and I tried to make myself comfortable. It was about 10 p.m. and I decided to

watch a little television. The time passed and passed and still they didn't return, but I wasn't particularly bothered by the fact.

Finally, I remembered a six-pack of beer was in the refrigerator and I went in to get me a beer. I walked back into where the television was, and I continued watching it as I drank the beer. After a while I went in and got another beer.

Finally, around 2 a.m. I heard Walls and Gower returning. I hadn't really been angry that Walls had left me there all that time, but it suddenly struck me that I should at least act offended. Walls walked in and it was obvious he had been drinking alcohol heavily, which was what I had expected anyway. I bitterly complained to him about having been left alone all evening. He wasn't in a state to be able to pay much attention to me. He took off all his clothes and walked into the toilet apparently to take a shower. I stood in the door to the toilet holding a bottle of beer. Finally, in exasperation with him, when his back was turned to me I threw some of the beer on his back, which seemed somewhat fat and out of shape. He turned and gave me a surprised look. I walked away.

A short while later I prepared to leave, and I walked outside. Walls, who had dressed, also came out. He seemed a bit more apologetic and he seemed to somewhat be blaming his behavior and

forgetting me at the house on his having become intoxicated. I suggested he might start going to some Alcoholics Anonymous meetings.

It was light outside and Walls began showing me some type of vehicle he had built. It was something like a large go-cart. It had four wheels and two seats, one seat behind the other. It had no sides or roof and I didn't see the motor. I sat down on the front seat, Walls sat down on the rear one and we began moving.

We pulled away from Walls's house and I noticed an unusual tower which had been built in Walls's back yard. It was made of what appeared to be pillars from porches and was probably 15 meters tall. It was painted white, was symmetrical and was quite beautiful.

My attention was soon drawn back to the vehicle as we raced off and I suddenly realized I didn't know how to steer it. I began shouting at Walls for instructions, but if he said anything, I couldn't hear him. We were beginning to go quite fast. I realized another fellow besides Walls was also sitting behind me. Finally, I grabbed a stick that looked a bit like a gear shift, only longer, which was between my legs. I realized by moving the stick I could steer the vehicle and I barely managed to steer around some curves.

Finally, we came to a hill and began racing down it. I screamed to Walls again to tell me how to put on the brakes, but again he didn't answer. I stuck my feet out onto the pavement and tried to slow us down, but we were going much too fast for that. I grabbed the stick and pulled it toward me; the vehicle slowed down some and I realized that was the brake. I pulled as hard as I could and by the time we reached the bottom of the hill we were able to stop.

We were right next to what appeared to be the Stag Bar. Some fellow had one of his feet stuck out a window of the bar and it looked like honey had been smeared all over the foot. I saw many bees flying around his foot and a number had even landed on his foot.

We continued on and the whole area seemed to have a carnival atmosphere. Many people, especially children, were in the street. Our vehicle was just barely moving, but I did nudge a little girl with it. She wasn't harmed, and we continued on.

The crowd grew denser and finally we couldn't move. I realized many of the people around us were sitting in chairs and then I noticed Walls, the other fellow and I were also sitting in chairs in a large room. Looking around it suddenly occurred to me we were at a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous. It seemed the people were in the

process of giving testimonials about their experiences drinking alcohol.

A woman behind me to my left gave her name and was silent. I reflected that she hadn't said anything about her being an alcoholic. Other people spoke, and I began to become quite emotional as I listened. I realized tears were streaming from my eyes and I wiped them off with my shirt sleeve. More tears appeared. A woman near the front gave her name, but she likewise didn't mention she was an alcoholic.

I reflected I had myself not reached the conclusion I was an alcoholic. Yet I felt someday I might go to one of these meetings, stand up and say I was an alcoholic. I would say I hadn't drunk anything alcoholic for six months or however long it had been, even though I didn't attend Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. Even at the present moment it had been about five months or so since I had had anything alcoholic to drink and I felt good about that.

It suddenly occurred to me that that wasn't correct. That very evening I had drunk some beer. Incredible! How could I have done such a stupid thing! I felt terrible. It had been such a good feeling thinking I hadn't drunk anything alcoholic for so long and now I had completely lost that feeling. I was basically in the same boat as Walls.

I looked at Walls and I was surprised to see he was crying also. Someone handed him a napkin. I certainly hadn't expected him to cry. The other fellow who had come in with us seemed mesmerized by all that was taking place and simply listened in rapt attention.

Finally, a woman directed everyone's attention to some people standing near the door. They were apparently just spectators and she asked them to leave. One was named Keith. They all turned and walked out.

Dream of: 07 January 1987 "Quitting High School"

After a long separation, Louise (who looked just like Birdie) and I had begun living together. I had been quite happy at first with the arrangement, but when I awoke one morning and saw Louise lying in the bed under the blanket next to me, I realized that after having lived alone for so long, I had come to value my solitude and would prefer to live by myself. I was uncertain exactly how or when I would be able to tell Louise of that fact.

The phone rang - one long and then two short rings as if it were a signal. Louise jumped from the bed and immediately said, "Hello Gary." I thought it must be one of Louise's boyfriends. As part of our living arrangement we had agreed that each of us could continue seeing and dating other people.

I wasn't seeing anyone else at the moment, but Louise was. In view of our agreement, I didn't say anything as she quietly talked on the phone. But I began to realize I wasn't pleased that someone else was calling her; maybe I had made a mistake by making such an agreement.

After Louise had finished on the phone, I began talking with her. A man whom she had never met had recently called her and asked her to meet him somewhere. And she had gone to meet him. I began pointing out how dangerous it was to go meet someone like that; it could have been some kind of trap. She was uninterested in what I had to say, and I didn't pursue it.

We both began dressing. But I sat down and began working on something. Although I was in high school and needed to get ready to go to class, I suddenly decided I didn't want to go this morning and I told Louise so. Only two or three more weeks of school were left, and I hadn't missed much; I could afford to miss another day.

Abruptly I told Louise I had simply decided to quit school completely. I wasn't even sure why I had returned to high school. I had already gone through college and law school and was actually a lawyer. I didn't need to go to high school. Louise seemed to think I was making a mistake by

quitting; but I tried to point out that the mistake had been my beginning to go in the first place.

One of my classes at school was a calculus class. If I wanted to, I could begin studying calculus later and nothing would be lost by not continuing now in the class I was in.

Dream of: 10 January 1987 "Statue Of A Sheep"

I was outdoors with a group of men, all of whom (except me) had their heads shaved. We were engaged in some kind of ceremony. It was the first time I had ever taken part in the ceremony, but I knew the basic procedure. We were in the process of marching around, single file in a little circle. The next step in the ceremony would be to march single file to a nearby statue of a sheep and there one of the men would speak for a couple minutes.

I had earlier surveyed the area and I knew that a small statue of a sheep was near us and I thought that was the one the men probably used. However, I had also discovered another larger statue of a sheep a little farther away which I thought was more appropriate. Suddenly one of the men indicated that I should lead the group to a statue of a sheep for the ceremony to continue. I hesitated, decided to take the group to the larger statue and began leading them toward it. But all the men didn't go with me -- the group split in two

and part of the men headed toward the smaller statue.

The area we were in looked vaguely like a cemetery. We hadn't gone far when we stopped at what in a way seemed like an open grave and we marched around it. I then realized the larger statue of the sheep I wanted to take the men to was across a road and I thought it might be a mistake to take them over there. I began telling them it was too far away and that we should turn back. But they insisted, in a kind way, that we continue on.

We continued marching and crossed the road. On the other side we marched into a house and straight into the living room. I knew another group of people lived in the house. The other group also conducted some kind of ceremonies about this time of day. I had visited them before and I had even taken part in their ceremonies which were very different from the ones of the people I was now with. There even seemed to be a slight, undeclared rivalry between the two groups. But no one in the group I was with, except me, had ever visited the other group.

I was surprised to see that the group in the house wasn't involved in any type of ceremony at the moment – it must be their day off. Instead about a half dozen men were sitting and lying on the floor,

most wearing tee shirts, and eating pizza in front of a television. I recognized one slender fellow (probably in his late 20s). I quickly explained that I had brought the members of the group over to visit them.

I immediately felt uncomfortable. The bald men with me however seemed as calm as ever. The inhabitants of the room likewise seemed embarrassed by the situation. I thought they obviously would have liked to have been informed before being visited by us. One at a time they excused themselves and left the room. Finally, only my bald companions and I were left.

The television was still going and I realized how impractical it would be to try to continue with the ceremony with the television on. I asked one of my companions how long the speech session would be and he said it would take about a minute and a half, but that we had to wait for the rest of the group (the members who had earlier split off from us) before we could continue. I hadn't realized until now that the others were also going to show up. I thought maybe when they came we could quickly proceed with that part of the ceremony here and leave.

The pizza was still sitting on the floor. We hadn't been offered any, but we weren't in the mood for

pizza anyway, especially since it appeared that it might have some kind of meat on it.

Dream of: 10 January 1987 (2) "Marching In A Parade"

I was standing just inside the door of what appeared to be a gas station and was holding an electric guitar. Sitting on the ground near me was a small amplifier connected to the guitar.

A parade was beginning to form to march through the town and I was planning to march and play the guitar in the parade. Another small boy was also going to march with me and play some other kind of instrument. People began lining up and began marching off. Quite a few other musicians were also going to be in the parade including a band riding a large float directly behind me.

I began having serious doubts about marching in the parade. I wouldn't be able to play while I was moving because I could only play while standing still and when not carrying the amplifier. That would mean I would have to stop and go, over and over, every time the float in front of me left a little space for me to move in.

Another more important problem was that I really didn't play the guitar that well. I could just imagine how silly I was going to appear marching along amongst all those excellent musicians trying

to play my little guitar. The idea was extremely uncomfortable.

Finally, I hollered to the people on the float behind me to go ahead and that I would catch up later. I had an idea in mind that I thought might somewhat help. I thought if I could rent a pony and get a chair with wheels on it, I could stand on the chair and play while the pony pulled me. At least it seemed like a possibility.

A couple heavy-set women, one of whom was the mother of the little boy who was supposed to accompany me, stepped up and wanted to know what the problem was. I began explaining my plan to them and asked if they knew where I could rent a pony. I knew time was running out and I would have to act swiftly. They seemed rather surprised by my idea and by the fact that I had waited so long to formulate it. Nevertheless, one of them said she knew a place which rented ponies.

I was concerned about the cost of renting the pony; plus, I figured I would need to rent a truck to bring the pony to the parade site. The woman said she didn't think it cost much, perhaps 34 cents a mile, to rent the pony. I thought that sounded reasonable.

She grabbed some maps sitting on a counter of the gas station and handed them to me. She asked if I was going to leave the maps there when I

departed. I had the feeling that somehow I had acquired or inherited part of the gas station, but that I wasn't going to stay there to run it. She said the maps were probably worth \$4-\$5 apiece. Most were enclosed in plastic; I took one that was already out of the plastic and began looking through it for the place which rented the ponies.

Dream of: 11 January 1987 "Divine Inspiration"

After traveling back in time to the early 1800s, I found myself in the White House, interviewing the president of the United States, Ronald Reagan, who had just completed two years as president, and who was looking forward to the prospect of being president for six more years. Andrew Jackson was also in the room. Jackson had not yet become president, and (I knew) that he would not be president for another six years.

Both Reagan and Jackson had some idea - but were uncertain - that I had traveled back from the future, and they suspected that I knew what the future had in store for them. Although they wanted me to, I would not presage their future for them. Nevertheless, we had a hearty discussion, and we talked about how happy Reagan was because he thought he would be elected again for a second term.

Our conversation finally turned to Andrew Jackson's present role. He was not yet president, and although he held a high government position, he was uncertain that he would someday aspire to the presidency. Jackson knew that he was receding into old age, and since Reagan would probably hold the presidency for six more years, Jackson was unsure whether he would run for president at the end of Reagan's tenure.

Although I knew that Jackson would run for president, I did not come right out and tell him. Indeed, I recalled that Jackson would ultimately be elected twice and would serve as president for eight years.

Both Reagan and Jackson seemed about the same age - probably in their mid-70s. However, even though they were so old, they were both robust, strong and healthy. I asked them which one would be the oldest while serving as president and they calculated that Reagan would be the oldest. I concluded that Jackson was somewhat younger than Reagan.

I was surprised that the men were talking so openly with me. They seemed completely at ease, almost child-like. At one point Reagan opened the window and hollered to a pretty, young, blonde lady passing by outside who worked in the White House. He apparently had a penchant for flirting.

I finally came to a question which seemed important to me, but which I was uncertain they would answer. Basically, I wanted to know about their relationships with God. I began by saying that in days of old, kings had claimed to receive divine inspiration when they had made their decisions. I asked if there were ever times when, in making important decisions, the actual decision was just too close to make and they simply called upon God to make the decision and followed God's advice. As I talked, I had an image in my mind of the head of a white-haired man who had a small humanoid figure sitting on his forehead whispering to him.

Before I could receive an answer, however, both men had to interrupt the interview to attend to other matters. They abruptly walked out of the room, leaving me by myself. I remained alone for quite a while before finally deciding to leave. Since I did not want to exit through the main door and disturb either of the men in the other room, I began looking for a way out through one of the tall, door-like windows in the room.

Dream of: 12 January 1987 "Dividing The Inheritance"

I was driving a car in which Buckner was riding in the passenger seat. I decided to drive to the House in Patriot and I headed in that direction. When I

arrived, I saw the rear of my father's light-brown Volkswagen Rabbit in the garage. I had known my father had been there but I had thought he had already departed. Although I didn't particularly want to see him, I decided to stop since we were already there.

Buckner and I walked into the kitchen and Buckner sat down. My mother was there straightening up the House. My grandmother Leacy had died just a day or two earlier and her property was going to be divided up soon. I kiddingly asked my mother whether she had already begun sneaking things out. But then we became more serious and talked a little about how things should be divided. At first I thought the inheritance would be divided three ways – between my mother, my uncle Ronald and my uncle Liston. But then I realized my uncle George would also receive a part of the inheritance and that the estate would therefore be divided four ways.

Since George wasn't capable of managing his share of the inheritance, a trustee would have to be appointed for him. I remembered that once before Ronald had been appointed trustee for George, but I didn't think Ronald should be appointed again. I even thought it might be advisable for me to be appointed.

I realized my grandmother's funeral would take place later today and that more relatives, including my uncle Liston and his family, would soon be arriving. I could already imagine my uncle Liston declaring that my grandmother was now in a better world. Somehow, I was just not so sure.

I wondered if Buckner would want to go to the funeral with us; it might be interesting for him. He didn't have a suit or any clothes other than the casual ones he was wearing, but I thought that wouldn't much matter.

For myself, I decided to start getting ready and I walked into the toilet to take a bath. I undressed, started the water running and climbed in. The hot water soon ran out and just cold water was coming through. But the water in the tub would be hot enough if I hurried and finished. Just as I had lain down on my back and begun to relax, the door to the bathroom opened.

Three or four girls (all 15-16 years old) walked into the bathroom. They all had black hair and obviously had some oriental blood in their veins. I felt somewhat exposed as they stood over the bathtub looking at me. I didn't know whether they could see my penis, but I said something to the effect that they shouldn't be in here and they turned to leave.

But then I realized I actually rather enjoyed their being there with me and I told them they could stay. They turned back toward the bathtub and one by one, with their clothes still on, climbed in with me. They all sat down at the end of the tub where my feet were, and I began talking to them.

I noticed my brother Chris (7-8 years old) had also turned up in the bathtub. In fact I had felt him under the water and I pulled him to the surface realizing he was having a difficult time. I held him in the water with my right arm. He was completely nude.

All the girls were my cousins; I began talking with one, who told me she had been going to a school in Texas called South Texas. I had heard of it but I couldn't remember exactly where it was. I thought it was either in Waco or in a town south of Waco.

As we talked my hand brushed against the girl's leg, which felt bare. It was a pleasant feeling; was she now completely nude?

Dream of: 13 January 1987 "Living with Ghosts"

I was looking for living accommodations in a strange city. I briefly visited a house, walked back out onto the street, and pulled out a map of the streets. I tried to locate the street name which I saw on the corner of a building, but it was dark

here and I was having difficulty locating the street on the map.

The entire area seemed devoid of color. Only varying shades of black and white could be seen, and I was in a dark area. Not far away I could see a lighter area where I could probably read my map better, but instead of going there I returned inside the house where I had just been.

In short order I found myself in a type of basement apartment of the house talking with an old woman. We were speaking French and were discussing the price of the rooms. The place seemed adequate for my needs; if I lived there I would have my own kitchen. The woman quoted me a monthly price which seemed reasonable. She then said something about "quatre jours" but I didn't catch the meaning at first. Finally, I realized she had quoted me another price for four days. I quickly calculated and realized the four-day price was quite a bit cheaper than the monthly price. I thought if I took the rooms, I wouldn't mention the difference to the old woman and just take the four day price.

Another woman marched into the room. The second woman was portly and probably in her 50s – perhaps 20 years younger than the first woman. I immediately realized the second woman was in charge and that if I dealt with anyone concerning

the rooms it would have to be her. But I had the distinct impression she was in no hurry to rent the rooms. I proceeded to explain to her that the older woman and I had been discussing the price. I felt the older woman, after having had the opportunity to talk with me, had accepted me. I realized I would now have to win the approval of the younger woman.

My hair was shoulder length and I had started growing a beard. I thought that might cause some concern in the woman's eyes and knew I would have to deal with that. The length of my hair had bothered me some before but I was beginning to see some purpose in its length and I felt good about it.

The woman began talking about the rooms and about former boarders. She said something about monks and seemed to expect some kind of response from me. I said, "I am a monk."

The words had fallen with force from my mouth. I wasn't accustomed to telling people I was a monk, but I knew it was true and I felt tranquil about simply telling the woman the truth. It was a simple, direct statement about my nature.

The woman seemed satisfied with my answer and I could almost see her questions about my long hair fade away. But she obviously wanted to know more and continuing talking. Finally, she asked

me about my "drinkage." I wasn't entirely sure what she meant at first, but she made it clear she wanted to know my feelings about alcohol. I squirmed slightly and then said, "I'm an alki."

I was a bit surprised by what I had said. I didn't remember having ever told anyone such a thing, but I seemed to have made a realization which had been ripening for some time. The truth had finally come to fruition and it seemed best to simply speak the truth. I continued, "I am an alcoholic. But I do not drink. At least I have not drunk for five months."

I thought of telling her more, for example how I hadn't drunk alcohol for six months before the last time I drank five months ago, but that didn't seem relevant and I didn't mention it. Again the woman seemed satisfied by my response.

We were standing in the kitchen and the woman was turning something in a large metal pan. I finally realized it was a large hunk of meat she was cooking, but it didn't particularly bother me.

Meanwhile I was having some questions about the house and the rooms I was thinking of renting. I looked at the woman and said, "There seems to be something very strange about this house. Are there any ghosts here?"

The woman avoided my question and instead acted as if she were answering some other question. I said, "I would like for you to answer my first question."

She quietly responded, "If there are, there have been at least two people who have seen them."

Obviously I had hit the nail on the head. The place was inhabited by ghosts. I became more determined to live here. I knew it would be risky but I thought associating with a ghost could be beneficial. The woman seemed to have her doubts whether I could do it. She implied it would take a great deal of strength. I knew some weaknesses were in my character, but I felt I was still strong enough to handle the encounter. I said, "I can take the strain. It would probably be good to temper my will."

My words seemed to be very precise. The word "good" especially echoed in my mind. Was it going to be "good" to encounter ghosts? Was that really the proper way to describe it? I began to wonder what the ghost would be like. I felt a cascade of images which appeared somewhat like an animated cartoon in my mind. I vaguely seemed to see a shadow of a hand raising a hatchet and somehow had the feeling the ghost in the house was of a young woman who had been murdered.

Dream of: 14 January 1987 "Binding Force Of Ideas"

I was listening to a radio when a talk program began on which Kim (a friend whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977) was the speaker. Kim began talking and I became absorbed in what she was saying. She turned out to be a very good speaker and seemed to be talking in both a philosophical and an artistic vein. During the course of her talk she emphasized that poetry was the binding force of her ideas. She stressed the point more than once.

I was very impressed that she was on the radio but I was somehow not surprised because I thought Kim was capable of wonders if she set her mind to something. It seemed to me that it had taken her some time to find her way but she seemed to have used her time well in developing a very sound philosophy. I thought her having reached the point of talking on radio would probably affect my relationship with her. I thought that once a person was able to speak on the radio, he or she reached a new plateau and old friendships would tend to dissolve. I had already seen such a thing happen once with a friend. But I wasn't unhappy about the fact and I was glad to see Kim succeeding.

Dream of: 14 January 1987 (2) "Explicit Movie"

I had stopped in a nice house where my father was living. I planned to spend the night with him, even though he wasn't there at the moment. In the front room I unpacked my IBM personal computer and a large color television. I placed the color television on the computer and began tuning it in. I had a television guide with me and saw that an explicit movie was on one channel. The program came on and indeed I saw a couple of nude women on the screen.

Suddenly I heard my father come into the house. I didn't want him to see me watching that channel and quickly changed it. He walked into the room, sat down and we began talking.

Dream of: 14 January 1987 (3) "Afghan Rebels"

I was on my way to Paris, France and had made a stop in eastern Iran close to the border of Afghanistan in a place where a large number of Soviet troops were stationed. Several trucks pulled up which appeared to contain some peasants. As the peasants began getting out of the trucks I saw they were carrying machine guns and I realized they were Afghans fighting against the Soviets. The Afghans wasted no time and immediately opened fire on several truckloads of Soviets.

I wanted to help the Afghans fight the Soviets and I imagined myself in the fray. I could see myself running toward the Soviet trucks, picking up a machine gun dropped by one of the stricken soviet soldiers and opening fire on the surprised soviet soldiers. In my imagination I sprayed shots all over the soldiers in one of the trucks, although I didn't seem to be killing anyone. Indeed one of the soviet soldiers got out of the truck and spoke a few words of English with me. My reverie was broken as the soviet soldier was led away as a prisoner by the Afghans.

The battle was over. I enthusiastically began talking to one of the Afghans and praised their effort. We spoke in French and he asked me where I was from. I answered, "Je suis Americain. Je suis en route a Paris."

Another Afghan seemed surprised to see me here but they all seemed to accept me as a friendly presence. I commented that they could have really made an impact if they could have surprised a larger soviet contingent which had earlier been in the area. I then wondered how many of the Afghans had been killed in the short battle. I said, "Cuantos" but realized I was speaking Spanish and started over in French, "Combien de ..." I was having a difficult time saying the words and I made a motion toward the area where the Afghans had been fighting. The Afghan obviously

understood what I was trying to ask him and picked up the sentence saying, "... leur de monde?"

Dream of: 17 January 1987 "Exhilarating Feeling"

I had been living in Florida and had decided to return to Portsmouth. An old man who seemed to be crippled and who also seemed to be my employee was going to go with me. After starting out together in a car I was driving, I soon pulled into a service station for gas. I put \$44 worth of gas into the car and then gave the attendant a master card to pay. He walked inside and I waited for what seemed like a very long time for him to return.

Finally, I walked inside to see what the problem was. He was on the phone, apparently checking to see if the master card was valid. Finally, he hung up, walked over to me and said the card was good. He said there seemed to have been some question about my using more than one name. I told him that I sometimes used the name Roy and sometimes Steven but that they were both actually my names. I said I was in the process of changing my name from Steven Collier to another name and that I had been using the name Roy in the process. I repeated my name to show him that it had a

rather dull sound and I wanted something catchier.

I walked back outside and found the older man sitting outside the car. He had become upset about my paying for the gas with the credit card and he was concerned that I wasn't actually going to pay for it. I told him he could have his own way and I got into the car. Since the car was sitting on a slope and I was unable to pull it forward, I decided to back to the bottom of the incline to get a better start. I figured that by the time I had done all that, the old man would be ready to get in.

As I backed up, I began thinking the old man simply didn't understand all my responsibilities. It was I and not he who had to pay the bills. It was I and not he upon whom everyone depended. I had to not only pay him, but I had to provide for myself.

Having reached the bottom of the slope I began going forward. But something seemed different about the automobile and it slowly dawned on me that I was riding a rather large motorcycle, the power of which I could feel as I maneuvered the handlebars. Instead of a windshield I now had a helmet with a visor on it. I flipped up the visor so that nothing was between my face and the world.

I hadn't ridden a motorcycle in a long time, but the feel came back quickly. It felt good, but I thought

of what a bloody mess it would make if I were to wreck. I was concerned whether the cycle was in good working order; it somehow seemed a little loose. But I thought overall it was probably all right. I began going faster and faster up the gravel road and I was about to reach the top of a ridge. I couldn't see if anything was coming in the other direction, but I raced on and suddenly flew over the top. It was an exhilarating feeling as I momentarily became airborne.

Dream of: 17 January 1987 (2) "Uninterested"

While I was lying nude in a bed (my mother sat on my right in a chair next to the bed) with a blanket over me which at times covered little more than my genital area, my sister also climbed into the bed and lay with her head at the opposite end of the bed straight down from me.

I soon felt my sister's hand moving up my leg and finally rubbing and grasping my penis. I was surprised she was doing such a thing and I tried to pull the covers completely over me so my mother wouldn't see us. I enjoyed my sister's caressing and I was disappointed when she stopped and just let her hand lay on my leg. I reached down and again placed her hand around my penis and she began massaging me again.

My sister finally rose and left. My mother also disappeared. When I also stood up naked from the

bed, my sister (fully clothed in a dress) walked back in. She was looking for something and she knelt down to look under the bed. I stepped closer to her, positioned myself so my limp penis was near her head and thought perhaps she might stick it in her mouth. Even though I touched the middle of her forehead with the tip of my penis, she didn't seem interested and she ignored me.

Dream of: 17 January 1987 (3) "Aliosha Karamazov"

While standing at the counter of what appeared to be a store, I looked down and was surprised to see a newspaper lying on the counter with an ad containing my father's name in bold letters.

Seeing my father's name was all the more surprising since I was presently living and working in another state, perhaps Florida.

I looked closer at the ad, which also contained a picture of my father and Kay (my father's second ex-wife). My father looked as if he were about 40 years old and Kay looked as if she were in her late 20s. Both were only pictured from the waist up and my father looked overweight. Kay was holding something like a newspaper in front of her breasts; her picture reminded me of a pinup.

The ad was an announcement of the recent marriage of the two, and the public was invited to visit my father and Kay on a certain day at a new-

cars sales room located cady-cornered to the Gay Street House (the huge Victorian house in which my father lived in Portsmouth). The ad mentioned that my father had received an expensive watch from Kay as a wedding present, and that my father had also managed to persuade the watch-company (the manufacturer of the watch) to pay for part of the cost of the ad (as an advertising expense).

I wondered if anyone would go to their reception. I thought perhaps I should write my father a letter congratulating him – but there was nothing really to congratulate. He was obviously making a terrible mistake in marrying Kay; he seemed to have chosen a path in life which would lead to certain destruction. I still cared about him and I felt sorry for him, but there didn't seem to be anything I could do.

I recalled having read three different novels where the same type of problem between fathers and sons had been explored. Dostoievsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* especially came to mind. I thought about Aliosha Karamazov, a character in the book, and I recalled how Aliosha's father, Fydor Karamazov had been a completely debauched man and how Aliosha, a rather saintly figure, had continued to love his father in spite of all his father's faults. Yet Aliosha, like I, had found the experience painful.

Why could my father not see that he was living like a fool? Marrying a young blonde like that (mostly for sex), placing ads about his new watch in the paper, having an ostentatious reception in a new-car sales room – all of that was certainly the road to self-destruction. However, I felt impotent in dealing with the situation.

I noticed a group of women standing not far from me, one of whom looked like Debi (my first steady girlfriend, when I was in the ninth grade). I thought about being back in high school and I wondered what had happened to all my old schoolmates. Where was Shaw (the high school classmate whom Debi married)? I hadn't seen him since high school. I thought that he had probably moved away and that I would never see him, but then I remembered I had heard he was working at a bank in Portsmouth. Perhaps someday we would meet again. Never again seeing people I had once known seemed a little sad.

Dream of: 18 January 1987 "Morn"

I was looking at a black and white drawing of an ancient battlefield after a battle. Although it seemed to be a drawing, I was able in some manner to circulate over the field and see the injured soldiers move. No one was standing and the ground was strewn with dead and dying bodies of muscular men. The sight was awesome: torsos

with no heads, limbs with no torsos, bodies with severe gashes, and amongst the carnage was much movement as the severely injured, aware that no medical assistance would be coming, tried to pull their injured bodies about.

The only emotion I seemed to feel was a sense of wonder at the artistic accuracy of the scene.

I wondered if I had also been in the battle and had somehow been uninjured. I found a long stiff metal rod, perhaps five meters long, and picked it up. I saw another soldier garbed in ancient battle gear walking amongst the injured and with a rod identical to the one I had, stabbing to death those injured who appeared capable of recovery. He saw me too. Obviously he and I were going to have to fight to the death and a battle between us ensued.

We raged against each other from one end of the field to the other slinging and counterslinging our rods at each other. My rod was quite heavy and I wasn't as accustomed as my opponent with handling it, but I learned quickly and I soon proved his match. Sometimes one of us would hold his rod straight up in the air and the other would attack holding the rod straight out from him. Neither could seem to gain the advantage as we pounded and pounded each other.

Finally, I slew him and hid his body amongst the dead. The other injured soldiers seemed to have

improved somewhat and color had returned to the area. I realized now that we were all in a gigantic room and were prisoners. Two new prisoners had been brought in who were uninjured. I wanted to give one of them the rod of the soldier I had just killed. I asked which one was the stronger, found out and gave my rod to the stronger one. He then told me in private that he didn't know the other man and that he was possibly a spy.

I followed the other man around, later saw him talking to some other recovered soldiers and I heard him tell them he was going to join me in a plan I had to break out and he wouldn't be able to work with them on a similar plan. I decided he could be trusted.

My plan to break out was fairly simple. I was going to wait until some guards came in and then I and the other soldier with the metal rod would attack them. We would kill all guards but one, whom we would use to tell the other guards to let us out. When the doors were open we would then ambush the other guards. I hadn't yet decided whether I would then kill the guard who had called the other guards to open the door.

The room gradually took on the aspect of a large gym. Two black men had shown up who were giving instruction in martial arts. I looked at one, who was rather fat, and I thought how he would

have certainly pulverized me if I had unwittingly attacked him. It struck me that any sort of person could learn martial arts; but I figured that if an actual fight broke out between two people of equal mastery of the art, the person in the right would still have an advantage.

I talked with one of the black instructors and we noticed a large map lying on the floor. It seemed to be of Southeast Asia but the countries were divided up in strange ways and had peculiar names. One small country was named "Morn." The black man seemed to have heard of it before but it was unfamiliar to me.

Dream of: 18 January 1987 (2) "Too Good To Pass Up"

Some men who vaguely resembled my father and some of my friends were showing me some maps. Looking at the maps was almost like watching a movie. In the background, someone with a soothing voice, like a commentator in a documentary film, was describing the places found on the maps. The voice finally concentrated on some islands on the map, apparently small independent countries which I had never heard of.

The map at which I was looking didn't seem to depict any part of the earth which I recognized. In fact, the map seemed almost indecipherable. However, the more I looked at the map, the more

it looked like Europe, with Spain missing. I could now see the islands about which the commentator was speaking. One island was in the area which I would have identified as the Atlantic Ocean, while a second island was in the area which corresponded to the Mediterranean Sea. A large white arrow pointed to each island. It occurred to me that the island in the Mediterranean was closer to where we presently were.

I was standing waist deep in clear blue water off the beach of one of the islands I had seen on the map, the one in the Mediterranean. The voice of the commentator could still be heard in the background, gently describing the area and pointing out one of the attractions of the island - a long, very thick fish which looked like a snake and which swam in these waters. The fish was a protected species and supposedly harmless. Suddenly one of the odd-looking fish (which had flowery protrusions all over its body) swam right in front of me. Some nearby children began chasing the fish through the water and trying to play with it.

I wondered what had happened to my father and my friends. Although I didn't see them anywhere, I had the feeling they were nearby.

I finally began wading out of the water toward the sandy beach, which was crowded with people swimming, sunbathing and enjoying life. Some people were even participating in a flag-raising ceremony right on the beach. When I was close enough, I saw the name of the island was written on the flag - something like "Saint Martin." But what caught my attention were several references to ducks. The flag had a picture of a human-looking duck on it, the words "Howard the Duck" were written vertically on the flagpole, and nearby was standing a small statue of a humanoid duck.

I wanted to see more of this strange and appealing land. Few people had probably ever visited this tiny country - it would certainly be someplace to tell people about. Deciding to take a look around, I began walking toward a road which I could see just beyond the beach.

As I walked across the beach toward the road, I overheard something which a woman sitting in a lounge chair was saying to her companion. Talking about the value of property on the island, she said, "Just a small area the size of a city block is worth \$100,000. Imagine if you had two continents of it."

I continued across the beach until I reached the road. When I walked across the road, I suddenly found myself staring over the wide vista of a gigantic green golf course, definitely the largest

one I had ever seen. But I was surprised to see the waters of the sea just on the other side of the golf course. That could only mean I had already almost walked across the entire width of the island. It must be very tiny, indeed.

Although there were practically no trees in sight, I was nevertheless awed by the greenness of the golf course. I even muttered, "It's beautiful." However, I had some small doubt about the beauty of this place.

Up ahead of me, in the middle of the golf course, lay a little rise in the land, a place to stand and look out over the island, perhaps the entire expanse. As I walked across the golf course toward the elevated area, I noticed many sunbathers, mostly young women, lying scattered about on the grass. When I reached the elevated spot, I passed through a stone gate, and entered an area laid with white marble.

Only now as I stood on the marble and looked out over the surrounding area did I realize the impressive green grass was actually artificial. Beginning to question the beauty of the place, I wondered if all the grass on the island was artificial.

But I soon became focused on something more interesting than the grass - lying on the grass all around me were dozens of sunbathers, mostly

beautiful young women. Although I had been aware of the sunbathers on my walk up here, only now did I begin to appreciate the intense concentration of female flesh in the area.

My attention became completely absorbed in the women. Their bathing suits seemed to barely cover them. I even thought I could see the pubic regions of a couple of the women when they turned a certain way. I finally concluded the entire area must be a country club. It looked as if the sunbathers either owned or rented certain spaces on the green turf, and as if it wasn't permitted for the general public to walk there.

I broke out of my intense perusal of the women long enough to notice one woman standing to my left and smiling at me. She was a blonde (about 20 years old) with bright white teeth. She was so attractive, I was surprised to see the brazen way which she was staring at me. I wanted to speak with her but was uncertain what language was used here. However, it suddenly occurred to me that English was the language of this island. Glad to realize I would easily be able to communicate, with little hesitation I stepped closer to the woman and asked, "Is the green area private property?"

She immediately responded that the whole area was public property – I could go and lie wherever I wanted. To illustrate the point, she walked out

onto the green turf and lay down. I hastily told her I didn't want to lie down at the moment, but that I might want to later.

This was great! I was becoming more and more excited. And practically no other men were in the area, only women. Another woman with long black hair walked up near me. Through her almost transparent white shirt I could clearly distinguish her curvy breasts and dark nipples. She walked a couple of meters away from me, lay down and began doing some exercises. I became rather entranced with watching her, and although I couldn't tell for certain, I thought for a moment that she might also be wearing a white diaphanous bra. Clearly her breasts were visible for all the world to see.

I wanted to go tell the others – my father and my friends – what a great place we had stumbled onto! As I ebulliently took off running down some steps, I encountered another beautiful brunette in a black bikini walking up the stairs. Her large firm breasts looked as if they were simply struggling to unfetter themselves from the top part of her bikini.

It was all I could do to refrain my impassioned hands from abetting their escape.

But as I frenetically continued running down the steps, I realized I couldn't grab the woman's breasts anyway, for I was already holding

something in my incontinent hands: two large fish, apparently trout. I concluded I must have just caught the fish a few minutes earlier. Both fish were about a third of a meter long and I was having trouble carrying them because they were still alive and trying to flip out of my hands. When I reached the bottom of the stairs and started to head back across the road, I suddenly dropped one of the fish and watched it slide across the road into the gutter. I ran toward the fish just as a couple of poor old black men were about to pick it up. I managed to snatch up the fish before the black men, then took off running toward the beach.

What was I going to do with the fish? I figured we must have an ice cooler in which I could store them. But suddenly I remembered I no longer ate fish. That was too bad. I was sure the fish would have tasted great. Well, the others could enjoy them. I continued running, still thinking of all the voluptuous bodies – but wait! Oh my God! I suddenly remembered I had also given up sex! I had agreed with God that I wouldn't have sex any more. How could I explain to God that this opportunity was just too good to pass up? My body was riven, already aching to be with one of the beautiful creatures I had just seen. It seemed futile to try to resist.

In my mind I seemed to see myself falling into some deep pit with hands clutching me as I fell.

Dream of: 19 January 1987 "Fortune Cookies"

I found myself drifting on the ocean on what appeared to be a small raft, really not much more than a board. Much of the time I would just hang in the water, holding on. A couple familiar people (one of whom was Randy Ramey, a debauched friend from my late teens) were on similar rafts nearby. Suddenly concerned, I hollered and asked Ramey if he thought any sharks were in the water.

He replied that sharks were definitely around there, but he neither thought that there were many nor that they were very dangerous. I clambered as well as I could onto the board and just hoped we would soon be out of there.

I soon received my wish because I spotted land, although not as I had expected. Suddenly, as I looked to my side, one house after another raced by as I rode my raft over high billowing waves. We now seemed to be floating down a rapid river and I didn't know how to stop. I hollered to the others who hadn't yet noticed the situation and they likewise became alarmed.

When we somehow finally managed to land on shore, I looked at what I had been riding: lying on the shore, the raft now resembled a simple pile of hay. I talked with Ramey and the other person and

I became concerned because other rafts had been carrying all our possessions, including all my clothes. The other rafts were nowhere to be found and apparently had been lost at sea.

Ramey and the other person said they were going to search for the lost possessions and they immediately departed. I was uncertain what to do.

A cottage sat on a hill close to where we had landed, but I didn't want to go there. It suddenly occurred to me I was completely nude except for a tee shirt. When I saw a dark tee shirt lying on the shore, I thought I could perhaps cover myself with it.

Confused about what I should do next, I soon found myself sitting on a couch talking on the phone. I had meant to call someone in Europe about my going traveling to Europe. I had reached a number in England and I was talking with a woman who, although I didn't realize it at the time, seemed remotely like Sue, and who was apparently a secretary for some kind of organization in England. I explained to her that I planned to travel to Europe and work for an international-type of organization. She seemed dubious about the nature of the group and she began talking about a group with a bad reputation. The group to which she was referring was based in Great Britain. I told her the group wasn't the one to which I was referring. I did have

some reservations, however, about the group about which I was talking, which was run by a black man (whom I didn't know) who seemed somewhat like Love Johnson (a Dallas business acquaintance).

I began telling the woman on the phone about the incident on the raft and how I had lost all my possessions among which had been a satchel of books. I told her that I had specially acquired the books and that I liked to have them with me. When she asked me what the books were, I described one as a French book in which I had been interested and I told her another was a German book entitled *Traumdeutung* by Sigmund Freud. A third book was *Seth Speaks*. I told her I always liked to have my Seth book with me.

At my side I carried one satchel which I had been able to save and which contained about a half-dozen black notebooks which contained my typed-up dreams. I had become accustomed to carrying my dreams (my most valued possession) with me. It was a good thing I had or they too would have been lost.

I continued talking on the phone with the woman, until I finally decided that the call was probably costing a lot of money and that I should hang up. Just as I said good-bye, I realized the woman was no longer on the phone. I didn't know whether she

had become tired of listening to me and had hung up or whether we had been cut off. I put the phone back on the receiver.

Immediately I realized that I was at my mother's home and that I had been talking long distance to England for probably 20 minutes! That was probably going to cost about \$40. Why hadn't I used a credit card? I had a calling card, but if I had used it, it would have been charged to my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel – so that was no good. I would just have to send the money to my mother when the bill came.

When I stood up and walked into the toilet to brush my teeth, I saw my mother with an electric sweeper in an adjoining bedroom, headed for the toilet. There just seemed to be no place to go to get away from her constant cleaning. Disgruntled by her presence I left the house.

I knew exactly where I wanted to go and I soon found myself seated at a table in what appeared to be a kitchen of a house. Sitting across from me was a woman (probably in her 40s). She was a fortune teller and I had come to have my fortune told. She had already told my fortune once and now I wanted her to tell it again.

To tell fortunes she used chocolate chip cookies.

She dealt out 30 cookies in front of me, lining them up in rows almost as if they were cards. I

immediately noticed (and thought it significant) that the first and last cookies had been the same first and last cookies with which she had started, even though she had shuffled the cookies before beginning. She rearranged the cookies after she had laid them out, but the first and last ones still remained the same, which pleased me.

When I picked up one cookie, she told me that it looked as if music was important and that I had picked up the cookie of Franz Schubert. I thought I might ought to find out more about Schubert. I was unsure, but it seemed to me he had died when he had been 40 years old. I was already 34.

We proceeded. I was supposed to look at the back of the cookie and tell the woman what I saw. She asked me why I was holding the cookie so she couldn't see it. I told her I wasn't, it just looked that way because the cookie was crumbling. I showed it to her and she saw what I meant. When I then gobbled down the cookie and picked up another, she mentioned that I could take my time.

She said if other people came to have their fortunes told, they would just have to wait. Nevertheless, I had the feeling I would need to go faster if others came.

When I picked up another cookie and looked at it, I began thinking I was going to go to Europe soon and I was concerned about what I was going to do

there. Wondering how I was going to be spending my time in Europe, I said, "I see that I must look for work and not spend my days reading and writing."

When I noticed Frieda (a Dallas attorney) sitting in a chair in the kitchen, I didn't particularly want her hearing what I had to say, even though I wasn't particularly concerned with her presence.

I ate the cookie and picked up another. Some concentration was required before anything came to mind, but then I noticed a round ugly face seemed to be on the cookie with one tooth sticking up from the bottom lip. It reminded me of people I would probably encounter when looking for work. I said, "I see many crass people in this world who I must learn to deal with better."

When I spoke I became rather choked up. I realized that I definitely had difficulty sometimes dealing with people, especially those I didn't know, and that I needed to become less isolated and work on improving my communication skills.

I laid the cookie to the side and asked the woman if I could simply take some cookies with me when I left to eat later. She said that would be fine. I thought I might take some to my mother. I knew that my mother would know where the cookies came from and that she would be pleased since she believed in fortune tellers.

From where I was sitting I could see into the front room. A short thin man (about 50 years old) entered. He apparently was another client for the fortune teller. I hurried and picked up another cookie.

The cookie seemed more crumbly on the back than the others. One crumb (which was about to fall off) reminded me of a door. Other crumbs below it looked like steps and I imagined them leading down into a red fiery hell. I said, "I see the door to hell opening. I have sometimes ventured down there just to see what it is like and at times have lost my way there."

Dream of: 20 January 1987 "Dead Pigeon"

I had gone to the county courthouse in Dallas and put my name in the box of names to be drawn for court-appointed attorneys. I was very ragged-looking; my hair was long and I was just wearing a pair of dirty old blue jeans and a shirt. I knew I would have to change clothes if I were actually going to be appointed to represent anyone. My heart wasn't really in being here, and I tried to make myself as inconspicuous as possible among the other attorneys. Finally I decided it was a mistake coming here without having cleaned up and changed clothes. I had a few things with me, gathered them up and headed for the door.

Just then the drawing began and my name was the first one picked. Amazing. I knew I would be appointed to defend someone, but the appointment wouldn't take place until 9 a.m., a half hour away. I had a clean suit in my car, parked outside, which I could change into in the meantime. I decided I might as well do it – after all, it was a quick \$100 I would make from the appointment.

I walked out and got into my car, parked in an inclined driveway which led to the basement garage of a house. I intended to pull the car to the other side of the street where I had another car which I wanted to get into to change clothes. When I prepared to back out, however, I realized someone had parked behind me blocking my way. I sat here perplexed at first, wondering what to do. If the owner of the other car was inside the courthouse, it would be highly unlikely that I could find him. Time was running out; it was already a quarter till nine.

Behind the car blocking me, someone had placed a brick, as if to signify that the driveway wasn't open to the public for parking. It suddenly hit me – I was parked in someone's driveway and the car behind me probably belonged to the person who owned the red-brick house in front of me.

I opened the door to my car and suddenly noticed something lying on the floor of my car close to my feet: a dead pigeon! It was already beginning to putrefy and was a rather messy sight. It appeared that whoever had parked the car behind me had also thrown the pigeon inside my car. I picked up something and knocked the pigeon out onto the ground.

I walked up to the door of the house and knocked.

A portly woman (probably in her late 50s) answered. Although I didn't realize it at the time, her demeanor and actions were vaguely like those of my ex-mother-in-law, Vivian (the mother of my ex-wife, Louise). She knew what I wanted and we exchanged few words. When she indicated she would be out shortly to move her car, I walked back to mine.

I was surprised by what I now saw. A window in the house directly over my car had been broken out. The glass from the window had fallen down into my car, had apparently broken the windshield and covered the front seat with a fine, white glass. Chagrined, I walked over to the car and wondered if the glass was the type which didn't readily cut. I

tried to sit down on top of the glass but immediately got a couple of slivers of glass in me. Obviously it was the kind of glass that did cut and it would all have to be cleaned out before I could do anything.

The woman finally came out, got into her car and put it into motion. She was obviously a poor driver. As she tried to negotiate out, she put the car into drive and scraped the front of my car. I hollered at her to stop, but she paid me no heed. She continued banging around on my car doing considerable damage. Finally she did manage to get her car out.

I was in a rage. As she got out of her car, I immediately accosted her, complaining of the damage to my car. My right front fender was severely bent and the right side was badly scrapped. I began talking about the broken glass and I asked her about the pigeon. I was surprised to hear her admit that she had thrown the pigeon into my car. My mind raced, and I realized with that type of admission I would surely get a judgment against her if I were to sue her in front of a jury. I also might sue her for the \$100 I would have lost for not being able to get the court appointment, which at this point was out of the question. If possible, I needed to get a picture of the dead pigeon.

The woman seemed to be coming to her senses and she realized she had incurred some liability. The damage amount of \$800-\$900 was mentioned; but I wasn't satisfied with that since I thought that amount would probably only cover the cost of the damaged fender.

Dream of: 20 January 1987 (2) "In The Midst Of Nature"

While standing in the doorway between the kitchen and the dining room of the Gay Street House, I was talking with someone and noticed my father listening; to shock him, I mentioned I had been suspended from the practice of law. He immediately looked concerned and I somewhat jovially added that the suspension was only for failure to pay my bar dues and that by simply paying \$50, I would be automatically reinstated.

I was only going to stay in the House for a short while. I was on my way to my Cabin where I was thinking of spending a couple months. But my plans for the future were rather hazy and I felt somewhat uncomfortable with them. After leaving the Gallia County Farm I might do a little legal work in Texas to make some money and then spend some time in Mexico. I seemed to be developing a pattern of living between Mexico and my Cabin and practicing law on the side. But my heart wasn't really in the law practice and I felt somewhat dissatisfied, although not completely uncomfortable, with the way I was living.

A party was going on in the dining room a party. My mother was there and she mentioned to me that Beatrice Clark, my fourth grade teacher, was in the room. My mother thought I should talk with

Clark. I could see Clark's large head of snow-white hair on the other side of the room, but I didn't feel like talking to her. Someone mentioned that William Douglas (who I knew was a US Supreme Court justice) was present in the room and that apparently the father of another US justice was also there. My father was busily pouring drinks from a large pitcher from which drops of condensed water on the outside fell in profusion.

I walked outside. I didn't really want to talk with the Supreme Court justices. What could I say to them? Ask them if the laws on abortion would change since the composition of the Supreme Court had changed? I hadn't kept up on the issues. Ask them if the Court should become more active in taking cases which had traditionally been left to the states? Or maybe anti-trust laws? But the justices would be so imbued with the intricacies, I would probably not even know what they were talking about.

I just didn't feel comfortable discussing matters like that anymore. The idea of taking part at the party simply didn't appeal to me. I wanted to be in my Cabin, out in the midst of nature, alone. I still felt somehow connected to the law and its issues, but at the moment, more important matters seemed to be pressing and I wanted to head for the Cabin.

Dream of: 21 January 1987 "Ace Of Hearts"

I was sitting at a table in the basement of a house playing cards with three or four people. We had been gambling and betting on each hand. We had been playing some kind of game beside poker and I decided that when it was my turn to deal I was going to play a hand of poker, perhaps seven card low hole.

The deal came to the fellow to my right and he dealt a hand of stud poker with jacks wild. I received a jack in the hole and my first up card. The person to my right received a jack up card. Everyone bet and another up card was dealt. A couple others received jacks and the person to my right received his second jack. That meant, counting my jack, that five jacks had been dealt. I figured we must be playing with two decks.

The dealing and betting continued until the very end. I stayed till the last, but I still wasn't able to make a playable hand and I folded. Everyone else folded to, except the fellow to my right with the two wild cards; he won.

It was my turn to deal. I picked up the cards (which were very small) and I began shuffling. Cosby (a former law school classmate) was the player sitting to my left; I dealt to him first. I dealt cards around the table, but several times I made mistakes by giving one person too many and I had

to take cards from one person and give them to another. No one asked for a re-deal.

I picked up my cards, which were all red. I noticed I had made a mistake and given myself six cards instead of five. I moaned and told the others what had happened. Someone said that one of the cards simply needed to be taken out. I held my cards with the backs to Cosby so he could pick one. One of my cards was an ace of hearts. I hoped I wasn't holding my cards so the person to my right could see them.

Cosby picked a card and threw it down on the table so everyone could see it: the deuce of diamonds. I looked at my hand now and realized all the remaining cards were hearts. I had a flush! And I wouldn't have had a flush if Cosby hadn't picked the diamond from my hand.

We began betting and we talked as we played. The person sitting to my right wasn't the same as before. Now sitting there was a very attractive black woman (about 30 years old) whose skin color was a medium degree of darkness. She appeared to have a nice figure. We were acquainted, but I didn't know her well. She was wearing a dress and as we talked, my bare foot rubbed against her ankle. She didn't seem to mind and finally I let my ankle rest against her ankle. The contact with her flesh felt extremely good. We

chatted a bit and I definitely wanted to get to know her better. I thought perhaps I would ask her to go somewhere, a restaurant perhaps, after the game was finished.

A second woman brought us some kind of refreshment. When the second woman talked I wasn't able to understand her. It seemed as if she might be speaking Old English. I had earlier not been able to understand someone else when he had talked and I commented on the fact.

We had reached the last round of betting and I was still holding my flush. It was up to me to start off the betting. There was a 20 cent limit, but I thought I would sandbag, bet low and then everyone would stay in. I bet a nickel. The player to my left bet a nickel. Perfect. Everyone stayed in and when the bet came back to me this time I raised 20 cents. Since everyone had already bet, they would probably be inclined now to stay. I felt very confident with my strong hand and the pot was now quite large.

Dream of: 22 January 1987 "Porch Swing"

I was lying down in the living room of the House in Patriot and my sister was sitting up on some kind of high table or dresser not far from me. My first cousin Alan was standing in front of her talking to her and he had his left hand on her bare, right leg. She tried to move his hand away from her leg

several times and she complained to him that she didn't want his hand there, but each time he put it back.

Finally without even thinking I hollered out, "Ralph or Frank or whatever the fuck your name is, why don't you take your hand off her leg!"

He looked at me wide-eyed in disbelief that I could have said such a thing to him. Finally he turned, started walking toward me and asked me if I fucking intended to stop him. He wasn't wearing a shirt; he was quite a bit bigger than I and I figured if it came to a fight, he would have a big advantage. But I told him that indeed I did intend to stop him. He told me I should mind my own business. A short struggle ensued. But I quickly gained the upper hand, threw him onto his back and stood poised over him with my fist drawn close to his face. But I didn't strike him.

I began talking to him and asked him how old he was. It sounded as if he said he was 38 years old, about 4 years older than I. But he was still running wild like a teenager. I reflected how even though I was younger than he, I had seen and experienced much more than he. I specifically thought of experiences I had had with hallucinogens and I thought I could tell him I had seen things he couldn't even imagine. But I said nothing.

He seemed to have gotten the message to leave my sister alone. Satisfied, I walked out onto the front porch and sat down on the porch swing. I began swinging but the large swing I was in kept bumping into a smaller swing to my left that looked as if it were made for a child. Finally I got up, unhooked the smaller swing and laid it out of the way. I also had to unhook a hanging plant and put it to the side. I thought Alan had been the one who had put the smaller swing and plant there and that they were obstacles to enjoying the larger swing. I sat down in the larger swing and thought I would now be able to swing as high as I wanted.

Dream of: 23 January 1987 "The Rule"

I was involved with a woman (probably in her early 20s) and her father in a murder conspiracy. The details were rather vague to me; but as part of the plot, it was going to be necessary for me to marry the woman. She was slender and attractive, but there was no romance between us: we were simply going to marry as part of our plot and then separate later. The father (probably in his early 40s) was a strong robust fellow, basically the mastermind of the conspiracy.

An essential part of our plan involved what was known as the "Rule." According to the "Rule," on a certain Sunday the authority of the police to make any searches was going to be temporarily

suspended for that one day. It was our plan that the murder would be committed while that suspension took place and the body would be disposed of by dumping it on the bank of a nearby river.

I was concerned about the disposal of the body, but I learned that the river was infested with alligators and that bodies were frequently disposed of there by feeding them to the alligators.

The fateful day finally arrived and the "Rule" was invoked. The father took care of the details of the act itself, then loaded the body in his car and took it to the river. He dumped it on the bank of the river, saw the large alligators nearby and then drove away before the alligators had actually reached the body.

He returned to the house where the daughter and I were waiting. I was satisfied to learn that no actual wedding ceremony was going to be necessary. At a certain hour the marriage would simply become official and we would be husband and wife. The father looked rather impressive dressed in his black suit. The daughter was wearing an elegant blue dress. Some drinks were poured in wine glasses. I looked at one of the glasses which contained a light blue drink and it seemed almost like a painting imbued with some

special significance. I then in turn saw the face of the woman as if it were on a movie screen and she were being focused in on as one of the characters in a movie. The same thing occurred with the father.

I sat down and looked out a window. I actually was feeling quite depressed. It somehow didn't seem natural for us to be able to defy the law and commit our act with impunity. If we were able to succeed, it seemed to imply not only that a social law didn't exist which controlled such behavior, but also that there was no natural law which controlled us either. That was what particularly bothered me, because without some kind of natural law binding us, I felt lost -- a particularly unpleasant feeling.

Suddenly, out of the blue, apparently from a radio, a voice said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the 'Rule' has been suspended." I was numbed by the news. The father was thrown into turmoil. He immediately got on the phone and tried to reach someone responsible for the suspension of the "Rule." The father himself had somehow been involved with the legislation which had promulgated the "Rule" and now was desperate to find out why it had been suspended.

The implications of the suspension of the "Rule" immediately became obvious to me. The police

could now go to the river and search. The alligators probably hadn't had time to eat the dead body. The tire marks from the father's car made in the river mud could probably be traced. Once the body was found I would undoubtedly be implicated in the murder.

It was about 7 o'clock. I had the definite impression that whoever had suspended the "Rule" had done so purposely in order to catch us at our own game. It was now too late for us to do anything.

At least, however, I suddenly felt a very strong rebirth of my faith in social and natural laws. Apparently it wasn't possible to do what we had done with impunity and that fact alone made me feel somewhat better.

I still didn't want to be caught and go to jail. The father and I walked out to his car. He got into the driver's seat and we pulled into the street. Once in the street he stopped the car and got out to go take care of something. He was coming right back and he left the keys in the car.

I began thinking of what I was going to do if I were arrested. My hair was long and I would have to get a haircut. I hoped no pictures would be taken of me at the time of the arrest which would be shown at trial. How should I act if I were arrested? Should I be indignant at the idea that I

had had anything to do with the crime or should I just go docilly in silent admission of my guilt? I decided it might be time to simply admit my guilt and take the consequences. Perhaps I could wipe the slate clean and start my life all over again after a few years in prison. But I definitely was still not going to say anything when I was arrested.

I still thought there might be a chance of escape. I looked at the keys in the ignition, scooted into the driver's seat and started off. I put the car in reverse to turn around and saw another car behind me also backing up. I thought it might be the police and that it might already be too late to escape, but after I turned around, the car didn't follow me. I continued driving and it appeared that I might indeed make a getaway.

Finally I pulled over, got out of the car, and sat down in front of what looked like a little country store. Some writing in large letters was on the front of the store. It seemed like a long time had passed, perhaps years. I had never been caught, but I had long ago seen the error of my ways and changed. Some children gathered around me and I began talking with them, thinking I might be able to teach them something.

Dream of: 23 January 1987 (2) "Affected Speaking"

I was standing by a chair in a school classroom gathering up my books and possessions and preparing to go into another classroom to take an hour-long test about a book I had read. For part of the test I was going to have to make a collage.

Several girls who were my classmates (probably in their early 20s) were standing near me. I had put some of my credit cards on the seat of the chair by me and I began scrapping them off the chair into one of my books, which I held open in one of my hand. I noticed an American Express, a Hertz and a number of other credit cards amongst the pile. I wondered if any of the girls noticed how many credit cards I had and I also wondered if any of them knew I was a lawyer.

Having gathered everything together, I began talking to one of the girls about the test. I told her I didn't see how I was going to be able to make a collage in half an hour. I told her I often made collages and sometimes it took me days to finish one.

Just then the professor (a woman about 40 years old) walked past me. She seemed in a hurry, but I wanted to ask her a question concerning the pronunciation of the word "or." I quickly scribbled a short sentence on a piece of paper using the word "or" and I asked her to read the sentence so I could see how she pronounced it. I thought the

word could either be pronounced like "hour" or like "are." I preferred the "are" pronunciation and I thought it was the one generally used, although I thought in school I had been taught to pronounce the word like "hour."

The professor quickly read the sentence and she indeed pronounced "or" like "are." I asked her about it and she said that at one time people had used the "hour" pronunciation, but now the "are" pronunciation was accepted. Satisfied, I turned and began talking to the girls again. As I talked, I watched my pronunciation and I noticed I seemed to have a particularly affected manner of speaking.

Dream of: 24 January 1987 "Self-Criticism"

I was in a house which belonged to Dave Adkins (whom I probably first met in 1964 when I was eleven years old and we both began the seventh grade together at Grant Junior High School in Portsmouth, Ohio). Dave was upstairs in one of the bedrooms with his girlfriend, while another fellow and I were downstairs with my ex-wife, Louise. Louise was the date of the other fellow and I was merely observing. I finally stepped into another room for a minute and when I returned, the other fellow and Louise had disappeared. Having a feeling that they might have gone upstairs to where Dave and his girlfriend were, I followed.

Upstairs I found the doorway to Dave's room covered by some cloth which I pulled out of the way. I hesitated to enter because I did not know what Dave was doing, but I walked on in anyway. I saw a large bed in the room and some activity on the floor on the other side of the room. I walked around to the other side where I saw Dave, his girlfriend, the other fellow and Louise all preparing to have an orgy. I immediately wanted to join in.

Dave approached me and asked if I had brought a partner. I sheepishly told him that I had not, but that Louise was part mine. He did not seem at all satisfied with my response and he suggested I go find a woman somewhere and return. When I told him I had no idea where to find anyone, he offered to help me and the two of us left together.

Dave seemed to think that I could find a woman named Cindy Barnett (a former law student) and bring her to the house. Since Cindy was such an attractive shapely woman, it was obvious why Dave wanted me to bring her.

We went to a night club which had a stage where he thought Cindy might be, but hardly anyone was there and we walked out. I was already despondent and I figured I was not going to be able to find anyone.

Out on the sidewalk, Dave and I encountered a couple fellows carrying guitar cases. One fellow stopped, pulled out his guitar and began playing. He was probably in his mid 30s, was thin and had longish black hair. I recognized him as a famous musician who had once had a problem with either alcohol or some other kind of drug, but who had overcome the problem.

As the fellow played his guitar and sang, he seemed a little shaky; I wondered if he had slipped back into his former addiction. His guitar only had two strings and although he seemed to have sufficient control of them, something seemed to be lacking in the performance. His song was a lament about a fellow who had been addicted to something and had broken the addiction.

However, the fellow had later returned to his addiction and had fallen into such bad shape he could not even take a drink from a water fountain without help.

The musician's message was quite poignant; I was unsure whether the musician himself had fallen back into his former ways or whether he was just acting like that to better convey his point.

As Dave and I listened, we noticed that Cindy and a couple other girls had walked up and were preparing to enter the night club. Dave

immediately called to Cindy, told her I wanted to ask her something and walked away.

Cindy and I, together with the other two girls, walked back to the car in which they had arrived. Cindy looked different than I remembered her.

She seemed more like a teenager and not extremely sophisticated, although still quite intelligent. Her hair was short and very blonde, although it looked somewhat black around the roots.

Cindy thought I wanted to go out with one of the other girls and she mentioned as much. I immediately told her I might want to go out with one of the other girls some other time, but right now I wanted to know if she would like to go to Dave's house with me. For a moment I thought if she refused I might ask one of the other girls, but I discarded that idea and I thought it had to be either Cindy or nothing. Cindy seemed as if she did not want to go that night, but I continued imploring and I told her that Dave also wanted her to come. We continued talking and she seemed to indicate she might just go up for a few minutes.

Suddenly; Cindy and I were together in the downstairs of Dave's house. Dave, Louise and their partners were upstairs. I looked out the front door and saw the guitar player coming up to the door. He also apparently wanted to take part in the

activities. I was unsure, but I thought Dave had given his permission. I wondered if the fellow had a female partner.

Dave had left Cindy a glass of something to drink which she picked up and began drinking. She immediately complained that the drink had been spiked with something and that it had a strawberry taste. I told her it must be strawberry wine, but I really thought the strawberry flavor was there to cover up the bitter taste of Quaaludes which I thought Dave had put into the wine. I knew Quaaludes had an aphrodisiac effect and I thought all the people upstairs had taken some. Now if Cindy drank the drink she would obviously become sexually aroused. Cindy continued drinking; I had the definite feeling that although she feigned not knowing what was in the drink, she was actually aware that it contained Quaaludes and that she wanted to feel their effects.

The Quaaludes began to take effect on her. She quickly seemed to become more outgoing, wanted to go upstairs and finally ascended the stairs. I waited a few moments and then followed. When I walked into the bedroom I noticed a girl sitting on the bed who reminded me of Marjean Runyon (a former high school schoolmate). I thought perhaps Marjean had arrived as the partner of the guitar player.

I looked on the other side of the bed. Louise, Cindy and the other girl were taking off each others clothes. The women were preparing to engage in sex among themselves. Louise seemed completely oblivious of my presence. I stood and watched like a gapping voyeur.

Suddenly, however, I found myself watching something completely different. I seemed to be looking at a large-screen documentary program about World War II. It was very graphic about the damage and suffering which had been caused by the Germans during the war; the program seemed to go into detail about the error of the German people in following Hitler. The commentary was spoken in German; I was most struck that the show had been produced by Germans after the war and was a description of their own faults.

The idea that the Germans could engage in so much self-criticism amazed me, but I saw how beneficial it was. The commentator continued talking about how the Germans were especially trying to show the idea of the mistakes of the German people to their children. He said, "Das haben wir mit ganzem Herzen auf die Kindern gerichtet."

Dream of: 25 January 1987 "Only Fantasies"

A young woman (in her early 20s) who reminded me of my old girlfriend, Birdie, had found a house

in the country near Portsmouth, Ohio which she wanted to buy. Although she intended to borrow the money from a bank, she would still need a down payment of \$10,000. Having decided to try to borrow the down payment from a man who vaguely seemed like my father, she approached the man and told him of her plan. He seemed extremely reluctant to lend her the money and he pointed out that if she were to abandon the property before she had repaid him, he would probably lose all he would have lent her.

I went to visit what I thought was the house in question. Quite large, it sat in the midst of what appeared to be fertile farmland. The reddish-looking dirt in an extended field behind the house had recently been plowed. I thought if I lived there how nice it would be to be able plant a garden out back.

It slowly began to occur to me I could live in the house if I wanted because this house wasn't the one Birdie had wanted to buy, but actually was one which my sister had either bought or leased and into which she had just moved the day before.

I had already discussed with my sister the possibility of moving into an upstairs bedroom and I finally decided to do just that.

I was standing in the kitchen still looking out over the plowed field behind the house when I noticed

my sister in the room. We talked a bit about the man who plowed the field; I thought it might be possible for him to plow the garden for me which I had been thinking about.

It seemed as if it would work out well for me to live in the house. It was quite spacious; I thought my sister and I could get along well together. She and I were both unmarried, she had two young sons who needed someone to help take care of them and I rather liked the idea of being part of a family. It shouldn't seem peculiar that I was simply renting a room from my sister.

My sister showed me a large room filled with groceries which almost seemed like a small grocery store. She said she used to be accustomed to going to the grocery store every day and shopping, but she had decided to start stocking up, apparently because she was living in the country now. She led me into the spacious living room where a warm, brown color-pattern predominated. The room was much nicer than I had expected and it had large picture windows covering two walls. Along the walls the floor was recessed lower than the rest of the room so one was left with an elevated feeling in the middle of the room. The room seemed extremely comfortable and well-furnished.

I walked upstairs by myself to the room which was going to be my bedroom. I relished the idea of living there. I wanted to be sure no conflicts arose between my sister and me and I thought of little things like washing the dishes. I simply might be able to pay her an extra amount, perhaps \$25 a month, for her to wash my dishes. I would have to make clear that the money was for the dishes and not part of the rent so she wouldn't later start complaining about the dishes.

I lay down on the bed and fell asleep. When I awoke, it was morning and I knew I was supposed to go to church that day with my mother. I needed to rise and begin preparing. I was nude; I liked the feeling of walking around nude in front of my sister; I hoped while I was living there she might feel the same way about being nude in front of me.

I was in no hurry to get out of bed. I rolled over and looking on the floor beside the bed, noticed a large pile of perhaps thousands of pennies. Most had turned a dull brown color but some bright shiny ones were still in the bunch. A couple shiny ones had wheat ears on the back. Since wheat ear pennies had ceased to be coined in 1955, I thought those should be saved since they were obviously still in such excellent condition. I picked the two shiny wheat-ear pennies up and examined them.

Both pennies had the image of Abraham Lincoln on one side. One had the date of 1970 on it. How could that be? Wheat ears hadn't been coined after 1955. I turned the penny over only to discover it didn't have the wheat ears on the back but another image of Lincoln. I flipped it back and forth several times to be sure; but there was no doubt – Lincoln's image was on both sides. It might be a valuable coin.

I examined the second coin and found that it likewise didn't have the wheat ears on the back but that it had the image of some other famous person there. It also had some small writing which said it had been specially treated to stay shiny longer. I thought it might also be valuable and I decided to save it.

My mother walked into the room and wanted me to hurry and get ready for church. I pulled the covers from me so I was completely nude. She didn't say anything about my nudity. But why should she? I remembered she and I had been nude together many times, in fact we had even had sex together. But that thought seemed to cause me some discomfort and suddenly as if by revelation, I realized that wasn't correct. My mother and I had never actually had any type of sexual relationship. Only fantasies or dreams had actually occurred. It came as quite a revelation to me.

I glanced at my wrist watch and saw it was about ten after eight. I told her we were already late because church was supposed to begin at 8 o'clock. She seemed distressed to hear we would be late, but she wanted to go anyway. I told her we could go to the church, but I didn't want to go inside unless the doors were still open and other people were going in. I thought there were other churches we could go to that began later. She agreed with that.

She walked into another room; I could hear her talking with my sister. My sister and the two boys had arisen and were also thinking about going to church with us. They hadn't planned to go because they hadn't wanted to leave so early, but now that we were late, they thought they might go.

Still nude, I walked out into the hall and over to the toilet. My mother was in the toilet and my sister was standing in front of the mirror. She seemed to be wearing a white sweater but she didn't have any bottoms on except for a pair of white panties. I stood looking at her long legs, but then I noticed there seemed to be a protrusion under her panties as if she had a penis. Dismayed by the sight I returned to my room and dressed.

As I finished dressing, my sister's two sons, David and Steven, walked into the room. David began talking; I was surprised to hear what sounded like

some French words in his speech. In fact he had a very developed French pronunciation. Where had he learned the French? I remembered it was much easier for children to learn a language than an adult.

Steven, however, hadn't yet reached the stage where he could speak well and I wasn't much interested in him. I soon sent Steven out of the room and continued talking with David. I began to think since I was living there, I might start teaching David a language and only talk to him in that language. He should be able to pick it up fairly quickly. I was unsure which language I should teach him and I vacillated between French and Spanish. I asked David and he said he wanted to learn German, but I quickly decided German wouldn't be the best language to start with.

I decided Spanish would be best since in the United States Spanish would be the foreign language with which he would most come in contact. French was much less wide-spread. I told him of the decision and he seemed satisfied. I decided to begin immediately. I walked over to the door and said, "Este es una porte." I immediately realized I had confused French with Spanish, corrected myself and said, "Este es una puerta."

David immediately repeated my words and I was delighted he could respond so accurately. I walked

over to the bed. The French word "lit" for bed was in my mind but I correctly said in Spanish, "Este es una cama."

Again David faithfully repeated my words. I myself was unsure whether I should be saying "esta" or "este," but I thought I had been correct. I continued talking and using more complicated sentences; David rapidly picked up the words. I repeatedly confused the French and the Spanish, but David seemed to understand me. He was soon talking away in a mixture of French and Spanish which I mostly understood. I still didn't know where he had learned his French, but he apparently had picked up quite a bit somewhere. We were finally conversing in a mixture of the two languages which was really not any language at all; but we were able to understand each other.

Finally we stopped and I realized David was quite intelligent. It showed especially in his dark eyes which had a knowing and eager look about them.

I thought I needed to go somewhere and perhaps I would take David with me. Before I knew it, however, I found myself sitting at a desk in a school room and David was nowhere around. I noticed my billfold lying on the desk along with a pencil and a small notepad. I picked up the billfold and stuck it into my right rear pocket. I usually put my billfold in my left rear pocket but

something was already in that pocket. I reached to see what was in the left pocket and was surprised to see it was my billfold. I pulled the other billfold out of my right pocket and saw it wasn't mine at all.

Just then the fellow sitting in front of me turned around. I realized the billfold and the other objects which had been lying on the desk had been his and they had slipped out of his back pocket. I thought he had seen me pull his billfold out of my pocket and I began trying to explain what had happened. He took his billfold back without saying anything.

The class ended and I walked out into the hall. Suddenly I heard the fellow who had been sitting in front of me holler out, "Pickpocket!" I immediately confronted him and told him that was untrue. We had a brief argument and I thought the fellow was clearly going to become an enemy.

It was time to eat and I walked to the lunchroom. I was given a plate of broccoli covered with a watery, light-orange cheese sauce. I began eating it but I didn't care for it. The sauce seemed cold and made the plate rather nauseating. Suddenly it occurred to me what the problem was – I had quit eating milk products! The cheese sauce seemed rather revolting and I decided to put my plate down without eating any more.

Dream of: 26 January 1987 "Moon-Lit Night"

It had suddenly become clear to me that I wanted to learn more about the law. I found myself amongst what appeared to be a group of German politicians perhaps in the German Parliament where there seemed to have been some kind of election which had affected the German Constitution. I was working with one of the politicians there who shouted at me from a group of men that I should find some paper to write the Constitution on.

Although I could write on a piece of grayish-looking cardboard I had in my hand I decided I needed some white paper. I looked until I located some long sheets of white paper which I thought would do nicely. At first I thought the sheets might be too long and I would have to cut them off a bit, but then I decided that wouldn't be necessary.

I began writing on one of the sheets simply putting down the title of the Constitution at the top. It was obviously going to require much work to copy down the entire Constitution; perhaps it would be best to find a woman, perhaps a secretary, to do the work. But I decided I wouldn't mind doing it myself because it would give me a chance to learn what was contained in the German Constitution.

Suddenly my patron had to leave and I followed him outside where he boarded some kind of horse-drawn coach. He seemed as if he were dressed in

clothes out of the 1800s. He was a portly gentleman (probably in his late 40s). As he pulled away he hollered to me and some other people standing near me that by all means we should visit the Temple of Cleopatra while we were there. But he said the jewels wouldn't be on display today.

Then in a rush his coach raced off.

A young blond-haired fellow and his girl friend were standing next to me. It seemed that my patron had addressed us as a group and although I didn't know the couple, I asked them if they would like for the three of us to go together to visit the Temple. But they just walked away without even responding to me.

The look of the city and the street where I found myself reminded me of Paris. I knew there was a lot to see there and I thought I might just go to the Temple of Cleopatra by myself. But what I really wanted to do was read some more about the law.

So I returned inside the building, which I knew contained a large library. There I found an old brown hard-cover book and opened it. I knew the book was the story of a legislator who had lived in the early 1800s, although it wasn't entirely clear to me whether he had been American or French.

I opened to the first page but was disappointed to see that the words on the left side of the page couldn't be read. I flipped to the second page

where all the words were legible and I began reading. The book was written in English and it began describing how the legislator as a young man in his early 20s had first gone to Parliament. He had been quite wealthy and the book portrayed him as having "a bourse three times the size of a dozen men." I was awed to think what it would be like to have as much money as 36 ordinary men. I certainly didn't have that kind of money; but it occurred to me that I could earn it if I worked at it. Many things were now possible in the age in which I lived.

The author of the book then took a personal tone and posed the question of whether he himself would have liked to have been in the young legislator's place and the author seemed to indicate that anyone would have liked it.

The first, second and last name of the young legislator were given. His last two names were "King Lewis." I couldn't remember having ever heard of him before. But I thought it was certainly going to be interesting reading about him.

The book began telling an anecdote about the legislator. Apparently sometimes he could be rather haughty. One night he was being driven by his coach man in his coach down the wrong side of a quiet street. Another coach began coming in the other direction toward him; but he ordered his

coachman to continue on. The two coaches approached each other and neither seemed like it was going to halt. Finally at the last instant both coaches stopped. The young legislator hollered to the man in the other coach, "You almost hit me!"

The response came back from inside the coach, "And I would have, too, if you hadn't stopped."

The time when the legislator lived seemed to me to have been an exciting one and I especially liked the idea of riding in coaches. And as I read along I suddenly realized I was actually riding a small coach. I was up on top steering the thing. But there were no horses. It just seemed to be moving on its own and had a lever on the side with which I could brake it with my right hand.

I began quickly going up a hill. The moon lit the night, and I let out a long, piercing cackle. I felt exuberant. I crested the top of the hill and I began going down the other side. I could see that the decline stretched out far in front of me with large old houses on both sides of the street. Suddenly I realized I was picking up speed and I began pulling the lever to put on the brake. But after pulling the brake to the maximum, I was still unable to stop the coach. I had slowed it down, but I was still moving rather quickly.

Finally I made a rapid decision, steered the coach to the side of the road and jumped while it was

still moving. The coach came to a stop. Unharmd I walked to the coach, picked it up (it was as light as a straw basket) and slung it over my shoulders. It appeared undamaged and I hoped it wasn't hurt because I needed to return it to the library from where I had borrowed it. I set off walking back to the library.

Dream of: 27 January 1987 "Defying Natural Explanation"

I awoke lying on a bed somewhere but wasn't completely sure where I was. Slowly I began to realize I was lying on a bed in one of the upstairs bedrooms of the Gallia County Farmhouse. I could vaguely hear my grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel talking downstairs. I remembered that Clarence had earlier picked me up at the airport and that when we had reached the Farmhouse I had gone straight to sleep.

It felt really good to be back in the Farmhouse. I was happy I was going to spend some more time with my grandparents. I knew they were pleased to see me and they would be glad to have me around for a while. I would probably stay two or three months and was looking forward to it.

But it was still hard to believe I was back so quickly. And where exactly had I been? It seemed I had been in a Spanish-speaking country but I couldn't remember exactly where. I knew I

traveled through Mexico sometimes but it didn't seem as if I had been there. It seemed vaguely like Puerto Rico but it had been up north of Quebec. It gradually came back to me that I had indeed been in a Spanish-speaking country situated north of Quebec. It seemed as if the Farm was right in the middle of two poles, Mexico on the one hand and the other Spanish-speaking countries on the other.

I finally climbed out of bed. I had on a pair of earphones connected to a portable cassette player.

The cassette player was turned on and I could hear sound through the earphones. But when I picked up the player I saw that it wasn't plugged in. I was mystified. How could that be? It slowly occurred to me that some force was at work here which defied natural explanation. I knew it was probably something important and that I should explore it further. But I was still groggy and not in the mood. I thought I would go down and visit my grandparents first and try to figure it out later.

Dream of: 28 January 1987 "Droit"

I was in a courtroom where a criminal trial was taking place, apparently a murder trial. Schwille was the judge. It was late in the day but the defense wanted to call one more witness and the judge permitted it. A stout fellow (probably in his mid 20s) was called and he sat down on the witness stand, just a chair sitting along one wall in

the room. The fellow had blond hair and was dressed in work clothes that looked a lot like a farmer's.

Most people in the room seemed to think the defendant was guilty and it wasn't going to help to examine any more witnesses. Nevertheless the attorney began asking questions. The attorney (seated in the gallery to my left with the rest of the audience) looked as if he were in his late 20s. He also was dressed in work clothes. In fact everyone in the courtroom seemed to be dressed about the same way.

I had doubts about how effectively the lawyer was going to perform, but I was surprised to hear him casually ask very piercing and intelligent questions. The witness didn't seem to be trying to hide anything and straight-forwardly answered the questions. Gradually the lawyer was able to show the witness had a very violent nature and was given to explosions of violence. The witness admitted he had at times kicked his father's car and put dents in it. And when the lawyer asked him if he ever felt like "King Kong" when he had watched that movie on television, he readily admitted he did.

The audience seemed more and more moved by each question and I could gradually feel the suspicions toward the witness rising. I however

hadn't heard any responses which would indicate the witness was in any way involved with the crime in question. Gradually the witness appeared to become more uneasy and finally he stood up. He was very near a door in front of which a bailiff was standing. Some people seemed to move toward him in apprehension that he might try to escape. But it looked as if the bailiff was in charge of the situation.

Suddenly the witness bolted toward the door, slid under the bailiff's arm and exited. It was obvious to me that the bailiff had done nothing to try to stop him. People immediately ran through the door in pursuit and the judge left the bench to return to his chambers. Upset with the action of the bailiff, I walked over to him and accused him of purposely allowing the witness to escape. He basically admitted he had done just that because he had felt that the witness had had nothing to do with the crime and that the defendant was guilty.

I basically agreed with him; but I still believed it was wrong to have let the witness escape. I grabbed the bailiff and picked him up. His legs bent back under him and he seemed stiff like a board. He was very light and I held him in the air for a while. Finally I decided to put him back down and I thought the proper thing to do would be to go talk to judge Schwille about the bailiff's actions.

I walked back toward the clerk's offices, came to a closed door and heard women's voices inside which I recognized as the voices of some of the clerks in Schwille's court. I thought that I heard my name mentioned and that perhaps the clerks had heard I had returned and had prepared a welcome-back cake for me.

I opened the door and walked in, but no cake was there. Five or six clerks were busy with their work. Karen Hicks (a Waco acquaintance) was among them. I walked past them without saying much. I could tell from the look on their faces that they were surprised to see how long my hair had grown. I asked someone if judge Schwille were back in his chambers and they told me he was. So I headed back.

On the way I encountered a man (probably in his 60s) who seemed to be dressed in sporting gear. He spoke to me for a moment and said he and Schwille were getting ready to go on a camping expedition and would be gone for a week. I was disappointed to hear that. I walked on into Schwille's office and found him sitting at his desk.

I was glad to see Schwille. I felt at ease around him even though I did have long hair (which he seemed surprised to see but which he didn't really seem to mind). I felt as if I were a bit like an apprentice under Schwille and as if he had taken a

special interest in me. He didn't act surprised to see me, even though I had been gone for a very long time, and he seemed to regard my presence as just an ordinary event.

I began condemning his bailiff for having purposely let the witness escape. Schwille seemed to realize that that was what had happened and that he would have to scold the bailiff, but basically he seemed unconcerned.

Schwille looked in good health. He appeared heavy-set, but still robust. I asked him about his trip and where he was going. He must have thought I wanted to go with him and he responded, "Oh I'd be afraid for you to come"

I said, "No I didn't want to come I just wanted to know where you were going."

He then began describing a type of snow-covered mountain he and the other old man were going to climb. The mountain had an almost perpendicular ascent and the climb was estimated to take three days. Apparently they were going to sleep on the side of the mountain at night while they were climbing. On the desk was a black and white photo of some big-horn sheep and I thought the sheep would probably be discovered at certain levels of the mountain.

Someone else began talking to Schwille and I sat down in a chair. I noticed Schwille had quite a few books lying on a shelf. Many of the books seemed to be in German and I thought I might borrow one to read during the next week. I was disappointed to hear Schwille would be gone for a week because I wouldn't be able to work in his court during that time. But I thought I might spend some of the time reading.

I then noticed on another book shelf some books which had French words written on their ends and which seemed to be some kind of French encyclopedia. There were probably 30-40 volumes.

I thought maybe I would borrow one of those volumes. I picked out the volume with the Ds and began looking in it for the word "droit," the French word for "law."

Dream of: 01 February 1987 "Light On The River"

Resigned to working again as a lawyer, I was walking toward a large modern building constructed of white stone, apparently a court house. I contemplated how I would use the money I would be earning - I definitely wanted to pay some overdue taxes. I should be able to earn enough in a month to pay the \$2,000-\$3,000 I thought I owed.

I would probably need help sorting through my records and filling out my tax forms; I might even hire an accountant to handle the task. Although an accountant would be expensive, it would be worth the money. Leo Bacher (a heavy-set former law student) crossed my mind. Bacher, an accountant as well as a lawyer, would probably be expensive, charging around \$100 an hour. Still, I thought I might hire him.

Just as I was about to enter the building, I ran into Bacher, also walking into the building. I greeted him and asked him what was new. I now recalled that after attending law school, Bacher had also studied medicine and become a medical doctor. Although he was presently practicing medicine, I thought he would one day probably practice law again and use his medical knowledge in medical law suits.

As we carried on our prosaic conversation, I had the impression Bacher's house was filled with all the latest technological devices. He even described a new machine which he had installed – a garbage can which operated on the same principal as a micro-wave oven. When something was thrown into the can and the lid was closed, the object was gradually vaporized until nothing was left. I was impressed.

When we finally separated, I walked alone into the corridors of the building. Slowly I realized that I was actually inside a school and that the throngs of people around me were students. My old good buddy Randy Ramey walked up to me and began talking. Ramey was exceptionally friendly; in the course of our conversation, he informed me he had some LSD which he described as "strawberry acid." When I probed about the quality of the acid, Ramey said it was pure, not mixed with anything. Intrigued, I thought if the acid were so pure, I might like to try some myself. Since Ramey was apparently selling the acid, I asked him how much it cost, and he replied, "For you, fifty hits for fifty dollars."

I didn't want fifty hits, but for such a paltry price, I thought I might as well take them. Perhaps I could sell what I didn't want to friends. The idea of selling the acid made me slightly uncomfortable. It seemed I had once before sold drugs, and I didn't relish the idea of doing so again. However, I had the feeling it would probably be all right. So I agreed to meet Ramey the following morning at a class which we would be taking together. Then we separated.

Remembering I had a class, I hurried on until I reached the door to my classroom and I walked in. Although I thought I was on time, apparently the class had already begun. After easing up a row to

the front where my seat was located, I sat down. My books were still lying on my desk where I had earlier left them. As I seated myself, I also noticed on my desk a couple items which belonged to someone else. When I picked up one of the objects, a girl sitting close to me claimed it. Another woman claimed the second object – a small ebony purse. In the process of distributing the objects, I interrupted the teacher, a woman probably in her late 50s; but she remained unrankled and simply continued talking.

The class was a mathematics course which was just beginning and was supposed to last for two years. After I had settled into my seat, I made a comment to the teacher that the older a person grew, the shorter two years seemed. When the teacher agreed with me, I had the feeling she and I were going to get along well, especially since I was confident of my mathematical abilities.

My seat was wide enough for two people; seated right next to me on my left was my teenage sweetheart, Birdie. Wearing a soft white sweater, she looked as if she were in her mid 20s. The thought crossed my mind that I might later offer Birdie some of the LSD which I was buying; but I was undecided.

As the class proceeded, Birdie gradually laid her head on my shoulder. I wasn't pleased by the act

because I didn't want the teacher to conclude that Birdie and I were involved with each other. I also knew several other women in the class were also interested in me and I didn't want them to think Birdie and I had any kind of relationship. Although I didn't want to hurt Birdie's feelings, I finally turned to her and simply told her not to put her head on my shoulder. Slightly offended, she sat back up straight.

Birdie (still on my left) and I were now sitting in a crowded auditorium, waiting for a show to begin and our seats now seemed more like long benches.

I slowly realized that I was nude below the waist and that I even had an erection. Indeed, my penis was standing straight up, actually touching my stomach. Birdie (who also seemed somewhat like my ex-wife Louise) noticed my condition and seemed fascinated by my penis. Apparently she had never actually seen me sitting nude with an erection. I didn't feel terribly inhibited, but I didn't feel completely comfortable either, sitting in the middle of a crowd like that. My erection didn't seem to want to go away. Indeed I was rather amazed at the intensity of the erection and the size of my penis.

My attention gradually focused elsewhere. Only now did I notice my brother Chris lying on his back between Birdie and me. It didn't occur to me

that Chris was no longer alive, having died of muscular dystrophy many years before. His frail body was as helpless as ever. His head lay toward me and his feet toward Birdie. I merely accepted Chris's presence as something to be tolerated and I didn't give him much notice as an individual person. He was practically immobilized by muscular dystrophy and basically I regarded him as someone for whom there was no hope and who should therefore not be given much consideration. Birdie however, (who seemed increasingly like my mother) seemed very interested in Chris and in what Chris was thinking.

Abruptly Chris spoke with a voice so mature and clear that it startled me. He simply said he was going to sing a song and was going to sing it to the woman there. Without ado he sang out,

"Light on the river, you're my friend

Lord oh Lord tell me please why that this has
happened to me

Light on the river I'm all alone

light on the river ..."

Chris's eloquent voice was simply divine. His intonation was soft, like the tugging voice of a child, but clear and beautiful. Almost immediately when he began singing I became deeply moved. I

laid my hand on his head and began caressing his soft blond hair. Slowly my eyes began to swell; I felt my face pucker up and tears began to well. I closed my eyes and let myself be carried along by the beautiful, rhyming words. I didn't care who saw me.

Dream of: 02 February 1987 "Black Diamond"

I had started going to high school again. I rose one morning, dressed and got ready. But before I left, my mother wanted me to do a few chores for her. I began doing the work and before I knew it a couple of hours had passed. Finally she wanted me to carry a couple heavy items up into the attic of the house. One was a type of end table which had a drawer filled with comic books and was very heavy.

I carried one of the items up and came back down for the other. I was unhappy I had to do the work for my mother and I let her know so. What bothered me most was that there seemed to be no end to things she wanted me to do. I told her that after I had finished carrying the things up into the attic she would probably find something else for me to do, like fixing a hole in the wall. And no sooner had I spoken than she walked over to a light-colored wall and showed me a hole about the size of the heel of a shoe which she said needed to be fixed.

That was the last straw. I told her how exasperating it was for me to have prepared to go to school and now to have to be doing the work. I had become all sweaty and abruptly told her I simply wasn't going to school that day. She became upset and tried to persuade me to go even though I would be late.

I had missed the last two days of school and I was very far behind in two science classes. In fact I was so far behind and had missed so many classes I knew I was going to fail. I didn't even see any point in attending those classes any more because I couldn't pass them now. I did however have a couple of other classes which I could pass if I continued to go. And there weren't going to be many more classes. However, I began to think I might just quit school altogether. I remembered having been faced with the same decision once before and realized the nice thing about it was that I had already gone to college and law school so even if I now quit it wouldn't hurt me.

I lay down on a couch and adamantly maintained that I wasn't going to go today. However it quickly became evident that if I didn't go to school I was going to have to find something else to do because it wasn't pleasant simply lying there on the couch watching the time slip away.

Suddenly a woman friend of my mother's and her son came in the room for a visit. The son's name was Ramo but (although I didn't realize it at the time) he looked just like a German fellow I had once known named Rico. He looked as if he were in his early 20s, was thin and had dark hair. I was a bit surprised to see him here because he also was supposed to be in school that morning.

He seemed very high-strung and almost resembled a punker. He stood up in the middle of the room and began talking apparently about some type of drugs which he had done. It seemed he hadn't actually taken drugs but had used some other less dangerous method of obtaining the same type of effect which drugs produced. I had the feeling a lot of what he was talking about and his general demeanor was simply an act and that underneath it he wasn't nearly as extravagant as he would lead one to believe.

I wondered for a moment if Ramo had ever been hypnotized and considered perhaps hypnotizing him myself. But I wasn't entirely sure I would know just how to do it.

He pranced about describing his experiences and the different types of substances which had induced them. He was also wearing a large ring on one finger which seemed to have a large multi-colored stone in it. He would sometimes look at

the ring in order to be able to describe a particular type of drug better. Apparently the ring acted as a kind of sparkling catalog for him.

I asked him if he had ever taken any "Black Diamond," which I thought was the name of a particularly powerful type of drug. Even the name of the drug was intriguing to me and I envisioned a diamond with a shadowy type of brilliance. Ramo began looking at his ring to see if he could find a Black Diamond in it, but he didn't seem to be having any success.

It suddenly occurred to me it would be an interesting experiment for me to use what had just happened as the basis for constructing an imaginary dream. I could base the imaginary dream on the actual events but modify them somewhat as I saw fit. I pulled out my mini cassette player and began talking into it. My mother was still in the room and began listening; Ramo also listened.

I began the imaginary dream. I said I had decided to skip school one day and Ramo had come over to visit me. My mother interrupted me and with a disgusted tone and said, "Ramo." I continued talking and said I had been thinking of quitting school altogether since I realized I already had a law degree and that it wasn't really necessary for

me to go to school. I then said, "Ramo then pulled out a little round ball."

I had decided in my imaginary dream to let Ramo have a type of multi-faceted, very small crystal ball instead of a ring which he was using to look into.

Dream of: 04 February 1987 "Singing Doll"

As I walked around in front of the Gallia County Farmhouse, I noticed a tree had been cut down and was partially lying in the creek in front of the Farmhouse. I continued walking and went up into the hills. Mike (the part-Dachshund of my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel) followed me, but while I was walking toward the top of one of the hills, he became separated from me and I couldn't find him. I saw some kind of small animal with a very large eye on the hill, but I couldn't locate Mike. Finally I returned to the Farmhouse without him.

I went upstairs for a while and finally I heard Clarence talking downstairs and it suddenly occurred to me that Clarence would be upset if he knew Mike was lost. I knew Clarence would want to search for Mike. I decided I myself had better go back out to try to find Mike and I walked back downstairs.

Clarence was more concerned with other matters. The old barn at the bottom of the hill behind the

Farmhouse had burned down the night before. I had been there and I clearly remembered the event. The children of my step-aunt Hilda had been visiting the Farm and had been sleeping outside. There were two groups – one of boys and one of girls. My sister had also been sleeping with the group of girls.

About three boys had been in the boys' group. The day before I had heard the boys talking about what it would be like if the hay in the barn were to catch fire. Later that night I had suddenly been awaked by someone screaming that the barn was on fire. Naturally I had suspected the boys had set the fire but I hadn't mentioned my suspicions to Clarence. But now I decided to tell him I thought maybe the boys had set the fire, although I still didn't tell him about their talking about doing it the day before.

The only other origin for the fire we could think of was lightening. But since there hadn't been any lightening that night, that possibility seemed to be eliminated. Clarence began to agree that it certainly looked as if one of the boys probably had set the fire.

Clarence began talking about some bills he had to pay. He named three or four bills and the amounts. Finally I spoke up and said I didn't see why he was worried about such things. Even if he

didn't have any property at all and were flat on his back he would still be taken care of. I was thinking about his pension. I thought that he had a steady income for the rest of his life whatever his situation and that he didn't need to be worried about financial matters. Mabel was listening in the kitchen. She seemed to be in a good mood and agreed.

Gradually Clarence also seemed to become happier and suddenly he laughed loudly. Something on the television had apparently caught his attention and I looked at it. On the screen were two birds flying in mid-air. One looked like a large black crow and the other looked the same only it was a brown color. Their flight was very graceful and beautiful. The two birds seemed to be lovers. Finally they reached a limb where another bird was perched. They hovered near the limb and began whispering to the other bird. A hushed conversation followed.

The scene on the screen then showed another limb where two dolls were talking. One was a rather large female doll and the other was a much smaller male doll. Both dolls looked like little children. The little male doll called the female doll "Matilda" and began telling her he was fond of her. He then began singing a very beautiful little song in an enchanting voice.

Dream of: 04 February 1987 (2)

"International Law Clerk"

One day I was supposed to meet Brian (whom I first met in 1981 when we started law school together) at his house about 1 p.m. But I let the time slip by and I didn't go. Finally around 5 p.m. I went to his place and walked up to the door. Through the screen I could see a middle-aged man dressed in work clothes doing something in the kitchen. I asked him if Brian still lived here. He replied that amazingly enough he did. It was apparently amazing because the house needed quite a bit of repair work, which the landlord had put off doing.

I walked in. Although Brian lived here, the man told me Brian wasn't home at the moment. I wasn't surprised since I hadn't expected him to have waited all afternoon for me. I decided I would leave him a note and I began looking for some paper. Another younger man also helping with remodeling the house pointed to a pad of paper on the table. I picked the pad up and looked for a blank page; but all the pages seemed to have something written on them. Many numbers were on the pages and it looked as if one of the workers here had used it for doing calculations on.

Finally I found enough space on one of the pages, tore out the blank part and began writing on it.

But when I wrote Brian's name I messed up the "a" and decided to begin again. I tore out another blank piece and began writing, "Dear Brian. Sorry about this afternoon. No excuses. Just negligence"

When I put down "Just negligence" I wondered if that was correct. It seemed I had intentionally not come and that negligence might not actually be the right way of putting it. I wrote some more, but when I finished I wadded the paper up.

I decided instead to write my message in some milky film on the top of some tea in a cup sitting on the table. I wrote my message in the film and when I finished, my message could clearly be seen. But the film quickly seemed to curl up and the message became indecipherable. So I unwadded the paper again and decided to leave it.

My message soon became unnecessary because Brian suddenly returned. I quickly muttered my apologies about not having come on time that afternoon. He seemed a bit perturbed, but he didn't appear to hold it against me. But he was unsure what we could do now. He mentioned something about a movie. He said it was Monday and that there was something in particular he liked to watch on Mondays. I asked him what language it was in and he said it was on public

television and was in English. It would begin in 15 minutes at 6 o'clock.

He said if I wanted to I could leave and come back at six. But there seemed no point in doing that, so I decided to just stay and wait. I sat down and we began talking.

Brian immediately told me he had decided he wanted to become a law clerk. I assumed he was talking of clerking for the United States Supreme Court. I remembered the last time I had talked with him he had wanted to do something quite different and I said, "You remind me of me -- you change so much. I want to be a clerk too."

I stood up and told him I wanted to work in a foreign law office; since I wouldn't be qualified to practice law in another country, I would have to take a clerking position. He seemed dubious that I couldn't work as a lawyer, as if he knew American lawyers who practiced abroad. I quickly explained that I could practice law once the particular country granted me permission, but that I would still only be able to give legal advice concerning United States law.

Brian was also standing. He turned toward the sink and asked, "What if you had a minority problem in Greece?"

I replied, "I haven't the slightest idea. I would have to research each individual question like that."

I then continued saying that at some point after I had worked in the international area long enough I would be better able to answer questions like that.

Dream of: 06 February 1987 "Acknowledging God's Existence"

While traveling, I had taken a small room in a hotel located right in the bus station. After waiting quite a while in my room for my ride, I finally became impatient and walked outside to see what was causing the delay.

As soon as I stepped out of the room, I became concerned about having left my possessions inside. I was afraid someone might steal something. I was lugging quite a few accouterments with me as I traveled, and I had left them scattered all about the room. I was especially preoccupied about my black dream notebook, which I had left lying in the middle of the floor. After turning and walking back into the room, I picked up my notebook from the floor and decided to stick it in the drawer of a writing table.

When I opened the drawer, I immediately saw some money lying inside - several bills in green United States currency, mostly ones, with perhaps

a couple five's mixed in. I now remembered that I had once before been in this room under similar conditions, and at that time I had left the money in the drawer. How fortunate that I had now returned and found it.

As I quickly gathered up the money, I also noticed some United States postage stamps in the drawer, a number of two cent stamps and several other sizes. I quickly scooped up the stamps; but after I had them, I was unsure where to put them. I walked to a back door and locked it from inside. Then I walked back to the front door and stepped outside again. Once I was outside the front door, a little old man stepped up and helped me lock it.

I headed to a waiting room where people had gathered to wait for their rides. I was in Columbus, Ohio and was headed to a place about 150 kilometers south of Columbus. Cincinnati had once been at the location where I was going, but Cincinnati had been moved farther west.

As I shuffled about the waiting room, I met another fellow with whom I began talking. When he informed me that he wanted to travel to Turkey, I straightaway advised him he was going in the wrong direction, that he needed to head for New York. Although he seemed quite disoriented, I had the feeling that he had traveled widely.

Grateful for my advice, he left to seek a ride to New York.

After he walked away, a revelation suddenly occurred to me – I wouldn't be leaving the city after all.

Suddenly I remembered Don Juan was here in one of the rooms of the station. I had first encountered the old Mexican Indian sorcerer Don Juan in the books of Carlos Castaneda. I now knew I wasn't going to depart the station alone, but that I was going to find Don Juan here in the station and leave with him. I knew Don Juan would be preparing to go on a mystical journey, and I had decided that I would accompany him. I had taken the mystical journeys before; but after realizing how dangerous the journeys were, I had abandoned Don Juan. Now I felt as if it were time to return to Don Juan, if he would accept me back.

I walked out of the waiting room and into another room where Don Juan was lying on a table, apparently sleeping. I stared at him in wonder; he didn't even resemble a human. His form was so bizarre, it defied description. Although he was about the size of an ordinary person, his body was green, with the color and skin texture of a large green pepper. More than anything, he resembled a big lizard.

When I walked over to him and tried to wake him, he suddenly appeared to come to life and uncoiled in front of me. He somehow managed to sit up on the table, allowing me to discern the markings of a face through his wrinkled green skin.

Sensing that he was in a jovial mood, I instantly wrapped my arms around him. Unafraid of him, I gushed that I had returned and was ready to accompany him again.

As I described some of my feelings, Don Juan exuberantly began talking about God, acknowledging God's existence and our relationship with God. I had never heard him talk of such matters before and I hadn't even known that he believed in God. I was so happy to hear what he was saying, any reservations I might have had about going with him disappeared.

Some other people in the room also intended to accompany Don Juan. One was a woman (probably in her 20s). Another was a pretty young girl (probably just a teenager). Black-haired and extremely attractive, she had never accompanied Don Juan before. However, it seemed that before she could go this time, she was going to have to show her conviction in some way. For this reason, she stepped away from the others, into the middle of the room, and pulled off the white tee shirt she was wearing.

She continued to disrobe down to nothing. Although for some reason I didn't actually see her body, I had the sensation that she exuded a dazzling beauty. But her intense beauty wasn't of a sexual nature. Even though I felt some slight sexual attraction to the girl, my feelings were restrained by other sentiments. My sexual attraction had become surpassed by a stronger feeling of beauty and purpose.

I noticed lying nearby an apple out of which several bites had been taken. A small worm was crawling out of the apple.

Also in the room were a father and his teenage son, likewise intending to go on the journey. However a slight rift had opened between the father and son. In the eyes of the boy, the father had succumbed to his sexual thoughts when he (the father) had seen the girl take off her clothes. The boy told the father that when we left on the journey, the girl must remain nude, but that she must not be bothered. The boy also said that the apple must go on the journey with us, just as it was, with the worm in it.

Dream of: 06 February 1987 (2) "Worm In The Apple"

I was sitting alone in a small hotel room located in either a train or bus station. I was traveling and was waiting for the train or bus to leave. Since I

had been waiting quite a while for my ride, I finally became impatient, and walked outside to see what the delay was.

As soon as I stepped out, I became concerned about leaving my possessions in the room. I was carrying quite a few things with me as I traveled, and I had left them scattered all about the room. I was afraid someone might steal something. I was especially preoccupied about my black dream notebook, which I had left lying in the middle of the room's floor. I turned around and walked back into the room. I picked up my notebook from the floor and decided to stick it in the drawer of a writing table in the room.

When I opened the drawer, I immediately saw some money lying inside - several bills in green United States currency. The bills were mostly ones, with perhaps a couple of fives mixed in. I now remembered that I had once before been in this room under similar conditions, and at that time I had left the money in the drawer. How fortunate that I had now returned and found it.

As I quickly gathered up the money, I also noticed some United States postage stamps in the drawer.

There were a number of two cent stamps and several other sizes. I quickly scooped up the stamps; but after I had them, I was unsure where to put them.

I again decided to leave the room. First I shut and locked a back door to the room; then I walked out the front door. Once I was outside, a little old man stepped up and helped me lock the door.

I walked on to another room where other people were gathered, waiting for the ride. I knew I was in Columbus, Ohio and I was headed about 150 kilometers miles south of Columbus. Cincinnati had once been at the location where I was going, but Cincinnati had been moved farther west.

Another fellow and I began talking. When he informed me that he wanted to go to Turkey, I immediately told him he was going in the wrong direction, that he needed to head for New York. Although he seemed quite disoriented, I had the feeling he had traveled widely. Grateful for my advice, he left to seek a ride to New York.

A revelation suddenly occurred to me – I wouldn't be leaving the city after all.

In the books of Carlos Castaneda, I had first encountered the character Don Juan. Castaneda had described Don Juan as an old Indian sorcerer who lived in desolate areas of Mexico. Castaneda had met Don Juan and had become his apprentice in the art of sorcery.

Now, I suddenly remembered that Don Juan was here in one of the rooms of the station. I now knew I wasn't going to leave the station alone, but that I was going to find Don Juan and be with him. I knew Don Juan would be preparing to go on a mystical journey, and I had decided I would accompany him. I had taken the mystical journeys before; but after realizing how dangerous the journeys were, I had abandoned Don Juan. Now I felt as if it were time to return. I only wondered whether Don Juan would accept me back.

I walked into the room where Don Juan was lying on a table, apparently sleeping. I stared at him in wonder. He didn't even look like a human. In fact his form was so bizarre as to defy description. Although he was about the size of an ordinary person, his body was green, with the color and skin texture of a large green pepper. More than anything, he looked like a large lizard.

I walked over to him and tried to wake him. Suddenly he appeared to come to life and seemed to uncoil in front of me. When he somehow managed to sit up on the table, I could discern the markings of a face through his green skin.

Sensing that he was in a jovial mood, I immediately put my arms around him. I was unafraid of him. I told him I had returned and was ready to go with him again.

When I began describing some of my feelings, Don Juan began exuberantly talking about God, acknowledging God's existence and our relationship with God. I hadn't heard him talk of such matters before. I was glad to hear such ideas. Any reservations I might have had about going with him disappeared.

In the room were also some other people who were going to accompany Don Juan. One was a woman (probably in her 20s). Another was an extremely attractive black-haired girl (probably just a teenager). The girl had never gone with Don Juan before. It seemed that before she could go this time, she was going to have to show her conviction in some way. For this reason, she stepped away from the others, into the middle of the room, and took off the white tee shirt she was wearing.

She continued to disrobe down to nothing. Although for some reason I didn't actually see her body, I had the sensation that she exuded a dazzling beauty. But her beauty – although extremely intense – wasn't of a sexual nature. Even though I felt some sexual attraction to the girl, my feelings were restrained by other sentiments. The sexual attraction – although still present – had become surpassed by a stronger feeling of beauty and purpose.

I noticed lying nearby an apple out of which several bites had been taken. A small worm crawled out of the apple.

A father and his teenage son were also in the room. They were also going on the journey. But in the eyes of the boy, the father had given in to his sexual thoughts when he (the father) had seen the girl. The boy told the father that when we left, the girl must remain nude, but she must not be bothered. The boy also said that the apple must go on the journey with us, just as it was, with the worm in it.

Dream of: 06 February 1987 (3) "Life And Death Drama"

I was riding in a car being driven by my father. My mother and my brother Chris were also in the car; we were headed for the Gallia County Farmhouse.

We knew in advance we would have to park the car about two kilometers from the Farmhouse and walk the rest of the way. Walking so far would be difficult because Chris (due to his muscular dystrophy) would have to be carried; we also had some other things which needed to be toted to the Farmhouse. I suggested we first drive the car to the Farmhouse, unload everything and then I would drive the car back to where it had to be parked and walk back alone to the Farmhouse. My

father thought my idea was great and he wondered why he hadn't thought of it himself.

As we rode past the old Shelton farm (about five kilometers from the Farmhouse) I saw an old white church on the left side of the road. About a fourth of the church had been cut away like a piece of pie, exposing the interior, which appeared to be in very good condition. It looked as if the walls were covered with fine-looking, light-colored paneling. I thought maybe someone was remodeling the church.

As we rode along, I began reading a magazine. The cover displayed a picture of president Jimmy Carter who had been shot in the chest. The pictures inside the magazine seemed almost lifelike.

In a flurry we arrived at the Farmhouse and when I walked inside I found Jimmy Carter in a back room being tended to. He still had the bullet in him and some men who were apparently doctors were hovering around him. The man who seemed to be in charge was Guinn (who had been my Constitutional Law professor in law school).

I wanted to help and I thought I would even like to know more about medicine to be able to assist in emergencies. I stayed with the doctors. At one point I walked out to the living room for a moment and saw my father reading a newspaper or

magazine on the couch. He seemed completely uninterested in the life and death drama in the next room.

Dream of: 06 February 1987 (4) "Catastrophic Consequences"

I was in the Gallia County Farmhouse with my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel, who was preparing a meal. I received a phone call from Kant Brito (a friend from the Dominican Republic whom I met in Puerto Rico in 1980) who informed me he would like for me to meet someone in about an hour somewhere in Dallas and pick up a pound of marijuana for him.

He gave me some information about the transaction and he said I would have to give the person with the marijuana about \$30, plus I would have to pay the person and additional \$49 which Kant already owed him. The deal was supposed to be simple, and I wrote down the information. We mostly spoke in English although once we spoke in Spanish when I thought Clarence and my grandmother might be able to overhear. I noticed how much Kant's English had improved. Once he even called me "Bud" which seemed to indicate how well he had mastered the English slang.

I was still unsure whether I wanted to act as an errand boy in a marijuana transaction. It seemed relatively safe, but if I were arrested, the

consequences could be catastrophic, especially since I was an attorney. I might even be disbarred. I definitely needed to reflect more before making a decision.

Even though I didn't yet have all the information, I told Kant I had to go eat and would call him back.

He gave me his number and I hung up. I knew there wasn't much time left and I walked to the table. Clarence was seated at a long table spread with a white table cloth and covered with food. My grandmother was still putting things on the table.

As I took my seat, I was still concerned with the drug deal. What a shock it would be for everyone if I were arrested. More and more I began to think that the deal wasn't a good idea, although I still thought I might do it.

Dream of: 07 February 1987 "Mental Institution"

I had gone to work for an institution for the mentally ill. I was working in a large dormitory-like building and wasn't completely sure of my duties, but the job seemed to involve taking care of about a half dozen mentally-ill patients, mostly, if not all, women. As part of the arrangement I was also living in the building in a small room.

I was lying nude under the covers in my bed in the room and thinking about the situation there. It vaguely seemed as if one of female patients I was

supposed to be taking care of had been subtly implying she wanted to have sex with me. I was considering the possibility but I hadn't yet reached a decision.

I then remembered my sister (probably in her early 20s) was in the room. She was sitting asleep in a hard-back chair with some white sheets wrapped around her. I also realized I had had an erection although it was beginning to subside. I debated whether I should pull the covers from me and stand up nude in front of my sister. The idea seemed extremely erotic yet at the same time it seemed I had been doing some thinking about sexual relations between my sister and me and had decided they weren't healthy.

Nevertheless, the urge was too strong and I pulled the covers from me revealing my completely nude body and my half-erect penis. I could feel the erotic pleasure in my body as the thought of being nude in front of my sister enveloped me. I stood from the bed. My sister was still asleep and I urinated in what appeared to be a sink in the room. I then turned back around to look at her.

She had long brown hair. I thought she was also nude under the sheets. I stood next to her with my partially erect penis level with her head. I debated whether to awaken her, but I couldn't seem to bring myself to do it. Suddenly however I saw her

eyelids move and realized she had awakened herself.

She opened and closed her eyes several times as if coming to herself. Finally, it was clear she saw me standing nude in front of her. However, I didn't intend to go any further than just stand here; thus I was surprised when she looked at my face, and then without further ado turned her face to my penis, leaned toward me and stuck it into her mouth. I hadn't been expecting this action, and I thought a drop of urine might have even been on the tip of my penis and it should have been first washed off.

Her mouth opened wide and she pulled my penis deeper into it. The pleasurable feeling was overwhelming and I pushed my penis as deep into her mouth as I could. I looked straight down and watched as her lips moved closer and closer toward the base of my penis. My mind seemed flooded with sexual images; especially the thought of having intercourse with her besieged me. I could practically see us lying nude together on the bed preparing to have sex.

But the thought occurred to me that we would need some kind of protection in case of disease. Even though she was my sister, there was always the chance either she or I might have some venereal disease we could transmit to the other. I

didn't have a condom with me and I wondered if she might have one. Even if I didn't have a condom, I might take a chance and have sex with my sister anyway. But doing so would be risky. She might have been having sex with my brother-in-law James and it was hard to tell who he had been with.

After my penis had been in her mouth a very short time, (probably not more than a few seconds) I extracted it. Still nude I walked out of my room and through the halls. I thought patients were permitted to walk around nude in the halls. I was unsure if I was allowed to go nude, but seeing no reason why not, I proceeded along. Besides, walking around nude felt good.

Sometime later, after having dressed, I went to a meeting of the staff of the institute. I was seated at a large rectangular table with probably 20 other people who also worked at the institute and had patients here. We apparently had gathered to discuss the status of the patients. Most were probably in their late 20s and 30s. Men were sitting on one side of the table and women on the other.

One bearded fellow led the discussion. In front of him lay a pile of papers which contained the comments of various counselors concerning their patients. The discussion began and I listened with

interest. A couple other men, including the man leading the discussion, were also lawyers. They even mentioned some court actions for the patients and something about getting help from some authority which might not be altogether proper.

A couple men had very long hair, but seemed to naturally fit in with the group. As the discussion continued I began to realize that the counselors were discussing very real problems of some of their patients and that they were indeed interested in helping them. Obviously the counselors, like I, were being paid for their work, but they seemed to be genuinely interested.

I had to admit that up to now I had basically just been functioning without really caring much about what I had been doing, but I began to realize I very much liked this kind of work and I felt I could do something worthwhile. I remembered my brother-in-law James worked at a mental hospital in Portsmouth, but his job was merely a kind of supervisor or guard. He didn't actually counsel the patients as I was supposed to do in my job. I suddenly valued my job very much and decided I was right where I needed to be.

However, it suddenly occurred to me that in the previous week I might not have been behaving in a completely proper fashion. I couldn't remember

exactly what I had been doing, but it seemed to have had something to do with nudity or sex or something like that involving one of my female patients. It was beginning to appear that such conduct with a patient wouldn't be allowed and that I could possibly lose my job because of it.

The man leading the discussion came to the end of the stack of papers without calling my name. It seemed I was going to escape any chastisement. I had the feeling that since I was new at my job it was to be realized that I would need a short while to break in. Apparently they weren't completely dissatisfied with my conduct up to the this point and I was going to be allowed to remain.

The leader of the group then turned to a black fellow sitting on my right. The leader said there was going to be some kind of "love march" in April and wanted to know if the black fellow would lead it. Apparently the black fellow had been doing exemplary work at the institute and therefore and been chosen to lead the march. The black fellow seemed touched by the offer. He seemed like a very nice fellow.

Dream of: 09 February 1987 "Dazzling Flowers"

I had just finished law school and had decided to take some time off to vacation. I headed for Florida. I needed some place to spend the night

and found a small white cottage in which a family lived where I was able to rent a room for one day for only \$15. I found a phone in the back of the house and carried it into the back yard (stretching out the phone's long extension cord quite a way from the house). I then called Kim (a friend whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977), who was in far-away Portsmouth. Kim came on the other end of the phone and we began talking.

Our conversation soon turned to smoking marijuana. I hadn't smoked any marijuana in a long time, and I thought Kim hadn't smoked in a much longer time. It seemed as if she hadn't smoked since she had been about 13 years old, and I thought that she had only smoked a trifling amount when she had smoked then. I wanted to know more about when and how much she had smoked and I started probing her.

To my astonishment she suddenly told me she had smoked marijuana just six months earlier. She explained that she had met and become attached to a fellow who smoked marijuana. She had cared about the fellow and had started smoking marijuana with him. She finally told me she and the fellow had gotten married and had lived together for a while, but that they had finally split up.

I was truly amazed. When I asked her if she had been in an actual marriage or in a common law marriage, she told me they had actually been married. It then struck me that Kim must have also had sex with the fellow. That likewise floored me because from frequent conversations with Kim, I had thought she was totally celibate.

She didn't seem ashamed of what she had done, although she did apparently think smoking the marijuana had been a mistake. She seemed to be more or less of the opinion that she had just slipped, but that she had now recovered. I didn't know quite what to say. I didn't condemn her, although I wondered why she had waited so long to tell me, since she and I had talked quite a bit recently. Thinking that she had actually had sex with the fellow was difficult for me. When I tactfully asked her a little more about it, she said she would have preferred for the fellow and herself to have just lain close to each other, but he had insisted.

In a way, I had thought I had been somewhat depending on Kim in my own struggles to remain celibate and to avoid marijuana. Now that she (whom I had thought was so strong) had succumbed, I figured that I could once again more easily indulge. I began to realize, however, that I hadn't actually been relying on Kim as much as I might have thought. Even if she had strayed from

the path, I still had no reason to change my ways.
My struggles were completely independent of
hers.

I was still curious about why Kim had given in and I wanted to know more about the fellow who had enticed her. I asked her what he did for a living and she said he was some kind of clerk at Ford's. His position certainly didn't seem important and it occurred to me that my being a lawyer should certainly be more impressive to her. It vaguely seemed as if I had once considered a physical relationship with Kim. Although the idea of physical contact with Kim had faded away and no longer seemed appropriate, I still placed a deepening value on our spiritual relationship.

I was beginning to worry about the length of the call. I hadn't actually had the permission of the people in the house to use the phone and I thought I should probably hang up. I wanted to talk with Kim longer, but I thought I had better go. Before I hung up, however, I asked her how long we had gone without talking to each other before we had resumed talking again a few months ago. We agreed that we must have gone a couple years without talking.

I wanted her to know that since she had made her confession to me, I in no way felt bad toward her. In fact, I told her, I had wanted to tell her that

when I had begun talking to her again I had noticed a definite change in her personality. She seemed much more in tune with life. Her attitude was more positive now and she seemed to have improved markedly. She seemed to be able to relate to people and the world around her much better. I just wanted her to know what a big improvement I had noticed.

I finally told her I regretted I was going to have to hang up. She wanted to know what I was going to do and I told her I was going to spend about a week in Florida. It was spring and absolutely beautiful in Florida. I told her I would probably go to the beach, stay intoxicated on alcohol for about a week and pick up girls. But I was just kidding her and I actually had no intention of becoming intoxicated and picking up girls. I had just said that as a way of pointing out that she certainly couldn't now criticize such activity on my part. Finally I said good-bye and hung up.

When I finished, I realized a boy (about 17 years old) and his brother (probably only 2-3 years old) had come out of the house. The three of us boarded a red car on which I had been leaning while talking. I sat behind the steering wheel, the older brother climbed into the back seat, and the small boy sat to my right. The older brother had a car battery in the back seat and he said something about its running out of oil. I thought he might be

making a reference to the length of the phone call I had made.

We decided to go for a ride and I drove off. When the older boy asked me what I was going to be doing, I told him I might spend a week on the beach. Indeed I thought I might pick up some girls there. I knew I had had success before in picking up girls on Florida beaches, especially around Fort Lauderdale. Mainly, however, I just wanted to be free in Florida. I told him the coming week would be the most beautiful time of the year and where we were was the most beautiful area I knew of. I said the flowers there were incredible and even as I drove along, I pointed to many different kinds and colors of large flowers along the road. The flowers seemed to dazzle me. I didn't know of any place where there were so many flowers or where they were so beautiful.

I finally stopped the car and we got out. The boy was curious about how I could just travel around like I did. I told him that although I didn't look like it, I was actually a lawyer. I hadn't worked for 10 months and I had just been traveling around. I would probably only continue doing so for about 2-3 more months before returning to work. I told him I had been to Europe and Asia and I still planned to go to South America. However, I no longer had a car and I was going to have to rent one. He asked if my father was paying for my

expenses and I told him I was using money I had saved while I had worked.

We sat down and the other two began looking at a small nearby cemetery. Still thinking about my conversation with Kim, I pulled out a pen and paper and began writing some of the things she had told me. I wanted to remember as much as I could and I was afraid I would forget if I didn't write it down.

Meanwhile the small boy had found some kind of large pinball-type game to play with. In a way, the game resembled a pin ball machine, except its dimensions were exceedingly large. The insides of the game were more like a small room and even part of the cemetery was located inside. After I finally showed him how it worked, all sorts of balls and blocks began flying around inside the thing.

Dream of: 12 February 1987 "Welcome Home Jesus"

I was sitting in the living room of the House in Patriot with a group of people involved in some kind of singing class being taught by a man who resembled my old law professor, Mike Morrison. My mother was one of the members of the class. Finally it was time for someone to sing solo and Morrison called out my name. He told me he wanted me to sing the next song, which was "Welcome Home Jesus."

I had never heard of the song before and I was unsure how it went. Since we didn't have any musical accompaniment, but were simply supposed to read the music and sing by sight, I knew I was going to have a difficult time. Although I could sight-read when playing a musical instrument, I didn't know how to sight-read and sing.

I dropped my book and lost my place. The book was very small, only about four by six centimeters, and only had about 20-30 pages in it. I quickly began thumbing through it looking for the song "Welcome Home Jesus" but I simply couldn't find it. Finally I told Morrison I didn't think the song was in my book and he told me to look in the back in the index. I did so and began reading the names of songs there, but again I couldn't find the song "Welcome Home Jesus."

I was hoping someone around me might tell me on what page the song could be found, but it seemed as if no one was supposed to help me. Finally I noticed some pages had fallen out of the middle of my book and were lying on the floor near me. I told Morrison I had found some missing pages. I was sure the song must be on one of them and I quickly looked at them, but to my disappointment, I didn't find the song on them either.

In desperation I turned to my mother and asked her what page the song was on; she told me, but when I flipped to the page in my book, the song wasn't there. At last I went up to Morrison and told him I didn't believe the song was in my book. He began writing down some page numbers and told me the names of songs, but he didn't mention the song "Welcome Home Jesus" and I told him that was the one for which I had been searching, but it no longer seemed important that I sing that particular song, just that I sing something.

So I stood in the middle of the room and prepared to start singing. I thought my voice would sound all right, but I had no idea which notes to sing.

Dream of: 17 February 1987 "Junk Novels"

I was sitting in a chair in what appeared to be the office of some kind of school. A woman walked over and sat in a seat to my left. It was difficult to tell how old she was, but she was probably in her 20s. She was slender, had shoulder length brown hair and was wearing a skirt and blouse. She looked at me a minute and said, "Are you French?"

I was surprised by her abrupt question and I immediately responded that I was an American. I asked her why she had thought I was French and she said something about my blue jeans, my long hair and the tone of my voice. I immediately pointed out that she hadn't heard my voice before

she had asked me. Then I pulled out my light purple French dictionary which was under a notebook on my lap and suggested maybe she had seen the dictionary and inferred from it that I was French. I then asked her if she spoke French.

She answered something that sounded like, "Peuple," and I thought if she did speak the language she must not be able to speak very well. But then I realized she had actually said, "Un petit peu," but she had said it so quickly, I at first hadn't comprehended her well. Perhaps she did speak French rather well. I began speaking to her in French and told her I was learning the language. I added, "Je aprends lentement."

She then began chattering away in French and indeed did speak quite well. I immediately became more interested in her and took a closer look at her face. She was rather average-looking. One of her top front teeth was crooked. Her eyes most attracted my attention -- they seemed about the brownest eyes I had ever seen. The hue was indeed intense. It gradually occurred to me why.

The brown cornea was so large it covered practically her whole eyeball so hardly any white was around it.

I interrupted her and began speaking English. I told her she had such brown eyes. But then I didn't know exactly what else to say about them,

they were so peculiar-looking. I thought the safest thing would be to say something pleasant and I told her they were very nice. She seemed flattered; but I wasn't sure she had believed my rather insincere compliment.

We talked a bit more in French and then without a word she rose and walked away. I was disappointed and hoped she would return. She seemed to walk over to a counter in the room, talked to someone and then came back. After she had sat down she asked, "Du schreibst Geschichte?"

I was surprised to now hear her speaking German and I responded, "Du sprichst auch Deutsch."

I wasn't completely sure what she meant by "Geschichte" but thought she was using the word in the sense of stories. I asked, "Was für Geschichte? Falsche Geschichte? Wahre Geschichte?"

I wanted to know just what kind of stories she was referring to. I continued in German and finally I told her I wrote a kind of stories because I did write my dreams. I tried to explain that my dreams were actually neither real nor fiction but were in a class by themselves. She didn't seem satisfied with that. She seemed to be interested in some type of fiction for which she had some kind of emotional need. She then stood and as she again walked

away mentioned something about "junk novels" as if it were a kind of literature she often had a craving to read.

Dream of: 20 February 1987 "Able"

I was in a room sitting on a couch. I thought my brother Chris was lying next to me to my right. I felt very alone and wanted him to talk to me and I said, "Speak to me Chris."

But he didn't say anything. I then noticed that a fellow was sitting on another couch not far from me and I asked him to come sit by me. He was probably in his late teens and was extremely, one could say grotesquely, obese. He lumbered over to me and sat down on my left. But I immediately told him I wanted him to sit on my right. He tried to stand back up but fell on to the floor. I immediately helped him onto his feet, although it was difficult because he was so heavy.

He then lay down on my right with his head in my lap with his face turned up toward me. That was exactly the position I wanted him in because I wanted to be able to touch his face so I could better communicate with him.

I felt that he was somehow related to me, but I had ignored him for a very long time. In fact I felt embarrassed because I couldn't even remember

his name. Finally I said, "I don't even know your name."

I was thinking that his name was "Abel" but I figured that surely wasn't it and I didn't say anything. Suddenly he said, "Abel."

I said, "I was thinking it was Abel. I don't know why I didn't say anything, but I thought it was Abel."

He then said his full name and it sound to me like it was "Able Gecollier." But then he said that it was "Able Ca Collier." The name "Ca" sounded rather peculiar to me. First he told me the name came from France but then said it actually came from Central Africa.

Dream of: 21 February 1987 "Free Lance Reporter"

I was working as a free lance reporter and had gone to a gathering of what appeared to be patrons of the arts or people involved with the arts. About 30 people were seated at two tables in a large room. One person at a time began asking questions or making a statement. As they did so, I noticed what appeared to be a small balloon would rise into the air over the table. After the person had finished speaking, he or she would leave the table so that gradually the number of people began to diminish.

I wasn't entirely certain what I was going to say, but suddenly a woman called out my name, Steven, and I knew I was now expected to speak. I stood and identified myself as being a reporter. I slowly began talking and I gradually realized I wasn't going to ask questions but was actually going to give what amounted to a speech which I thought could probably last for about 15 minutes.

Although I was in Dallas, I couldn't remember the name of the city. I told the people that the city reminded me of Columbus, Ohio where I told them I had once lived and worked. As I continued to speak, it gradually became clear what I wanted to say. I wanted to point out that there was a great deal of artistic diversity in the city that needed to be opened up to the common people.

For example I mentioned a nearby university which contained both some kind of art gallery and also a large auditorium. I wanted to note that different artistic outlets were available to the public, but that only a small portion of the public took advantage of them. For example although many people went to events at the auditorium, they were mostly students.

I had gradually moved to a neighboring room. Most of the people had followed me and they seemed interested in hearing what I had to say. It

almost seemed as if our roles had been reversed and that they were reporting on me.

Dream of: 23 February 1987 "Language Ability"

I had returned to Portsmouth and was planning to work in an office which my father had on the ground floor of the Gay Street House. I was in the process of unpacking a large trunk which I had carried into the office. The trunk was completely filled with magazines which I intended to go through looking for pictures for collages. I was especially interested in the pictures of a number of copies of the magazine "Art News" which I had in the trunk.

I was still a bit apprehensive about working in Portsmouth and I figured it was going to be difficult to meet interesting people here. But I had already met one attractive woman while here at the office and suddenly two other attractive women walked into my office and sat down. One was blonde and the other brunette. They apparently had some business with my father, who was occupied at the moment in a room at the end of the hall.

I looked at them and thought I recognized the brunette (probably in her early 30s) as someone with whom I had gone to high school. She seemed intelligent and was shapely. It seemed to me she

had entered my high school class in the twelfth grade and I had never really known her well. I couldn't remember her name, but I thought it began with an "M."

Thinking they might want something to look at while they waited, I laid some magazines on the table for them. I was sure to put out some copies of "Art News" because I figured it would be the most interesting for them. Finally I spoke to the brunette and told her I thought that I had known her in high school and that I thought her name began with an "M." She told me her name was Maria.

I thought I also recognized the blonde (also probably in her early 30s) and I thought I had likewise probably gone to high school with her. It seemed to me she had gone for a while to somewhere like Alaska to study, but I couldn't remember for sure.

In the room was a large computer which resembled an upright copying machine. In fact it did make copies and I was in the process of working with it. I became more cordial with the two women and I told them I was working with the machine and the magazines. I told them the machine belonged to my father, although I had my own computer elsewhere.

It began to occur to me that since I was going to be living in Portsmouth anyway, I might get to know the women. They really seemed in good form. I especially noticed what a good figure the blonde had and how firm her breasts seemed to be. But more importantly, they both seemed quite intelligent and I was especially intrigued by the possibility that they might speak French, German or Spanish. I definitely wanted to find someone to speak the languages with and I basically had established languages as a criterion for developing new friendships. Language ability seemed to me to indicate a more developed mind and I knew I could quickly become bored with someone who had never bothered to master another language.

So I first turned to the blonde and simply asked her if she could speak any other languages. As she responded, I began to notice she had a rather affected air about her. There seemed to be a shadow of false sophistication in her personality. She informed me she had once gone to live with some American Indians in the north west. So that is where she went in high school! And she had learned two American Indian languages. She told me the names of the tribes.

She seemed rather self-satisfied with the fact, but personally I thought it was rather silly. Why would anyone want to bother learning an obscure American Indian language? In fact I had serious

doubts that she did know the languages. Certainly hardly anyone would be able to test her. I could see she and I weren't going to have a great deal in common.

So I turned to the brunette and asked her the same question. She informed me she spoke some kind of "brown" Jewish language which wasn't actually Jewish but some obscure variant thereof.

She then named two or there other strange, apparently little-known languages which she said she knew. She was as bad as the blonde! She seemed to be proud she could say she spoke some never-heard-of languages. But I had the feeling it was a false pride and I was likewise unsure whether she could speak the languages.

Finally I simply asked them if they could speak French, German or Spanish. I had already begun thinking how I could start talking to them in all there languages by saying, "Ich spreche deutsch. Je peux parler francais. Yo hablo espanol." I had recently noticed how I often rapidly switched from one language to another in my thoughts and I found it so refreshing to be able to switch around with languages when talking with people.

I was even thinking of telling them how long I had lived in countries where each language was spoken. I knew I had spent about a year in Spanish-speaking countries. It seemed I had lived

about three months in Luxembourg. Since Luxembourg was both French and German speaking, I didn't know for sure which category to put it in, so I thought I would probably include it in both. I figured that would mean I had spent about seven months in German-speaking countries. I couldn't seem to remember exactly how much time I had been in French-speaking countries.

But when the women responded to my question, I was disappointed to hear they couldn't speak any of the three languages. And they didn't seem to be interested in learning languages or indeed in the subject of languages altogether. I began to realize that since there probably was a dearth of interesting people in Portsmouth I might try to get to know them better anyway. But I clearly saw that my interest in them was going to be limited.

Dream of: 23 February 1987 (2)
"Unnecessarily Confusing"

I had returned to Portsmouth and had spent my first night there with my mother. I awoke in bed to the sound of school children in a schoolyard nearby. I thought the children had recess at 9 o'clock and at 11 o'clock, so it must be one or the other. But when I looked at the clock beside my bed it said 18:00. I called to the next room where my mother was and asked her what time it was.

She said it was 6 o'clock in the morning. I was surprised to hear that, but was glad it was still so early.

I began thinking about how in Europe people commonly counted the hours between noon and midnight as 13 hundred, 14 hundred etc. up to 24 hundred. I didn't like that system which I found unnecessarily confusing. Clocks only had 12 numbers on them. If time had been meant to be told by using numbers between 13 and 24 then the clocks could have been made that way. The American system was definitely much simpler and better. I felt comfortable to be able to use it again.

Dream of: 25 February 1987 "Strong Current"

I was sitting close to Symmes Creek down below the Gallia County Farmhouse. My brother Chris was playing near the shore close to a small willow tree. Suddenly he slipped over the bank and disappeared into the water. I watched for a few moments in astonishment waiting for him to resurface. But when he didn't come back up I went into the muddy water and began trying to find him.

I was surprised that the creek was very shallow, probably only a half meter deep. I stayed on my knees and moved my hands about trying to bump into Chris. Hardly any current seemed to be in the

creek; he couldn't have gone far. But the seconds ticked away and still I couldn't find him.

Since I knew my step-grandfather Clarence was up at the House I hollered out, "Grandpa! Grandpa!" and Clarence suddenly appeared on the shore. I immediately told him what had happened and without hesitation he jumped into the creek. He likewise began searching and moved quickly farther down stream. I followed and began to perceive how the current was becoming much stronger. Clarence went on ahead of me and appeared to be standing on a canoe going over rapids as he probed into the water with a long pole. I didn't have a canoe and I was very apprehensive about going farther into the rapids. I could feel the current becoming much stronger and I was afraid I would be injured.

Dream of: 25 February 1987 (2) "Guirldo"

A fellow, who reminded me somewhat of both Salvador Ibarra and Daruish (an Iranian whom I had met in Luxembourg) and I were apparently enrolled in a college and were working together on a couple research projects. The topic of one project was a man named "Guirldo" who had been a revolutionary leader in a Central American country before being killed. I had never heard of the man until being given the project.

Neither the other fellow nor I was familiar with the school, although I did know where a research room was which contained quite a few books. We went to the room and I began looking over the books on the shelf and was suddenly surprised to find one entitled simply "Guirldo." I pulled the book from the shelf and showed it to the other fellow. The book was written in Spanish. I tried to read some of it, but I seemed to be distracted and I was having difficulty following it.

The other fellow found another book on a different subject and together we sat down at a long table (he on one side and I on the other) and began reading. I let him read my book for a while because I knew he was very interested in the subject. Finally I told him I was going to leave for a while and I would be back. I took the book with me and walked outside.

There I found myself on a seashore beach crowded with people, especially young women. I thought I might try to meet one. I had met women before on beaches and I knew doing so was fairly easy, but still I felt intimidated about simply approaching strange women. It occurred to me that when I had met women before, I had been drinking something alcoholic and alcohol tended to make me much less inhibited. When I drank alcohol successfully approaching women was much easier for me. That also made me wonder about the frivolous

nature of most women out on the beach, that they would let themselves be picked up like that by someone who had been drinking alcohol.

I definitely didn't want to drink alcohol now. So what would I say? Maybe I could just make up a story. I could walk up to a woman and politely ask her if she would be so kind as to talk to me for five minutes because I had made a bet with a friend who was watching us that I could talk with her for five minutes. The idea didn't seem like a very good one, but it was about the best one I had.

Instead I just sat down in the sand by a large log. A copper penny fell from my pocket and I buried it in the sand. I opened the book on Guirldo and began reading. I skipped the first few pages. What appeared to be a map of France was on one page. Apparently Guirldo had also been involved in some revolutionary activities there. There was also a photograph of a room where a table was turned over. I had the impression it was the room in which Guirldo had finally been killed.

I began reading the Spanish text (which was very clear) and the words registered well in my mind. I found it to be quite well-written and I soon became absorbed in the fascinating story of Guirldo's life. The book described the revolution in which Guirldo had been involved as "short-lived and ill-fated." It also mentioned the official

certificate describing the conditions of Guirldo's death had been typed out in Italian.

After having read several pages, I decided it was time to return to my friend and I went back to where I had left him. I was surprised to see he had probably 20-30 books piled up on the table. He told me he had found another section of the library where we could get books and he offered to show it to me. I had known the other section existed, but I had been uncertain how to use it. It involved asking someone to get the books. Apparently my friend had had no problem.

I asked him when our projects were due. He said they would be due in April. Since it was only February I saw no rush and I thought of returning to the beach.

Dream of: 26 February 1987 "Jonah"

I had gone to the house of a man (probably in his early 30s) who apparently was an artist. As he and I conversed, I related something strange which had recently happened to me. I had become aware that at some time in the past I had made quite a few life-sized busts of a woman, from the shoulders up, apparently out of a type of plaster of Paris. The woman had appeared to be a Greek goddess or warrior.

Curiously, I had completely forgotten about having created the busts. After having made them, I had apparently left the busts with someone who had sold them. Although I had now been made aware of the busts, I was extremely perplexed because I still had no memory of them. It was as if a type of amnesia had come over my mind. I attempted to recall some event which would bring the memory back to me, such as the method of making the statues – whether I had actually sculpted the busts or whether I had poured plaster into a cast. I even tried to remember whether I had signed my name somewhere on the busts. But I only drew a blank.

The empathetic artist seemed to understand what I was saying. As our lively conversation continued, we focused on the topic of art, then switched to the subject of God. I told the artist that people often made the mistake of trying to bargain with God. I personally didn't think it was possible to bargain with God and thought it was folly to try. I said, "For example, God might tell you to go to X and do Y and you might then say that you will go to X and do $\frac{3}{4}$ s of Y and $\frac{1}{4}$ of Z."

I had almost said "go to Nineveh" instead of "go to X," recalling the biblical story where God had ordered Jonah to go to Nineveh. But I decided not to use biblical references.

As I continued explaining my theory about bargaining with God, I wanted to connect what I was saying with art. I explained that only when a man did what God instructed, and didn't bargain with God, only then could a man produce true art.

Dream of: 27 February 1987 "The Greatness Of French"

I was sitting in one of the upper seats of a circular, sparsely filled auditorium where a round, flat area at the bottom of the seats appeared like some kind of small stage or arena. Suddenly I heard a voice speaking to the audience which said we were going to be presented with some kind of special treat, some kind of cinematography.

The whole auditorium then seemed to become the screen for a film. The voice continued to talk in the background as images flowed all around me, on the neighboring seats and everywhere. And suddenly from the images I could see that I was about to be propelled into a simulated flight, as if from a hang glider out over a very high cliff. My breath was almost taken away as I looked at a deep valley below me which seemed almost real. The sensation of flying was particularly intense although I couldn't quite forget the fact that I was actually still sitting in the auditorium. However the sight was magnificent and I just let myself go

in the uplifting feeling of gliding over the wide beautiful valley.

Suddenly the film ended and it was time to go. As the few people in the auditorium began filling out, I noticed my mother almost directly across from me in one of the lower seats. She likewise saw me and seemed to want to say something to me; but I didn't want to holler back and forth across the auditorium in front of everybody and I indicated to her not to say anything. She seemed slightly dejected by that, turned and walked out an exit. I hadn't wanted to offend her and *did* actually want to talk to her. I hoped we could go somewhere and eat together and as I started walking out, I tried to see her. But she seemed to have disappeared.

I reached some exit doors. An attractive woman was going through one of the doors and I followed her even though another exit door was slightly closer to me. Once outside, she stopped and looked around as if she might be lost. I was behind her; she was wearing white slacks which seemed to be made out of some very peculiar, almost futuristic-looking, plastic-like material. I thought of approaching her and saying something to her. But just then a man dressed in some kind of white suit and wearing a white helmet pulled up on a motorcycle. He glanced at me; did he think I was trying to approach the woman? The woman jumped on the back of the motorcycle and pulled a

white helmet over her head; they drove off. I walked on and realized I was also carrying a helmet and that I also had a motorcycle parked somewhere nearby.

A woman walked up behind me on my left and started to put her hand in my left pants pocket. I brushed her away and she walked on. She was wearing a long blue coat, had short black hair and looked as if she were about 30 years old. It occurred to me that I was actually in an airport and she was part of the security staff. I watched her talking on a walkie talkie and could hear her say something about some lines of people nearby. She walked over to some other people, stuck her hand in some man's coat pocket and started fishing around. I couldn't clearly see the man's face and thought he might even be wearing some kind of mask.

The woman retracted her hand from his pocket and in it she had a small turtle which just fit into her palm. She directed the man over to the side; I wondered whether the turtle was the man's pet or whether he was trying to smuggle it across the border.

I walked on and began wondering whether the laws now allowed security personal to simply stick their hands in people's pockets in the airports. It seemed rather drastic but seemed to be allowed. It

was certainly going to make life difficult for people carrying illegal drugs. Perhaps they could put the drugs in their shoes. I was glad I wasn't carrying drugs and thought there had been times when I might have had a couple of marijuana joints in my pocket. That would certainly be dangerous now.

At first I had resented the woman's sticking her hand in my pocket. But the more I thought about it, the more I concluded I would really like to talk to the woman and get to know her. She seemed like the kind of forceful person I would like to approach. However I still felt timid about simply approaching someone like that whom I didn't know. Besides I had the feeling she spoke another language.

Suddenly I had an image of my standing on a seashore and her coming out of the water toward me. She seemed to have light brunette hair and a practically perfect body. And she only seemed to be wearing some kind of practically transparent tee shirt which was dripping water. Her breasts were particularly large and firm. I immediately began talking to her in German, since I thought that was her language. My German was quite good although not perfect. I began talking about how brave she had been to have stuck her hand in somebody's pocket like that without knowing what was in it. I told her I had been particularly impressed by the way she had pulled out the turtle

without any sign of alarm. I couldn't remember the German word for turtle and had to describe it in a round-about way.

The image of the woman faded and I realized I had actually flown in to a place to visit my parents and needed to start thinking about where I was going to spend the night. I had planned to either stay with my mother or with my father. But now I was unsure I actually wanted to stay with either of them. I might call my sister and see about spending the night with her. I was beginning to think I might have made a mistake by returning to see them. I tried to remember how much the plane ticket had been and how much it would cost to go back where I had come from.

I began to imagine what it would have been like if I had gone to the Soviet Union and I imagined meeting someone who spoke French there. I was glad to find someone who spoke French because I didn't speak Russian and I didn't want to speak English. The person, an older woman, began talking about the French language. She herself was Russian and spoke French simply but plainly. It was easy to understand her. She spoke of the greatness of the French language and how good it was to have decided to have learned it.

Dream of: 27 February 1987 (2) "Thinking Capacities"

Some people (mostly women) were gathered together and lying on a beach. One woman, who was tall and had light brown hair, was wearing a bikini. She had a very attractive figure, although she probably needed to lose a few kilograms. The attention of the other women had turned toward her as it had somehow been revealed that the woman had once long before had a baby and had given it up. As it turned out, one of the other women in that very group had adopted the baby.

Someone commented about the "real mommy" and indicated she might cause trouble. Gradually the tone of the group turned ugly and they began criticizing the real mother. Finally she got up and walked away, but it looked as if the group was intending to follow her to persecute her.

I was nearby and had witnessed the scene. There was another complication in the matter because I myself had recently had an affair with the woman, the real mother. My affair was unrelated to her formerly having had a baby and having given it up, but I still thought the people had found out about our affair and were likewise persecuting the woman for that.

A couple women were with me and together we jumped in a swimming pool. I began trying to explain to them about the affair, how it was over and now nothing was between me and the woman.

I felt rather desperate in trying to clear up the situation. One woman began soothingly talking to me, told me that I was becoming mixed up and that I had nothing to explain. She told me the only difference was that I now spelled my name in Spanish. I wasn't completely sure what she meant by that, but I concluded it had something to do with Spanish's being a romantic language.

Nevertheless I decided to follow the woman and the crowd that was harassing her because there was still a further wrinkle in the mess. The woman was married and her husband was an extremely good friend of mine. I felt that the word was now out that I had had an affair with the woman and that I needed to talk to her husband to try to clear it up.

I followed the group to a commercial building where everyone went onto the second floor. I was now wearing a pair of blue jeans, a white shirt and a sports jacket. A man in the group dropped a small piece of paper and I picked it up for him. Typed on the paper were a few lines which said something about expanding one's thinking in a 19 minute time space.

That made me recall that the group that was following the woman was actually an organized group that was involved in expansion of their thinking capacities. The piece of paper simply

represented a new exercise they were using to show how that if one concentrates within a 19 minute time space in increasing one's thought capacity, that actually one could succeed in expanding time for oneself. The husband of the woman was the leader of the group and I myself had taken part in the group's activities and I had enjoyed them.

Suddenly I saw the woman's husband (about 35 years old). He had short, light hair and seemed quite fit. He was dressed in a comfortable-looking suit. I immediately walked over to him and I could tell that he was aware of my transgression. In fact the group now seemed focused on the subject. I looked at him and asked if he could just give me 19 minutes of his time so that together we could concentrate on the subject and try to resolve it. He seemed to shrug as if it would be too difficult at the moment for him to break away from the others, but finally, as if realizing that the best thing might be to confer with me, he said, "Sure, why not."

We walked together to a room, but the door was locked. Another room was nearby, but I didn't want to use it because I was afraid someone else from the group might interrupt us. I wanted to be completely alone with the man for just 19 minutes. I still deeply valued our friendship, felt he was an extremely reasonable and caring person and felt it

was still highly possible for us to resolve the situation and continue being friends. If we could just be alone and think together, I thought wonders were possible.

Dream of: 01 March 1987 "Impressionist"

I was sitting in a room where a male speaker was standing at a podium. Many other men were also sitting in rows of chairs in the room and a friend of mine was sitting next to me on my left. From the podium the speaker announced that each person in the room was going to act like a famous person and do a caricature of that person. The speaker began calling out people's names and as he did so, each person called acted like a famous person. Some people's acts were better than others. One fellow sitting in front of me acted like Jimmy Carter and he received a fairly good response from the crowd.

Trying to decide whom I was going to impersonate, I finally decided I would play Ronald Reagan and I wrote Reagan's name on a piece of paper. Since I had seen impressionists play Ronald Reagan before, I thought Reagan would be fairly easy to imitate. Finally the speaker called out my name.

I had also developed another little plan: as part of my act, I was going to act as if the speaker were George Washington. I in turn would act as if I

were Ronald Reagan conducting an interview of George Washington. I began speaking in a raspy voice which I thought would approximate Reagan's voice, "Well first I would like to say I would like to conduct an interview of you, Mr. Washington."

A roar of approval went up from the crowd as everyone seemed to have immediately recognized that I was impersonating Ronald Reagan. I then made it clear to the speaker that he was also part of the act and that he was to play George Washington. His position seemed to dictate that he go along with me, and he immediately assumed the role of Washington.

I began asking questions as if I (as Ronald Reagan) were a reporter conducting an interview of George Washington. I tried to make the questions as amusing as possible because it seemed that the main goal of what we were doing was to have fun. The speaker answered and the audience laughed several times. Since I did not have any prepared script, I had to think up the questions quickly. Some questions met with more success than others.

Recalling a story I had recently read in a news magazine, I asked something like, "Mr. President, there have been some reports that some of the rooms in the White House are haunted. And Nancy, who is a little (I made a motion with my

eyes and a kind of humming sound as if to say that Nancy Reagan was slightly mentally unbalanced) anyway, sat out in front of your room one night and said she saw your ghost three times. Is that true?"

The speaker in his role as Washington answered the question. I was thinking that I also wanted to ask a question about Abe Lincoln, to see if Washington ever came in contact with Lincoln in the world where he was.

I continued asking questions and at one point when the speaker answered, the audience broke into a deafening laughter. I hollered out to the speaker, "So you're the one who is responsible for the mess today?"

The noise was so loud, only a couple people right next to me could hear me. When the room finally quieted down again, I thought it would be backward to say the same thing over so that people could hear me, so I rephrased the question to say, "Do you take responsibility for the situation today?"

After the speaker answered, I continued asking more questions. I tried to make sure I said "Mr. President" instead of "Mr. Washington" when I addressed him, since I thought that was more proper, but I slipped a few times and said "Mr. Washington." Gradually he had moved around the

room and was finally standing not far from me on my left. I thought the interview had probably already lasted about 15 minutes, which was long enough, so I said basically, "Well, I'm going to close the interview now, but before I go, I'd like to know, Mr. President, if you could give me some constructive criticisms. But No. No. Forget that. I never ask for criticism. Thank you. Good bye."

The audience began laughing and loudly applauding. I was surprised that they had liked me so much. As they applauded, I also noticed they were making a sound which sounded like "Mmmmmmmmmmm." Since I did not know what that meant, I turned to my friend sitting next to me and asked, "What in the hell does that mean?"

He said the sound meant they thought what I had done was delicious. I felt good. I thought maybe a prize was going to be given for the best impression and I had a good chance of winning it.

Dream of: 02 March 1987 "Murder Trial"

I was wearing a suit and tie and sitting in what was apparently a courtroom. A man (probably in his early 20s) was brought in and seated in a seat next to me to my left. I was informed he was the defendant in a murder trial. I realized I was a lawyer in the case and I was going to have to question him. It was my first contact with the man or the case. I had no idea of any of the facts of the

case and I had in no way prepared for it. However, I didn't feel nervous and I thought it perfectly natural for the trial to be beginning without my having readied myself in any way for it.

I was told the defendant's name was Steve. I introduced myself to him and told him I was the prosecutor and I was going to ask him some questions. He seemed rather helpless and I tried to sound friendly and gain his confidence, all the while knowing that my intent was to prove him guilty of murder.

He was thin and had light-colored hair. He seemed bewildered by what was taking place.

After I had asked about five preliminary questions to find out a little about his background, a young man stood up in the room and said something. As I looked toward the man, I realized the seats in the room were arranged in rows from front to back such as might be found in a classroom. I was sitting in a seat about halfway back in one of the rows and Steve was no longer sitting next to me; instead he was sitting in a seat in front of the classroom facing everyone.

The man who had spoken and interrupted my questioning was seated in a row to my right toward the back. I gradually realized he was the opposing lawyer and that he was objecting to the questions I was asking. He said something about

getting to the actual incident in question and he seemed to think my questions were irrelevant. He seemed to want to rush through the case as quickly as possible as if he were in a hurry.

A woman judge was sitting at a bench in front of the room not far from the defendant. She said something to the other lawyer. It sounded as if she were overruling his objection, but I couldn't hear her and I said, "I did not hear the judge's response."

She repeated what she had said to the other lawyer and she said something about the defense lawyer. The judge (probably in her mid 30s) was thin, had brown crinkly hair and was wearing a black robe. I had the feeling she was a fair judge; I noticed she was writing down the responses to my questions and I thought she was concerned about learning the facts of the case as thoroughly as possible.

It was gradually becoming clear to me that I wasn't entirely sure whether I was actually the prosecuting attorney or the defense attorney and I was beginning to think I might be the defense attorney. I felt slightly embarrassed because I realized it was important to know which I was, but I thought the questions I had been asking were questions which either side might ask, so it wasn't extremely important that I know at the moment

which side I represented. I would, however, need to decide as quickly as possible.

I continued with my questioning, "What year of education did you complete?"

The defendant said he had gone to school to the seventh grade. I probed further and he asserted that he had dropped out of the seventh grade and had actually completed the sixth grade. I asked, "So you completed the sixth grade?"

He replied that that was correct. I asked, "How old were you when you quit school?"

We established that he had been quite young when he had quit school. I asked a few questions about what he had done after leaving school, then jumped to another subject and asked, "Steve, have you ever been arrested before?"

I realized I was getting into risky area since I didn't know whether I was the prosecution or the defense, and especially since I was increasingly beginning to believe I was the defense attorney, but I decided that regardless of which side I represented, the facts would still need to come out and so I might as well go into them.

Steve didn't directly answer my question and he seemed to be trying to avoid it. So I asked in a

different way, "When was the first time you were arrested?"

Finally he admitted he had been arrested once before and we went into the details. Apparently the arrest had been several years ago and had involved his failure to pay \$29 for some food, part of which included some jelly-filled doughnuts. It was unclear whether he had had to spend any time in jail. He told me the arrest had taken place in Tennessee. That seemed important to me because I realized we were in Quebec, Canada.

I continued with my questioning, "Now, Steve, this is very important. Were you ever arrested again?"

Again he didn't seem to directly answer the question, but it appeared he had never been arrested again. Certainly it seemed he had never been arrested in Quebec. It seemed very important to me, especially since I had finally concluded I was actually the defense attorney. I thought in final argument I was going to be able to point to the fact that Steve wasn't a hardened criminal and that the only time he had ever been arrested was for not having paid for some food.

The judge seemed to want to make sure of the point and she herself asked, "Did you ever get any tickets?"

She was obviously referring to traffic tickets. Steve answered that he hadn't received any tickets.

At one point a policeman sitting in the row to my right began talking. I immediately jumped to my feet, objected, turned to the policeman and told him to "shut up." I at once realized what I had said was both uncouth and improper in the courtroom procedure since I was supposed to only address the judge with my objections. The judge ordered the policeman to be quiet and we proceeded.

I was becoming more and more curious to know exactly whom Steve was accused of killing, but I thought it was best to let the facts unfold slowly. I wanted next to find out how long Steve had been in Quebec. I questioned him about it and he told me he had been in Quebec for five years. I asked where he lived and he said, "We live in the National Group."

I was unsure what the "National Group" was, but I thought it might be some kind of housing project or perhaps a trailer park. I was also beginning to have the feeling he had been living with a woman and I thought she might have been the one killed. I was becoming increasingly sympathetic for Steve: he just didn't seem like the type of person who would kill someone. I wondered if the woman with whom he had been living had been the one killed. I

didn't know, but I did feel as if I needed to start having a better focus if I were going to successfully defend him.

Suddenly a woman in a row to my left began asking some questions. I jumped up, objected and the judge made her be quiet. Steve, however, had become increasingly nervous. Somehow he had gotten hold of what appeared to be a metal bread pan and he began pounding it on something in front of him making a deafening racket. I walked up to him, put my hand on his arm and said reassuringly, "Just calm down."

Dream of: 03 March 1987 "Rag Doll"

I was at the Gay Street House, where I was staying while I attended some classes at the college in Portsmouth, Ohio. It was morning and I had a class I was going to go to soon.

I heard a knock at the back door, opened it and saw a man standing there whom I immediately recognized as Ankron (an old schoolmate from high school). I hadn't seen him in many years and was surprised I even remembered his name. He asked me if he could come in, told me he was tired and wondered if he could rest there in the House for about an hour. I told him he could and I led him to the bedroom upstairs which I had been using. I showed him my large double bed and told him he could lie down on it. I had some of my

possessions in the room but I thought Ankron could probably be trusted not to steal anything.

After he lay down on the bed, I stayed and talked to him for a few minutes. I asked him if he were still in college – he told me he was. It was hard to believe he was still going to college at his age and after all these years. I told him I had already graduated and in fact had even graduated from law school. I told him I had gone to three different law schools. I said I had gone for one month (and then changed it to three months), to a law school in Puerto Rico. Then I told him I had gone to Baylor Law School.

Finally I left him alone in the room and walked downstairs where I saw my father. I told him that Ankron was upstairs in the bedroom. I was concerned my father might not want a stranger in the House, but he didn't object.

I intended to go to class; but then realizing my class wouldn't begin for another hour or so, I walked back up the stairs and into the bedroom and sat down at the foot of the bed where Ankron couldn't see me. But I could still see him. I realized he had pulled down his pants so that his penis was exposed. In one hand he was holding some kind of small rag doll and was rubbing his limp penis with it. All the while he was talking to himself. I was utterly appalled by what I saw. It

seemed to me to be extremely perverse and it was obvious that Ankron must have some serious problems.

Finally he stopped and I stood up where he could see me. I told him I had seen and heard everything. He seemed embarrassed but not particularly ashamed. I told him he was going to have to leave immediately and he got out of the bed. I escorted him back down the stairs and out the back door. Just as I was about to shut the door, he turned, looked at me longingly and said he would like to kiss me. That confirmed my latent suspicion that he was homosexual. I was immediately disgusted, told him that was out of the question and shut the door.

I was certainly glad to be rid of him. It bothered me to think that anyone, my father, for instance, might have seen me with him and concluded by association that I was like him.

I began thinking more and more about going to school and finally decided I wasn't going to go. Instead I felt like I needed to begin practicing some law again. I knew there was one state west of Ohio where it was necessary to speak French to practice law and I decided I was going to go there. I informed my father of my decision and without wasting time got into a car and drove off.

I headed north and was planning to pick up an Interstate Highway 35 headed west. I pulled out a map and saw that 35 went through Chillicothe and thought that was where I would turn west. But it suddenly occurred to me that I couldn't exactly remember the name of the state where I was going. I looked at the map and thought it was somewhere around the area of Missouri or Tennessee. But I couldn't find it. I knew it wasn't Louisiana although Louisiana had a history of laws originating in France.

I just kept driving trying to figure it out. Plus I began thinking about my financial situation. I was running out of funds although I still had a master card which I could use to obtain money with. If necessary I could even go to a bank and actually borrow cash with the card. But as I thought of using the card I seemed to see myself heading in my car perpendicular down a road and was afraid I might crash at the bottom.

Dream of: 04 March 1987 "Duty To Protect"

My father and I walked out the back door and into the back yard of a cottage in the country. I heard my brother Chris, sitting at the end of the yard, laugh. My father walked around to the side of the house, sat down and began talking to me. He told me he could see a cayman lying not far from the house. Suddenly he jumped up because he

realized another cayman was lying next to the house only about a meter away from him. He had startled the cayman and it slid over a bank close to the house.

I was surprised to see the cayman. Could Chris be in danger if any caymans were around where he was? I walked back to get Chris and found that he was no longer there. I called my father – when neither of us could find Chris, I concluded that a cayman had eaten him. I found a lot of what appeared to be something like cayman bodies lying around; some of them were big enough to confirm my belief that they could eat a human. Nevertheless my father seemed unable to believe that Chris had been eaten.

I walked back in the house; my mother was in the kitchen. Then I looked in the next room and saw Chris (6-7 years old) sitting on a stool. What a relief! I walked over and kissed him on the cheek. I asked my mother about it and she said she had gone out to get him. I told her we had thought Chris had been eaten by a cayman. Then I also said that when my father came in she should not tell him Chris was in the other room. Finally my father *did* walk in and my mother asked him about Chris and whether he thought he might have been eaten by a cayman.

I meanwhile walked back outside. It gradually occurred to me that we were living in a swamp, perhaps somewhere in Florida. I was intrigued by the abundance of animal life in the area. I figured beaver were probably in the swamp and in my mind imagined a beaver poking its head above the water.

I could see that the level of the swamp was high due to the overflowing of a nearby stream. The water was rushing past at points and large waves of water perhaps three meters high were being created. I thought that I needed a boat and that I might have to return to work for a while to earn some money to buy one. But still I wouldn't be able to go over the waves of water even if I had a boat.

I wondered if any trappers were in the area. I was really disgusted by the idea that trappers could still legally come in and trap wild animals. I felt it was my duty to try to protect the animals.

Dream of: 09 March 1987 "Samson"

My father drove me in Portsmouth to a block of houses he owned which he was having demolished. One house was constructed of brick and had been almost completely torn down. A fellow standing inside the house was pounding off the bricks one by one with a hammer. Quite a few workers were involved in the project; they had

trucks for hauling away the debris and they seemed to know what they were doing.

My father and I drove on to the Gay Street House, which was also being torn down. The central part of the House was, however, supposed to be left untouched until the last, so the furniture would be able to stay there. When we pulled up, however, I saw that the windows on the second floor of the central part of the House had been broken out. It looked as if the wreckers had already started on that part of the House also. I didn't see the workers working anywhere and commented about their absence to my father. He seemed to indicate that they were probably in the process of using some drugs at the moment, but would soon return to work.

I walked on into the central part of the House and there found the wreckers engaged in cleaning the carpet with carpet cleaning machines. Apparently they were planning to tear up the carpet and wanted it to be clean before they did so.

I walked into another room where my attention focused on a large pure black cat whose name I knew was Samson. Almost at the same time, I noticed two, small off-white doves in the room. Just as it occurred to me that the doves might be in danger with the cat in the room, the cat pounced upon one of them and snatched it in its

mouth. I immediately ran to the cat and forced it to release the dove. The dove fluttered to the side; I couldn't tell for sure whether it had been badly injured.

I released the cat and almost instantly it again pounced on the same dove, this time practically swallowing it so that only a few feathers were still sticking out of the cat's mouth. Again I chased the cat down, this time with more difficulty, and finally forced it to disgorge the dove. But this time when the dove finally fell from the cat's mouth it looked as if it might have been seriously injured, although I couldn't tell for sure.

The cat slipped away from me and ran into the next room. Since the doves obviously wouldn't be safe in the House as long as the black cat was here, I decided the cat needed to be put outside. I chased the cat from room to room, up and down the stairs and throughout the House. But it was extremely agile and I couldn't seem to catch it.

I was also a bit concerned about grabbing the cat again, because it had very sharp teeth. But then I realized I had donned some work gloves and thought they would protect me. Finally I managed to corner the cat and grab it. It did try to bite me with its sharp, white teeth although it didn't seem to try to bite me hard. My gloves protected me. I picked the cat up and carried it to the back door.

My father was just coming in; I explained about the doves, which I referred to as love doves, and asked if he minded if I put the cat outside. He didn't mind and I walked on out. There I encountered my mother and began explaining to her what had happened.

Dream of: 10 March 1987 "Young Hawk"

As I was sitting in front of the Gallia County Farmhouse, looking down at Symmes Creek, I noticed what appeared to be a bird floating on its back in the creek. The bird looked like a robin or a crow which had somehow fallen into the creek and now couldn't get out. I decided to try to help the bird, found a bucket and headed for the creek intending to scoop the bird out of the water.

But as I was walking toward the creek, I saw that the bird had turned over onto its stomach and was managing to swim toward the bank. When I reached the bank the bird had already crawled out of the water and I was able to scrutinize it. It stood up on its feet and I could see that it was a large bird but still very young. It was black and white and had huge claws with feathers over top the claws like an eagles. Finally I concluded the bird was a young hawk which had probably just left the nest for the first time.

I quietly approached it and tried to put my bucket over top it. I thought I might try to capture and

raise it. But it escaped me and before I could act,
flew away.

Dream of: 10 March 1987 (2) "Angel Wings"

I was in a car in Portsmouth with my brother Chris. We rode along the streets and I noticed a number of very large statues in front of buildings which I had never seen before in Portsmouth and thought I would like to take pictures of the statues. One looked as if it had wings like a large angel. It occurred to me how closely tied I was to Portsmouth and how I often felt at home here.

Finally we came to a building and I carried Chris inside. We had been to the building once before and had some business there. Chris was very small, about the size of a three year old. As we walked up some stairs I noticed Seeley, but I couldn't remember his name. I spoke to him and called him Don.

Finally I set Chris down and he was able to sit up. Some man walked up who seemed to want to pat Chris on the head but I told him to leave him alone.

Dream of: 10 March 1987 (3) "Conspiracy"

While I had been doing some business in a building, I encountered Vaughn. We walked together into an office and began talking. I

immediately brought up the fact that I realized I had fallen behind in making some payments to him and Lynn (a Waco attorney) for money I still owed them from when we had been buying houses together. I explained that I hadn't been working, but I was going to return to work very soon and would begin making the payments again. He seemed concerned but still didn't seem to place much significance on the matter.

I left him and walked into another office where I found Lynn. We began talking about the same thing and I asked him if he and Vaughn had ever sold the house in Greenville, Texas. He said they had finally sold it for \$5,500. That meant we had lost money on the house; but I was glad anyway to hear that it was finally gone. I told him I was planning to pay them the money I owed as soon as possible.

But I suggested that instead of paying the money directly to them we use some other plan whereby I would pay about half the money to Ramey and then somehow Ramey would get the money to them. The idea was that by doing it that way we could avoid paying income taxes. Lynn didn't commit himself, but seemed obviously interested.

I then just came out in the open and told him of course that we were conspiring to commit fraud on the Internal Revenue Service, but that I

thought I could trust him. He asked me what would happen if we were caught and I told him we could receive five years in prison.

Dream of: 11 March 1987 "Lona Noria"

I had gone to visit Kim (a woman a few years younger than I whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977) who was living in what appeared to be a small used-book store. I hadn't seen Kim for a while and I was unsure what I was going to talk about with her, but I thought I wanted to tell her how much I really cared about her. My ideas were scrambled, but it seemed I even wanted to bring up the subject of marriage. After I had arrived at the store, however, and before I was able to speak with her, I fell asleep.

I suddenly awoke after having had what seemed like a fairly significant dream about Kim. In the dream I had seen Kim's name written in large letters in an arch over a door. Her name in the dream was spelled "Lona Noria." I also specifically noted the letter "n" in Lona had a piece missing out of the top so it looked as if it could also be the two letters "r" and "i." Another woman who owned the store where Kim worked had also been in the dream and that woman's last name had been "Ashtke."

Kim (probably in her late 20s) was sitting by my side when I awoke. She was thin and had long

brown hair, but she didn't look at all like Kim. Rather just something about her essence made me identify her as Kim.

I immediately wanted to tell her about my dream, but at once I saw she was unhappy about my being there. I detected it wasn't because she herself didn't want me there, but rather Ms. Ashtke (who actually did exist and who was in the next room) didn't want Kim to have visitors. I made some comment about Ms. Ashtke and Kim replied, "She is good enough to let me stay here."

I thought it was ridiculous to be dominated by the woman merely to have a place to stay. I myself could have easily provided Kim a place to stay. But it was obvious Kim was upset about my presence and I would have to leave. She seemed as if she didn't want to offend me and she was worried I would be angry with her. But it was too late. I was already irritated with her and I began preparing to depart.

Dream of: 11 March 1987 (2) "Key To The Church"

I had been invited to the back of a Christian church where some Buddhists were serving a meal. Given a plate, I sat down on the floor in the middle of the room and began eating. When I was almost finished, I noticed that a number of the Buddhists were busily preparing a much larger

meal and had set out perhaps 20-30 various types of food. I rather regretted having already eaten since the meal which the Buddhists were now preparing was obviously going to be much more inviting. As the Buddhists worked, I noticed how much they reminded me of Hari Krishnas, but I reflected that Buddhists were much more to my liking than Hari Krishnas.

As the Buddhists continued their preparations, I was finally asked to move over to the side of the room. After moving, I discovered beside my plate some pieces of what appeared to be chunks of processed meat containing bits of fat. A piece of what appeared to be dried ham was also on my plate. It suddenly occurred to me that unlike the Hari Krishnas, Buddhists did indeed eat meat. I thought the next time I spoke with my vegan friend Kim Leitel, I ought to bring the fact that Buddhists eat meat to Kim's attention. I had some doubts about completely removing meat from my diet and I took a bite out of the fatty meat. I didn't like it and I put it back down.

After I had finished eating, I lay down. I must have fallen asleep because when I looked up again, about ten people in white robes were sitting near me talking about Zen Buddhism and meditation. Someone spoke of speculation while meditating. They were also talking about me and about showing me how to meditate. I felt groggy, but I

sat up and informed them that I had meditated before. I recalled having meditated years before with Lou Khourey (who had conducted meetings of the Zen Pyramid Society), then later in Zen groups in Dallas and in Paris. Yet I knew I still had only a rudimentary knowledge of meditation.

I crossed my legs, straightened my back, put my hands together in a typical Zen meditation pose and continued talking. I explained that contrary to what some people thought, meditating by oneself was possible. I told them that I considered myself to be a loner and that meditating by myself, therefore, came naturally to me. I also mentioned that when I meditated alone, I tended to meditate longer than when I was meditating in a group.

Someone asked me how long I meditated and I told him that on the average the meditation lasted 25 minutes. Sometimes it was 20 minutes and sometimes 30.

However, I also noted that I did see certain benefits of meditating with others. For example, when I was alone, remaining completely motionless the entire time was more difficult. When I was with someone else, I was much more inclined to remain motionless while meditating, and I realized that motionlessness was an important part of meditation.

We finally all stood up for a part of their ceremony. Everyone stood in line and held hands with the next person. I was at the head of the line. We began moving in what amounted to a very slow folk dance. I had previously danced this folk dance, and although I was rusty, I could remember the steps.

When we finished, the group prepared to disperse, but I continued talking because I was interested in learning more about the group. I was surprised to learn that the group only met once every four months. I remembered how that even in Dallas at the Dallas Zen Center, someone had been at the Zendo every morning for group meditation. I concluded that this group of Zen Buddhists were rank amateurs and that none of these Buddhists really knew much about Zen Buddhism. Since I probably knew more than anyone else here, the others all seemed impressed by my knowledge.

It also seemed noteworthy that these activities were taking place in the back of a Christian church. It seemed to me, however, that Christianity and Buddhism were complementary and that they didn't need to be in conflict. I suggested to the Buddhists that they ought to try to start meeting every day. I said it was not necessary for everyone to come every day, but at least two people should be present. I emphasized

the fact that there must be a least two people: one person alone could just as well stay home.

They seemed excited by the idea and someone immediately suggested that I be given a key to the place and that I should start coming every morning. I wasn't quite ready to commit myself to that, but I still wanted to talk more about it. One fellow said he had never met anyone like me. I told him to wait another ten years and he would surely meet someone as strange as me again.

After one fellow showed me the back door through which I could enter, we walked outside where I saw a house near the church. The fellow with me began talking about a girl who lived in the house next door and he said something about seeing her with hardly any clothes on out there sometimes.

Then he actually pointed right at the girl, but I couldn't see her clearly.

He told me we were in Kansas. That surprised me because I had thought we were in West Virginia.

My attention was drawn to the area immediately behind the church. About 100 meters away was a very high, peculiar rock cliff. It looked as if people were climbing all over the cliff and as if some rock dwellings were built into the top of the cliff where people were living. I then realized that many children were sliding down the slippery sides of the cliff as if they were on a slide.

Suddenly I saw that some of the sliding children seemed to have lost control. They continued all the way to the bottom, still continued coming toward us and finally crashed through a wooden fence behind the church where some of the children fell into a concrete waterway. I raced to the children and saw that they were all climbing out unharmed. A stocky woman (probably in her 40s), however, had also fallen into the water. She was completely submerged and seemed unconscious. I jumped into the water and rescued her. It appeared she would survive.

Dream of: 17 March 1987 "A Space Odyssey"

While my ex-wife Louise and I were sitting in the House in Patriot (the house in the tiny village of Patriot, Ohio where my maternal grandparents lived when I was a child), I was thinking about space travel and wondering when man planned to make the first space trip to Venus. I had some reading material on the subject and saw that a trip was planned, but that the trip was still several years away. Apparently about 20 astronauts were in training for the mission; but if an astronaut married, he or she would no longer be considered eligible.

When I talked to Louise about the subject, she seemed friendly and almost child-like. I asked her if she would go to Venus if she had a chance; she

replied that she would, but that she would only go for the "party" aspect of the trip and not for all the scientific knowledge.

What interested me most was the possibility of encountering intelligent beings living on another planet. I imagined humanoid beings living in a primitive state. I thought it possible that even though alien beings might not be as scientifically advanced as we, they still might be more mentally advanced. I asked, "What if they are more advanced than us?"

I began to imagine what encountering such aliens for the first time would be like. The languages would be different; sign language would have to be used at first. How would one tell the aliens about having come from a planet which the aliens couldn't even see? Perhaps one could point to the moon of the other planet and (with sign motions) indicate the moon had been the place of origin.

One could then gradually show that the moon wasn't actually one's place of origin, but someplace similar to the moon.

Language could also gradually be utilized. For instance one could point to the ground and say "this world." Then one could point to the moon and say "that world." Gradually the aliens, if they were intelligent beings, would begin to understand.

While I was thinking, I realized the day had already arrived when man was ready to travel to Venus; I was able to observe some of the preparations. A group of the people involved in the space program met in a house in the country to discuss what they were doing; one of the main men began talking about the reason for going. One question they hoped to answer was whether the area around the equator of Venus rotated at the same rate of speed as the other areas on the surface of Venus. Evidence existed that the surface area around the equator wasn't firmly attached and so tended to float, as a body of water. Therefore that area didn't travel as fast. But the evidence was unclear and someone needed to be on Venus to confirm it.

The man talked of the broader reasons for going to Venus. He said the real reason was to learn more about man's internal nature and origins. He added that those reasons weren't talked about because they weren't the reasons espoused by the government personnel who funded the space program; but the actual people involved in the program knew what the real reasons for space travel were.

The space ship had already been launched and was on its way. It was a small craft which carried two men and one woman. After the space ship had been on its way for several days, a radio

transmission was received. The woman on the space ship talked about how they were able to receive radio broadcasts from earth. At the present, every night they were listening to a serial reading of Fyodor Dostoevsky's novel *The Brothers Karamazov*, an event which they highly looked forward to.

I wondered how much room was available in which to move about on the space ship. I imagined it as being rather small. I recalled the large space ship on the movie *2001: A Space Odyssey* and how there had been a circular area in which the astronauts could run. It seemed particularly important that the astronauts have an area large enough in which to exercise. Otherwise they would suffer adversely from lack of movement.

A few days later another message came from the space ship. The woman seemed very tense and nervous. Indeed it appeared that just the type of problem I had envisioned was actually occurring: she felt hemmed in having to sit in the same seat all the time. One of the other astronauts on the space ship began reading something to her to try to calm her. He read about some people who had thought it was possible to develop their mental capacities to the point where they could mentally raise mountains.

Dream of: 26 March 1987 "Surrealistic Landscape"

Some scientists had attached some scientific equipment to my brain so my mind was able to communicate directly with the mind of my brother Chris, who seemed to be my son. I found myself apparently inside the mind of Chris and I seemed to be floating over an intriguing, surrealistic landscape which somewhat resembled a sandy desert under a night sky. I seemed to be in direct contact with Chris, although the newness of the event for me only allowed me to barely perceive any direct communication from Chris. All that was around me seemed to be part of Chris, but actual communication seemed extremely faint.

I was however enjoying the event and thought I could probably manipulate it to some extent. The thought of a "creator" occurred to me and almost immediately – partially in the sky and partially on the sand – I perceived a colossal shadow of a human, adult figure holding the hand of a small child. The shadow didn't appear to be the shadow of some actual figure, but rather looked more like an artistic drawing. I moved around and was about to see it from a different perspective and wondered what the actual figure behind the "shadowy creator" was like. The idea of my seeing the actual figure seemed intimidating and improbable.

It seemed as if I could very vaguely feel a slight reproach from Chris, as if I didn't understand his state of mind and as if I weren't exerting myself enough to communicate with him. I felt my connection beginning to weaken, opened my eyes and vaguely saw lying before me on a table a small baby with wires attached to its head. I identified the baby as Chris. I could tell that he was ill, probably with muscular dystrophy, and could barely move. I had had doubts about the experiment before, but now I suddenly realized that indeed some benefit might be gained. Perhaps the experiment could reveal what caused Chris's illness and a cure could be found. With renewed resolve I called out, "Chris, can you hear me?"
Chris, can you hear me?"

Dream of: 26 March 1987 (2) "Most Important Relationships"

A young oriental man (probably in his mid 30s) and I were seated in a bright room talking about our lives. I had been somewhat directionless lately, but I thought perhaps my companion had been profitably using his time, maybe by writing poetry. As we talked I realized that we were very similar and that we had had common experiences.

When he told me how he had once made a list of the important relationships which he had shared with people, I spurted out, "I did that too!." I

quickly thought, however, that I was interrupting him and that I should let him tell his story.

Nevertheless, I soon began relating what I had discovered when I had examined my own relationships with people. I told him when I had been in my late 20s I had left my father and my mother, and I had thought that my relationships with them had reached an end. I told him that I had considered those relationships "passé." I put emphasis on the word "passé" because I knew it was borrowed from French and I thought the man, being able to speak French, would appreciate my use of the word.

I continued saying, however, that I had later listed and examined my relationships and that I had realized that my relationships with my parents were on top of my list and that they remained my two most important relationships. I felt I was always welcome at my parents' homes and I didn't feel like an intruder with them. It was as if I could always live with my parents without feeling as if I were imposing. My companion asked, "So you went back?"

I told him I had returned. I wanted to be sure to explain that I hadn't gone back to live with my parents, since I thought I couldn't actually live with them – I had merely wanted to visit them. I then wanted to explain that I had had the same

type of experience with my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel. I felt as if I could always stay with them without feeling as if I were imposing or depleting their possessions. A slight feeling still remained, however, that I did to some small extent (such as wear on the carpet) put wear on their possessions – wear which would be noticed by those who inherited their possessions.

Dream of: 27 March 1987 "Bats"

My sister was sitting in a hard-back chair in a bedroom and she seemed to be wearing a long night gown. She had her feet pulled up on the chair with her knees to her breast, and with one hand near her chin, was pensively watching me. I was sitting on the floor on some old-looking reddish carpet and I had picked up a rather large, white grasshopper, which was holding what appeared to be a fuzzy, brown caterpillar. I managed to pry the caterpillar from the grasshopper and I even spoke to the grasshopper as I did so, telling it to release its hold.

After putting both insects on the floor, I noticed a third large brown woolly animal but I didn't know where it had come from. After scrutinizing it, I suddenly said to my sister, "It's a bat."

I could see its black, leathery face; now it seemed to be holding onto something which it wouldn't

release. I decided it should be killed. Seeing nothing better to use, I picked up a shoe and struck the bat with the shoe's heel. Injured, the bat quickly crawled under a dresser. I tried to hit it again but before I could, it crawled under the rug I was sitting on. I began pounding and pounding on the rug where I could see and feel the bat crawling. But I seemed unable to kill it and it continued on, although its pace did gradually abate.

Suddenly I noticed another bat on the bed. I quietly walked to the bed and quickly hit the bat's head with the heel of the shoe. To my amazement the creature began unfolding and from what had only been about 20 centimeters long came a brown fuzzy creature which looked like a snake over a meter long.

Before I could regain my composure the creature jumped from the bed and crawled under it. I knelt down, looked under the bed and thought I could see two beady eyes about half way back starring at me. It was definitely going to be extremely difficult to reach it. I wished I had had a hammer or a knife when I had started. But I wondered if I would have been able to stab it with a knife. I turned to my sister and said, "Boy all I can say is I'm glad I don't have to sleep in this room."

Dream of: 29 March 1987 "The Mailman's Advice"

While my sister and my brother-in-law James had been living together at the Logan Street House, my sister had told me that when she wasn't home during the day, she left the door to the House unlocked. So, one afternoon, I decided to visit the House even though I knew no one would be there. When I arrived at the House, I walked up to the side door, which was standing wide open, and walked inside. I thought James probably had some marijuana hidden somewhere in the House, and I wondered if I could find it.

I walked into the front bedroom, wondering where James would hide his marijuana. I didn't have to look long, because lying on the seat of a hard back chair was a plastic baggie about a quarter full of dark green marijuana. I picked it up and looked at it.

I was debating whether I should smoke any. Since no one was in the House, I thought I could roll a large joint, smoke it and once again feel the effects of marijuana. But I had serious reservations about smoking. I thought I hadn't smoked any marijuana for 22 months, which seemed like a rather long time. On one hand, it seemed as if I had obviously overcome the marijuana habit and as if smoking again wouldn't

hurt anything; on the other hand, it seemed as if I needed to totally abstain from marijuana and as if by smoking even one joint I would destroy my abstinence and I would once again have to begin the struggle with marijuana. That was an unpleasant thought.

Still trying to decide, I walked out unto the front porch where I encountered three people standing on the sidewalk. One was my old Portsmouth friend Anderson (probably in his early 30s). One of the others was the mailman (although he was dressed in a suit and tie instead of a mailman's suit). He was bald and looked as if he might have been around 50 years old. The third person was also a man.

I explained my dilemma concerning the marijuana to the men. Anderson couldn't see why I had any problem. He seemed to think smoking marijuana would be perfectly all right and he didn't understand why I was hesitating. Although his attitude that smoking would be all right reassured me, I still hesitated.

The mailman didn't say anything at first, and it seemed as if he felt reluctant to mix in because he didn't know me. But finally he spoke and pointed out that I had abstained from marijuana for a very long time. Not smoking for 22 months hadn't been easy. If I were to smoke now, I would have to

begin counting all over again, even if I only smoked one joint. Did I really want to do that?

His words were very persuasive. I saw much more clearly how foolish it would be for me to smoke the marijuana and I was grateful for his having spoken to me.

Dream of: 01 April 1987 "Zweifel"

I had just moved onto the campus of The Ohio State University. I was walking around the campus when I met a female student (probably in her early 20s). We began talking and I asked her many questions about herself and she freely answered. When I asked her where she was from she told me "Wheatherford." I had been to Wheatherford before and remembered it as a small farm town not far south of Columbus.

She told me about a song group she belonged to which she had to attend shortly. It sounded as if the song group was a large group of people who came together to sing. I thought it might be interesting to attend, but she didn't invite me. Finally she told me she had to go and she simply walked away. As I watched her depart, I thought to myself that she needed to lose a little weight. I also thought over the way I had approached her and I realized I had probably sounded like an attorney cross-examining her.

I soon began walking around myself and shortly encountered a group of six or seven women standing on the grassy campus. I noticed the woman with whom I had been talking among them and I realized this must be the song group she had referred to -- I had expected it to be much larger. I walked past the group, but the woman didn't act as if she saw me. I thought she was probably embarrassed because the group was so small and she had led me to believe it would be quite large.

I continued on until I reached the dormitory I had moved into. My possessions were still not all unpacked, but I had unpacked some pictures which I used for making collages. I sat down on the floor and began cutting some of them out. The pictures I was cutting out were small and colorful. After working with them for quite a while, I finally rose and walked out into the hallway where I could see some activity at a room on the other end.

I walked down to that room, stepped through the door and inside found what appeared to be an art painting class. A black-haired woman (probably in her early 30s) appeared to be in charge of the class. She and I immediately began talking and part of our conversation was in German. I was unsure how she knew I spoke German, but I thought perhaps she had heard me speaking with someone earlier in the hallway.

She soon began showing me several paintings she had done. They were of a symbolical nature and I was quite impressed with them, but they immediately made me wish I had been working more on my collages, which I felt I had been neglecting lately. I asked her if she taught any other type of art besides painting. At first she didn't seem to understand to what I was referring. Finally I simply brought up the subject of collages and told her I made collages. She seemed interested. I began talking about the problems I was having with the collages and said, "I can't seem to throw myself into it."

I asked her if she would like to see some of what I had done. She seemed interested, although she expressed that she must quickly return to her class, and we walked into the hallway toward my room. On the way I explained to her that I only had one completed collage with me at the moment because I had been moving around. I told her I had made many other collages, but I didn't have them with me.

We walked into the room and she immediately saw the pictures on the floor which I had been cutting out. I pulled out a large cardboard box about a meter high and I showed her that it was also filled with pictures. It also contained many folders which had pictures arranged in different categories.

I began looking around the room for the collage I had with me, but I couldn't see it at first because of the clutter. Finally I saw it. It was turned around backwards sitting among some other things. I walked over, picked it up and turned it around so she could see it. She immediately acted as if she liked it, but when I set it up on something so I could also see it, I realized most of the pictures had somehow become unglued and fallen off.

I told her what had happened and I began searching for the pictures. I found some of them and began trying to rearrange them back on the hardboard, but I had difficulty putting them precisely where they belonged. I had picked up four or five pictures which were of the painted head of a woman, a reclining nude painted probably in the 1500s, a bare foot, a large apple, a small orange and a tree. I was disappointed because I couldn't seem to rearrange the pictures the way I had originally had them.

The woman walked over to the side and began looking at some of the other pictures I had cut out. I realized she might be an interesting person for me to befriend, especially since she spoke German. I said, "Und Sie können gutes deutsch sprechen."

She replied that she certainly did speak good German. That pleased me, especially since I myself felt so comfortable with the language. I continued, "Keinen Zweifel daruber?"

Dream of: 04 April 1987 "Coronet"

A number of other men and I were exercising in a gymnasium and after a while one man and I began exercising together. He was probably in his early 30s, several centimeters shorter than me and fairly muscular although also slightly overweight. We lay on our backs, each interlocked one of our legs with the other and exerted pressure trying to pull with our leg. I was surprised that even though he was more muscular than I, I seemed stronger.

After thoroughly exercising one leg, I told him I wanted to exercise the other leg so I wouldn't feel out of balance. But first I did an exercise on my own by lying on my back and then arching myself up in the air so that I was standing on my hands and feet. I could feel much pressure in my back. Then the other fellow and I continued exercising the other leg.

When we were finished, I noticed a black woman (probably in her late 20s) had entered the gym and was watching us. She was dressed in black and was quite attractive. I immediately recognized her as a woman who used to live with me, but who had left me. She began talking and I soon inferred she

had moved in with another man with whom she had had an unhappy experience. She now wanted to return, she said, to two men. I remembered that before, she had actually been living with both me and the fellow with whom I was exercising. Although the woman and I had had a pleasant relationship before, I didn't think I wanted to return to it.

I noticed everyone else seemed to have left the gym except us. The woman also left, so that only the other man and I remained. When we stood to also prepare to leave, I noticed a few men still near the exit. Gradually the other men began moving toward us and I quickly realized they were going to menace us. I was unsure what the problem was, but I definitely felt threatened. I backed up toward a rear exit and I was able to slip out before the men could stop me. My companion however was unable to follow me and he was trapped inside.

Outside I immediately encountered two other men who grabbed me and pulled me down so I was sitting on the ground. One of them began talking and I learned they were apparently upset about an ad which had been put in a newspaper. The ad said something about "Two _____s and a coronet." They mistakenly thought the other fellow and I had put the ad in the paper and that it had something to do with our living together with the

woman. I gathered that they also mistakenly thought the man and I had some kind of sexual relationship with each other.

One of the men holding me, who was dressed in a white tee shirt and white gym shorts, screamed at me and asked what I thought the ad sounded like.

He asked what one would do with a coronet. I replied that it sounded like something one would blow. I then realized he was interpreting the word "blow" in its slang sense of "performing fellatio."

Suddenly I noticed he had pulled his penis up above his shorts and I realized he was going to try to insert it in my mouth. I immediately screamed "I'll bite it off. You put it in my mouth and I'll bite it off."

I was serious too. When he hesitated I screamed to some people walking on a sidewalk nearby, "Help, help! I'm being raped! Call the police!"

I was unsure anyone heard me or that anyone would help, but my attackers were caught off guard for a moment and I was able to break free. I ran from them toward a building where I thought I could find help. Suddenly, however, I was intercepted by another man holding what looked like a long shiny butcher knife. He was obviously on the side of my attackers and he threatened me with the knife. I didn't think he would actually stab

me, but I was unsure. I tried to slip past him to the building.

Dream of: 06 April 1987 "Slaughtered Deer"

I was the witness of the systematic slaughter of thousands of broad-antlered deer. The deer were herded together in the forest and fields by armed men mostly riding horses and then driven through mud and snow while the men began shooting them as they ran along. The killing was merciless. The trail along which the deer was driven was littered with thousands of bodies. I began screaming out, "You murdering bastards," as the men passed me.

But I didn't actually seem to be present at the scene and it appeared no one heard me.

Some of the deer were driven into a creek and herded along the creek. Cows also seemed to be in the herd and they likewise were killed as the herd moved along. And the weather was freezing cold so some deer were freezing to death and the dead bodies quickly became stiff and rigid. At one point the men rested and the live deer lay down. But suddenly the drive recommenced and the deer immediately sprung to their feet and began moving.

I thought something could be done to prevent the slaughter which apparently took place yearly.

Perhaps a group of people could camp out in the area where the hunters stayed and try to prevent

the killing. It would probably amount to practical warfare between the two groups.

I decided I indeed wanted to take part in such an endeavor. I particularly wanted to be involved in the legal struggle to save the deer. I knew I would need to thoroughly learn about the laws concerning the subject to be able to legally combat the slaughter. I would need to meet someone who could assist me if I were to have difficulties.

I was able to hear another man opposed to the killing give a speech on the subject. The thrust of his speech was that the killing could be stopped due to one thing: money. Apparently he believed the hunters were exploiting the deer and the general public was unable in any way to benefit from the exploitation. He apparently viewed the deer as other domestic animals which could somehow be used for profit if the slaughter by the hunters was stopped.

After hearing him I saw an image of a large picture with a number of large domestic animals including a cow, a horse and a reddish-brown chicken. I myself was opposed to killing any of the animals, but I reflected that at least some things, such as feathers, did come from those animals. The deer however were just being killed and left to rot. So perhaps the man who had spoken did have

some valid points, although I was still not in agreement with him.

Finally I did meet with some other people who were prepared to protest the slaughter of the deer. We were in a building and began walking down a hall. Some of the people stopped at one point thinking they had to wait for something, but I and some others continued on. As I walked I decided I would feel better if I floated, bent my legs at the knees and raised my feet up behind me. I was thus able to float along with my feet off the ground in a very pleasant movement.

When we reached the end of the hall a woman (probably in her early 30s) asked me how I was able to float like that. I was flattered that she was interested. I began explaining that it was necessary to first take a deep breath and I tried to demonstrate. But when she was watching me I had a difficult time floating because her scrutiny made me a bit nervous. Suddenly I wondered if I had been dreaming when I had been floating. Was floating something I was only able to do in my dreams or could I likewise do it in waking life?

Dream of: 07 April 1987 "Unfolding Collage"

I was staying in a room in a building resembling a college dormitory located in West Berlin. I had been in Berlin a couple weeks and was only going to stay there about a week longer before I went

back to Ohio to visit my father and my mother, who were the only ones who knew where I was at the present. The phone rang, I picked it up and a man from the front desk said a telegram was there for me.

I immediately feared the worst. Maybe someone had died. Maybe even my mother had died. I raced from the room and ran down one flight of stairs, almost falling, to the front lobby. The man who had called me hadn't even had time to hang up the phone when I burst in. He pointed across the room and said the telegram was on a bench. I looked. I didn't see it at first, but then spotted it lying on a couch.

I ran to the couch, grabbed the telegram and ripped it open. I wanted to know immediately what was wrong. The first page (of what appeared to be a telegram consisting of many pages) was typewritten on a page of regular typing paper. I tried to read it, but there didn't seem to be enough light in the room. I thought the man at the reception desk and some other people in the room were probably also interested to know if anything serious had happened. But although I didn't read the first page closely, I could tell by glancing over it that it was an ordinary letter and it didn't have bad news. I then noticed the cost on the front of the telegram was eight dollars and something, and thought that seemed very cheap and that perhaps

it wasn't as expensive as I had thought to send international telegrams.

I proceeded back to my room and once there began looking more closely at the contents of the package. I quickly gathered the letter was from someone whom I had never met who was responding to an ad I had placed in some kind of magazine, probably concerning dreams. I wondered how the person had obtained my Berlin address and concluded my parents must have given it out to the person. I was surprised whoever it was had gone to all the trouble to write me in Berlin.

I leafed through the packet and quickly discovered several pieces of art work on very stiff cardboard the size of writing paper were also included. The art work appeared to be some unique-looking collages. They consisted mostly of very colorful backgrounds with only one or two pictures glued to the foreground. I had never seen anything quite like them and was unsure exactly how to classify them. I found them intriguing and was delighted to have received them.

I was gathering that the person who had written me was a woman (probably in her early 30s) apparently somehow involved with psychology. Suddenly I noticed on one of the collages she had pasted a small picture of herself. Actually I

discovered two pictures. Her features reminded me somewhat of Mireya (a Dallas acquaintance).

From the pictures she didn't appear to be physically very attractive, yet that didn't matter much to me because I perceived much spiritual beauty in the woman.

I found one collage which consisted of two pieces of cardboard together and which had to be opened up to be seen. I opened it and was surprised to see a stand-up kind of collage unfold. I needed a minute to discern that it appeared to represent a hill cut out so the inside could be seen. On the inside were arranged five or six horizontal shelves on which were sitting various objects which apparently had symbolical value. I noticed the American flag appeared twice, once on the highest shelf and once on a lower one.

As I was looking over the piece it seemed as if the woman who had made it and someone else were actually sitting near me also looking at it. The second person asked the woman who had made the piece if that was the way she had really wanted to make it and the woman responded that that was exactly the way she wanted it.

Dream of: 08 April 1987 "Inheritance Trial"

A short, thin, frail, white-haired, old woman who was apparently my grandmother had talked with me about a law suit she wanted to file. One day

she drove to the court house, where I met her: I soon found myself sitting with her in a court room where her law suit was in progress.

The law suit involved her inheritance. My grandfather had already died. He had had a daughter who wasn't the daughter of my grandmother. If my grandmother now won this law suit before she died, my grandfather's daughter and her children would receive none of my grandmother's inheritance. Instead, my mother, my sister and I would receive everything.

The actual nature of the lawsuit and its significance only gradually became clear to me as the case began to unfold. My grandfather's daughter was in the crowded courtroom, as well as several of her daughters. My mother and my sister were also there. The judge was a woman probably in her 40s.

The trial began and the opposing side began calling witnesses and giving evidence. I wasn't actually the lawyer for my grandmother; I was simply giving her advice from time to time. She herself was conducting her own case. At one point the judge asked my grandmother (sitting in the front row of the courtroom) a question and my grandmother began talking about her age. She said she was over 100 years old. I hadn't realized she was that old; maybe I should be helping her

more; but she seemed to be doing quite a capable job.

The nature of the case slowly became clearer to me. It appeared the law was on the side of my grandmother; however it was also clear that the court might be reluctant to take away the inheritance of my grandfather's children.

Obviously my grandfather's daughter and her daughters were deeply concerned about the matter and were going to put up a fight. However, like my grandmother, they were representing themselves and they didn't have a lawyer.

I knew I would also be called on to testify. I noted I was wearing a red and black checked cowboy-type shirt and a red and black tie. I had on black pants. My clothes seemed a bit unorthodox for a courtroom yet appeared satisfactory nevertheless.

Finally my grandfather's daughter offered some evidence; I was unsure what it was – it looked like a small bundle of something. My grandmother asked me if she would be able to see the evidence and I told her to go up to the judge and ask to see it. She did so. I likewise became curious and went up. I quickly saw that the bundle consisted of canceled checks of my father. The two top checks were made out to me. One was for twenty-some dollars and the other was for thirty-some dollars. There was also a check to me for over \$1,000. The

rest of the checks seemed to deal with my father's business. The checks appeared to only extend back for a couple months.

The judge apparently knew and was a friend of my father and seemed to disapprove of his having had to furnish all his canceled checks. But even though my father wasn't a party to the case he was still required to submit the evidence.

Slightly disturbed, I returned to my seat. Apparently the other side had prepared more than I had anticipated if they had gone to the trouble of obtaining my father's checks. My grandmother hadn't obtained any evidence about their finances.

Another subject began to occur to me. If I were called to testify, I might be asked about my income taxes. I knew that could be very detrimental because I hadn't filed income tax forms for two years. If that fact were discovered, it could severely hurt, perhaps destroy, my grandmother's case. I tried to think of how I could avoid having to admit I hadn't been paying taxes. Perhaps I could object because it wasn't relevant.

Dream of: 11 April 1987 "Blue Tomato"

I was in a school cafeteria going through the food line. When I was almost to the end, I realized I had very little on my tray, looked back over the food and saw a kind of fruit or vegetable I had never

seen before. It looked like either an apple or a tomato and had a bluish color mixed with white. I picked one up and asked a woman behind the counter what it was. She told me it was a kind of tomato and I put it on my tray. I reflected that at one time I would have hesitated to have even asked a stranger about something like that, but now I felt comfortable doing so.

I walked with my food into the cafeteria and sat down at a long table where a number of other people were sitting. We immediately began talking about the blue tomato, which probably half the people had on their trays. I was told that about a half hour after eating it, one's breath became terribly foul smelling. I thought that would be interesting.

Dream of: 11 April 1987 (2) "Godland"

I was standing on a hillside near a monastery, talking with a monk (probably in his mid 20s) who lived there. He seemed like a wholesome friendly person. I explained to him I would like to fast for 50 days. But since I was uncertain I wanted to fast alone, I was thinking of writing to monks in several monasteries and challenging them to fast with me.

Although the monk spoke English, the language was obviously not his native tongue. He expressed interest in my plan, and wanted to know what the

monks and I would talk about for 50 days. He asked me if I were interested in politics (apparently thinking we might discuss politics during the 50 days) and he mentioned something about Ethiopia. A little later he again mentioned Ethiopia, but the second time called it "Ethia." I corrected him and told him the proper pronunciation.

Although it was true that I was interested in politics, I thought it might not matter. I was unsure the monks and I would even be together while we fasted. We might not meet until the end of the fast. By then, the monks would have saved so much money from not eating, they could afford to buy plane tickets so we could meet somewhere.

The monk asked me if I had heard of a place called "Godland," and whether I had ever been there. I couldn't remember exactly, but I thought perhaps I had been there in my dreams.

Dream of: 15 April 1987 "Family Law"

I was representing a legal client in a courtroom which somewhat reminded me of an auditorium. I only vaguely knew the judge (perhaps 50 years old) sitting on the bench. As I stood in front of him and I concluded my case, he asked me whether I had considered working in the area of family law. Although I had previously told him I had decided to work exclusively with criminal law, he

proceeded to tell me about a position working for the county government in the family law department.

I had earlier told the judge I had previously worked in the area of oil law. He seemed to think that was impressive and that I would have little difficulty obtaining the family law job. Although I was more interested in criminal law than family law, the idea of having a secure, well-paying job working for the government had some appeal to me. While I listened, I noted someone else wanted to talk with the judge and I said, "I'll talk to you about it later," and I walked away.

I stepped away from the bench and continued pondering the family law proposal. Actually the more I thought of it the less appealing it became. The job would probably involve child support and child custody matters. The area of family law itself didn't appeal to me. If I worked for a county agency, I would probably have to do work I really didn't believe in. Criminal law seemed much more appropriate for me.

As I thought of family law, I envisioned what appeared to be a large junkyard. People were in the junkyard and seemed to represent people with problems with family law. One woman in particular attracted my attention. She was lying on a mattress being held in the air by a crane.

Suddenly the crane released its hold and the woman slid off the bed into the back of a dump truck. It seemed rather dangerous to me.

The image faded and as I continued walking through halls of the building, I encountered a woman who was my sister (not my actual sister). Probably in her early 20s, she was thin and had long brown hair.

I hugged her and began talking with her. She was also a lawyer. I hoped someday we might practice law together, but it appeared more and more that I was going to leave the area. I hoped someday I would return and then we could work together.

Dream of: 18 April 1987 "Return From Berlin"

I had returned to Dallas and had gone to a lawyer's meeting where several lawyers with whom I had gone to law school were going to be present. I walked into a room where the seats were arranged like church pews and I saw Brian sitting in one of the pews on the aisle. I was wearing a sports jacket and underneath it a gray sweater. The sweater had something to do with the last time I had seen Brian and I had worn it especially so he could see I still had it, although it didn't match the jacket I was wearing.

I walked to the pew in front of Brian, turned around toward Brian and looked at him. He was

also standing now. He was dressed quite casually in what was probably the latest mode. He had on a red button-up shirt and a thin jacket. He was wearing a colorful pair of pants. I noticed a price tag hanging from one piece of his clothing and I thought he probably had just purchased that piece.

Several other people were also standing around us and I noticed they also had price tags hanging from some of their clothing which they had apparently overlooked. I realized they had bought some of the clothes especially for the event we were taking part in. I thought I might be the only one who hadn't bought new clothes. I noticed Cosby (a former fellow law student) sitting down at the other end of the pew I was sitting on.

When Brian sat back down, I also sat down, leaned over to him and said, "I need to talk to you, that is if you'll still talk with me."

He said he would talk to me, although he wasn't overtly friendly. I could understand that. I had talked to him over a year earlier before I had gone to Europe and I had told him I would contact him when I arrived in Europe. But I never had. I felt quite guilty about it and I wished I could repair the damage.

Brian seemed to have changed considerably. His black hair was combed straight up into the air and

greased back. He now seemed to be wearing a black leather jacket and he reminded me somewhat of a punker. His language seemed to have become somewhat coarse and in general he seemed a bit cynical.

I told him I had just returned to Dallas from West Berlin a few days earlier. I wanted him to know I hadn't been in Berlin the entire time I had been away, but had been to a number of different places. I wanted to try to portray to him the vastness of my experiences during the preceding year. But I also wanted him to know I had returned to Dallas to practice law for a while and I wanted to clarify to him why I had made that decision.

I began by explaining how I had decided not to work as a lawyer abroad. He acted as if that made sense to him because he didn't seem to think there would be much opportunity to work abroad as a lawyer. I replied "Oh there's plenty of work out there. I'm just not that hip on economic laws."

I wanted him to know that the opportunity to work abroad was there, but that I had for other reasons decided to return to Dallas. Those reasons were basically a feeling of freedom and independence which I knew I would have in Dallas. I wanted him to know I was only planning to practice criminal law in Dallas and I wanted to explain to him a little

why I had chosen that. I also wanted to make clear that I didn't plan to restrict myself to Dallas. To the contrary, I still planned to spend a great deal, if not most of my time, abroad. Practicing a bit of law would simply give me the financial means to do that.

The conversation came to money and I told him I had practically no money left. I told him I had spent \$15,000-\$20,000 during the preceding year. A woman sitting near us overheard me say that and she commented about how much money that was. I couldn't tell whether Brian thought that was a lot. But he and I did begin talking about how much I could earn practicing criminal law in Dallas. I began explaining that while I had been in Dallas I had become acquainted with a couple judges there who gave me a lot of criminal appointments.

On the average, I told him, I made \$100 a day for criminal appointments, but I only had to work three hours on the average for each one. That alone gave me \$25,000 a year. And if I wanted to push myself and work six hours a day I could be making \$50,000 a year. That seemed to me to be a sufficient amount and I thought I could live quite well for that. I knew Brian was making good money from the law firm he worked for and I couldn't tell what he thought.

Finally I stood and walked to the back of the room where I found a bunch of small bars hanging down. I knew they had something to do with criminal law, but I wasn't exactly sure what. I felt I should know, especially since I was intending to specialize in criminal law.

The meeting was just about to begin and Brian motioned me over to a table where he had moved to. I walked over and sat near him. We continued talking although we had to be more quiet because a speaker had begun talking in the front of the room.

Dream of: 19 April 1987 "Spirit Of Adventure"

I was walking down a fairly crowded street in Russia and I felt somewhat out of place because I didn't speak the language. Fortunately I encountered a man I knew who spoke English and the two of us continued walking together with him acting as my interpreter.

We entered what appeared to be a restaurant frequented by young people. I noticed how austere the ambiance appeared and I figured the Russian people had little money in general to afford going to restaurants. I myself had a pocketful of money including quite a bit of change and I reflected about how good it was to be able go somewhere and order what I wanted without being concerned about being able to pay for it.

Several young men and women were in the restaurant, although most of the seats were empty. On the tables in front of every chair was standing a bottle of pop in a green pop bottle. All the bottles were open. Apparently it was customary for everyone who came into the restaurant to drink a bottle of pop. But I wondered what would happen to any pop at the end of the day which hadn't been drunk. Would it just be thrown out?

As I was trying to reach a table I bumped the chair of a young lady and started to say "Entschuldigung" but then I realized that was the German word for "pardon." I didn't know the Russian word so I said nothing. I felt rather awkward not knowing any Russian.

Finally I did sit down and almost immediately I picked up a piece of paper which had a short poem of about four lines on it. The poem was written in Russian, although when I read it, the words seemed like French. When I concentrated I was able to understand the words. The last word of the poem was "arrivons" and I had translated the words immediately before it as "spirit of adventure." So it seemed to be saying something about "we are arriving at the spirit of adventure."

Dream of: 21 April 1987 "Preparing A Speech"

My father was preparing to run for president of the United States. He had named me as his running-mate for vice president and even though he had not yet been elected, I had already begun serving as vice president.

Some people were going to meet that day and my father wanted me to give a speech at the meeting. President Ronald Reagan (against whom my father was running) and Reagan's vice president, George H. W. Bush, were both going to be at the meeting. After I told my father that I would give the speech, I conferred with him about it, uncertain what I would say.

As we talked, I pulled out a small piece of paper and began writing down some topics which I wanted to mention in the speech which mainly focused on the election. I wanted to bring up the argument that Reagan had already served two terms as president and that I believed there was a Constitutional argument that he should not be allowed to serve a third term. I remembered something about Franklin Roosevelt having run for a third term as president, but I could not remember the exact Constitutional argument concerning the matter, so for the topic, I simply wrote on my paper, "Constitutional."

I tried to think of other topics I wanted to mention. Thinking I should probably talk about the high

rate of unemployment, I wrote, "unemployment," on my paper. The more I thought about unemployment, however, the more I realized that the unemployment rate at the present was only around four percent and that the unemployment rate had been much higher when Reagan had first come to office. Since a low unemployment rate was a point in Reagan's favor, I thought perhaps I should not bring up the unemployment argument.

I also thought I might mention that Bush was related to Reagan, and that Reagan had therefore used his high office to appoint his relatives, but then I remembered that my own father had appointed me to be vice president and I decided I probably should not bring up that argument.

As my father and I talked, I noticed we were already in the room where the meeting was to take place. People were sitting in chairs on two opposite sides of the room facing each other – about thirty people on each side. Reagan and Bush were sitting on the other side from me, talking with each other. I knew that Bush was likewise going to give a speech and I thought he and Reagan were probably conferring about Bush's speech.

I left the room to go to the toilet and I found two doors which apparently led to the men's and women's toilets. On one door was written the

German word "Herren" for men, but nothing was written on the other door. I was just about to walk into what I thought was the men's toilet when a portly woman (about 40 years old) stepped in front of me and walked through the door.

I was confused by her action and as I stood perplexed, about thirty young women (mostly in their late teens) began gathering around me in front of the toilet doors. I mingled with them and before I knew it, we had all entered a room, perhaps one of the toilets, and had all sat down.

The young women had sat on two sides of the room facing each other and I was sitting right in the middle looking down the aisle in front of them.

I thought if I wanted, I could stand and give a speech to them concerning the elections. I thought I might as well do so, because I was soon to begin arguing legal cases in front of juries and this would be a good opportunity for me to practice. Besides, I rather liked the looks of some of the young women and I thought they would be impressed when they knew that I was vice president.

I stood and began talking, but almost immediately I began fantasizing that the room was gradually filling up with water, like a sauna. All the young women had taken off their clothes and were playing and floating in the water. The place had an

oriental ambiance about it and I imagined the president of Japan was present. I fantasized I was having sex with some of the young women and I imagined myself in various sexual positions with them. In my fantasy, however, I still could not clearly see their bodies and when I looked for their breasts, I could not seem to discern them.

Dream of: 21 April 1987 (2) "Comedy Routine"

I had gone into a small grocery store close to the Grandview Avenue House. Walls walked in and I spoke to him. But he paid no attention to me and walked back out. I followed him but made no further attempt to communicate with him and ignored him. He boarded a car and began driving down the road on the wrong side of the street.

I walked down the street and there encountered Walls again outside of his car. Now he wanted to talk. He told me he was nervous because he had to go somewhere and give a comedy routine which was supposed to last for hours and he was unprepared. His nervousness was what had caused him to drive on the wrong side of the road.

I tried to calm him down a bit. I told him I likewise had to go to the same place and do a comedy routine, although my routine was only supposed to last for two hours.

Dream of: 23 April 1987 "Outflight"

I had returned to Texas and had gone to visit Lynn (a Waco attorney) and Vaughn at their law office. I found Lynn, who was surprised to see me, and he told me Vaughn now had an office on the next floor down. I went down to where Vaughn's office was supposed to be, but Vaughn wasn't there. I was surprised the office didn't seem nearly as nice as the offices Vaughn had had in the past. Three old metal desks were in the office and no office personnel was in sight.

Finally Vaughn appeared and I began talking with him. It soon became clear that he had broken his association with Lynn and Terrell, and that he was now on his own. Apparently the separation had been acrimonious.

I mentioned that the worst thing was that most of the law books had belonged to Terrell or Lynn and now he didn't have any law books to use for research. But he said several other lawyers had offices on that floor and he could use their books.

I noticed a couple other rooms in the office and I considered the possibility that I might be able to rent one. I knew the rent was fairly cheap in this building and I thought it would probably cost about \$200 a room.

But first I knew I needed to bring up the fact that I had missed some payments on a debt I owed Vaughn and Lynn. I told Vaughn I knew it was "inexcusable" for me to be behind in my payments, but I hoped he would still be able to excuse me. He looked at me as if he were disappointed in me, but he still didn't criticize me.

Finally he said that I no longer owed him anything and that Lynn had taken over the debt when he and Lynn had separated. He said he thought Lynn was probably going to sue me in an "outflight" action, because I was out of the country.

I was unhappy Lynn had been thinking of suing me. I thought I needed to speak with him immediately. I might have to declare bankruptcy if we couldn't reach an agreement.

Dream of: 24 April 1987 "Feeling Isolated"

As I was standing next to a swimming pool, a boy (probably in his late teens) dived into the water. Another boy dived in after him, but the first boy swam under water so the second boy couldn't catch him. Finally the first boy surfaced and the second boy caught up with him.

The water looked rather dirty (it had a dull yellowish tinge), but I decided to jump in anyway. Once in the water, however, I decided it was too dirty and wanted out. I saw some water spigots

beside the pool where I thought I could probably wash off.

When I climbed out of the pool, I wished I had some friends I could talk with – I was feeling lonely and isolated. I saw a young girl nearby and she seemed as if she might be a sister of mine. I wished she were my sister, so I could talk to her about my solitude.

Dream of: 25 April 1987 "Troubling Tests"

I had been living in the west end of Portsmouth near the Scioto River Bridge. I had been trying to formulate a plan for organizing some people in that section of town into a political group. The exact nature of the group was unclear to me, but I realized if the people there were ever to have any real political power, they must organize.

I walked around the streets, surveying the area. I also began thinking that I would like to begin practicing archery and that I needed to obtain a bow and arrow. I thought shooting arrows might prove beneficial not only for purposes of protection but also to develop my concentration.

I encountered a couple overweight fellows (each about 20 years old) whom I had known when I used to live in Portsmouth. They were going to West Portsmouth and wanted me to go with them. Since we didn't have a car, we stuck out our

thumbs to hitchhike. A pickup truck stopped, we jumped in the back and arrived at their place in West Portsmouth.

We went up to the second floor of a building and into a bedroom with a hard wood floor. The other two soon began talking about marijuana, said they were going to buy some and wanted to know whether I also would like to buy any. I declined. Apparently the marijuana was going to cost about \$50. One of the others had the money and left to buy it. Apparently he was going to buy it from Eubanks (a Portsmouth acquaintance whom I barely knew around 1970). He quickly returned with a paper bag, opened it and showed me about 20 joints inside. The joints were quite peculiar. They were extremely large and bunches of green seeds were sticking out one end. Actually the marijuana looked like pieces of broccoli which had been broken off and then had a cigarette paper wrapped around it.

One of the fellows (who seemed also like a female) began smoking. I lay down, put my arm over my head and covered my eyes. But I could still smell the marijuana smoke and I wondered if it would affect me any by just being in the room. Suddenly I realized the fellow smoking the marijuana was leaning toward me and blowing the smoke in my face. When I inhaled, I clearly smelled it and I thought it certainly would have an effect upon me.

However I didn't stop him from blowing the smoke in my face because I thought I wasn't actually smoking and I really did want to feel the effects of the marijuana. Gradually I thought I began to perceive some change in me.

Someone knocked at the door and one of the fellows opened it. It crossed my mind that they should be more careful about just opening the door since they had the marijuana in the room. The fellow immediately slammed the door shut and shouted out that two fat policemen were outside. The two fellows immediately grabbed the marijuana, which was in a bowl, began tearing the cigarette papers from it and crumbling it up into a fine powder separating the seeds and stems from the leaves. I thought that was actually what they should have done before smoking it so they wouldn't have had to have smoked the stems and seeds. The purpose now was simply to make the marijuana easier to dispose of.

I looked out our second story window to see if any police were outside. When I didn't see any, I picked up some of the marijuana and threw it through the window. Much of it landed on the leaves of a tall, green, leafy plant outside. We continued throwing more and more of the marijuana outside until it was all gone.

We then opened the doors and the two overweight policemen, dressed in civilian clothes, walked in.

They didn't seem to be in any hurry and they didn't even search the room. They simply peered around – one began talking. He apparently knew who I was and he said that if I were convicted of a drug offense, I might be disbarred from the practice of law. Finally however he made it clear that he wasn't really interested in arresting any of us. What he wanted was for us to tell him who had sold the marijuana.

He quickly brought out a large television set and a video recording device upon which he intended to record any statements we might make. I immediately began speaking and told him I hadn't possessed any of the marijuana. I continued to say I had "not smoked any dope in eight months." He seemed to think that was significant and I wondered if I had unwittingly confessed to smoking marijuana at an earlier time and if the confession could be used in evidence against me.

It puzzled me that the policemen didn't seem concerned about gathering up any marijuana for evidence. I knew quite a bit must have fallen on the floor and I even saw some. One of the other fellows with me picked up a piece and threw it out the window, but the policemen didn't say anything.

I had no intention of giving the police any information about where the marijuana had been purchased. I was simply concerned about being set free. Finally we all walked outside. Since I knew we hadn't yet actually been placed under arrest, I asked one of the policemen if he intended to arrest me. He mumbled that he did. I immediately became defensive and told him he had no evidence with which to arrest me. I shouted out that he had no "probable cause" for my arrest. I thought by accurately stating the legal terminology he would be aware that I knew what I was talking about.

I then shouted at him that what he was doing was "unjust." I told him the type of work he did was unjust to begin with, but to arrest an innocent person without evidence was even more so.

I then declared that he hadn't even bothered to ask the other people who had been with me whether I had been smoking. (I began thinking there had actually been four people, including at least one woman, in the room with me before the police had arrived.) I adamantly insisted that he should ask them. Finally he and the other policeman conferred for a moment and it appeared they had decided I was right. We headed back inside where the policemen apparently intended to ask the others whether I had smoked anything. I had the distinct impression that if the others said I

hadn't been smoking, then I wasn't going to be arrested.

I also began thinking I might be able to give some other type of evidence. Perhaps I could take a blood test. But then I realized that might not be a good idea because since I had inhaled some of the marijuana smoke blown in my face, I might actually have traces of marijuana in my system. Perhaps I could take a lie detector test. But there again, since I had inhaled some marijuana, I might have trouble with the test.

Dream of: 28 April 1987 "McCurve"

While in a large, modern, carpeted office containing six or seven workers, I was surprised to hear that I was the topic of conversation of some workers. I quickly surmised they were talking about a debt or debts which I had incurred by using credit cards. I said nothing and listened attentively.

They had apparently concluded I wasn't going to pay the debts. They brought up the fact that I was a lawyer and they seemed to imply I therefore should be held to a higher degree of accountability for my debts. One mentioned contacting a prosecuting attorney; that alarmed me because I knew that would indicate they were considering the affair as a criminal matter.

One short man dressed in a suit (apparently a lawyer) stood in the middle of the room and shook his head from side to side. He apparently considered me as a type of lawyer who had lost his way, as lawyers sometimes do. Another fellow sitting at a bench had a paper with my name written on it. He also had an invoice from the Clark Boardman Company which I knew sold legal books. I remembered I did indeed owe that company some money, not more than \$100, for a book. I thought how if I had intended not to pay them, I could have ordered many more books than that.

The company which most concerned me was Hertz. I had rented some Hertz cars recently on a credit card and I had incurred a substantial debt.

Plus I had some other debts. I had considered filing bankruptcy to rid myself of the debts and I had thought if I did so, my legal problems concerning the debts would be basically solved, but now I was concerned by the mention of contacting a prosecuting attorney. I didn't think I had done anything criminal in the matter, but I still wanted to avoid any contact with a prosecuting attorney.

I thought perhaps I could have Mary Biester (a Dallas attorney friend) file bankruptcy for me. I would have to put everything together fairly quickly.

I decided to leave the room. I walked around the room but I couldn't find the exit. Finally a woman pointed out a door in the corner to me. I walked outside, but suddenly realized I was in my stocking feet -- I had left my shoes inside. I walked back in and saw my black shoes sitting beneath a bench on the plush carpet. I picked them up and exited again.

I went to a building where I knew my buddy Mike Walls was living. As I stood before the door to the building, I thought I heard Walls' voice telling me to go on in, but I didn't see Walls anywhere. Finally I saw him looking out the third or fourth floor window of the building next door. At the same time I saw him, I toppled through the open window of the door to the building where Walls lived. I could hardly stand up and I felt as if I were very intoxicated from alcohol. However, I didn't want Walls to think I had been drinking any alcohol and I hollered back to him that I was just acting that way. I had the feeling that he didn't believe me, but that he didn't really care one way or the other whether I was intoxicated. He was friendly and told me to go on up to his place, where his wife Connie and Howie (an obnoxious Portsmouth acquaintance) were. I appreciated Walls' friendliness.

While I had been away, some of my mail had been delivered there. I picked up several large

envelopes and headed up the stairs. Walls lived on the third or fourth floor and due to my feeling of intoxication, the climb was quite laborious.

I finally reached Walls' apartment, walked in and sat down. I immediately began looking at my mail and opened a large envelope sent to me by my friend Salvador Ibarra. It contained several large pictures, probably 10 by 15 centimeters, which Salvador apparently had made himself. The first one I looked at had quite a bit of dark color, but I noticed in the center, depending on how I held the picture, I could see the outline of a person's head. When I held it a different way the outline changed and the head looked different. In fact at one angle, the head looked like that of Jesus Christ. At another angle it looked like a small boy, and other heads at other angles.

Another picture was quite colorful and appeared to have been painted on a white piece of paper. The paper appeared to have some raised surfaces which gave the painting a particular texture. One painting seemed to be of a colorful tropical island with palm trees, while another appeared to be of a mountain scene.

As I looked at it, I realized I somehow had images of words which formed in my mind. Somehow Salvador was able to communicate word messages through the paintings, even though the words

weren't actually on the picture. It was quite an amazing achievement. The words were quite poignant and the word "amigo" particularly registered in my mind.

I wrapped myself up in a blanket. I was feeling depressed because I was still thinking about my debts. I thought I had acted dishonestly by incurring the debts without intending to pay for them and my dishonesty was now causing me pain.

I had the impression that Salvador might be going to visit Walls. I was unsure how Salvador had become acquainted with Walls, but I thought he had been visiting Walls frequently. If Salvador came, I would probably speak Spanish with him.

When I looked up, I realized Walls had entered and with him he had brought Salvador. Salvador however didn't look like himself. He looked as if he were only in his late teens and his facial features were quite different. Salvador had some kind of tissue in his hand. He sat down and pulled something from the tissue which I thought was probably a joint. Indeed I saw some smoke curling from Salvador's mouth.

Walls was quite agitated and appeared to be intoxicated on either alcohol or drugs. He obviously wanted me to smoke something. I finally realized what Salvador had wasn't marijuana, but

small pieces of hash which he had mixed with tobacco and rolled into a cigarette. He spread several small pieces of the hash out on a piece of white paper on the floor.

I was tempted to smoke some of the hash, especially since it would be with Salvador. I didn't want to refuse to smoke with him and I thought it would be interesting to become intoxicated on hash with him. Nevertheless, I remembered I hadn't smoked any marijuana for over 28 months. That was a very long time and I knew I wasn't going to smoke again now.

I thought Salvador would offer the hash cigarette to me, but instead he handed it to Walls who was at my left. Walls inhaled and it was obvious both he and Salvador had immediately become intoxicated on the hash. It must have been quite powerful. Walls offered the hash cigarette to me. I looked at it and said, "I'm not going to smoke that junk."

Salvador was sitting in the middle of the floor. I looked straight at his eyes after I had spoken. I had thought I might be a bit sheepish after refusing to smoke with him. Instead I felt just the opposite. I felt stronger and confident. It appeared to me Salvador was confused about smoking hash. As I looked at his eyes I wondered if I could possibly hypnotize him and maybe even help him.

Gradually I realized I might be feeling some of the effects of the hash myself just from the smoke in the room. Walls was lying on the floor and I put my head on his bare leg. There was nothing sexual about our touching each other and I realized it sometimes felt naturally good for me to touch someone. I became more and more relaxed, indeed quite lethargic, as I stretched out with my feet propped up on something, but slowly I began to feel pressure on the big toes of both my feet. Suddenly I snapped to attention and realized two fellows had stuck my big toes in their mouths and were biting them.

Jumping to my feet, I immediately realized that I had been dreaming and that I needed to write the dream. I had been thinking the day before how the most important act of my day was writing that day's dreams. However I was almost immediately overcome by an attack of lethargy and I lay back down simply thinking about the dream. Suddenly I felt a man (who seemed very strong and almost divine) pinching my arms as if to show how weak I was. He said something about my liking the sound of being an "international lawyer." He also mentioned something about a lawyer named Kurt McCurve. I immediately thought the name McCurve was a play on words to signify a lawyer who wasn't straight.

Dream of: 29 April 1987 "White Wine"

I was driving a car which belonged to a woman who was my mother and who was in the car with me. We stopped, walked into a bar and sat down. Several people were sitting at the bar and one had a bottle of white wine. Each of the people at the bar poured some of the wine into what appeared to be shot glasses and took a drink.

The bottle was passed to me and I poured some wine into a shot glass in front of me. My mother, sitting to my right, seemed surprised to see me drinking something alcoholic and seemed to think

I wouldn't be able to handle the drink well. I quickly drank my shot glass full and filled another glass, which was the last of the bottle. I drank the second glass.

But then I noticed the wine was having a quick, powerful affect on me. I began thinking I should not be drinking alcohol since I was driving my mother's car and mentioned something to her about it.

We left and went to a place where I began watching what appeared to be home movies with a group of people. The movies had been taken in Europe. A number of nude women were in the movie and I noticed my mother, who was also nude, in the movie.

Finally I walked to the toilet and realized I was in the House in Patriot. In the toilet I saw my mother

and my father both completely nude lying together in the bathtub. My mother was lying on her back on top of my father. They were speaking in either French or Italian and they didn't seem to care about my being there.

Dream of: 01 May 1987 "Test Of Confidence"

I apparently had joined the military and was in the process of taking courses in military training. As part of one of the courses, I was in a military game which involved a mock war between two opposing teams. Most soldiers on each side seemed to be in their 20s and during the course of the conflict it appeared that soldiers of opposing sides fraternized to some extent with each other.

The war proceeded until the last day with neither side achieving victory. I was told by someone from the other side that the other side had basically decided not to fight anymore and that one large body of their troops wasn't even going to be deployed on the last day, but would be stationed at someone's house on the other side.

It was the last day of the war and I was staying in a room which seemed to be in a building like a college dormitory. It appeared all my comrades had already left for the last day of the conflict and I was preparing to leave. But I wasn't in any big hurry, because I didn't expect the day to be eventful.

The door to my room was open and suddenly I noticed a woman standing in the hall in front of my room. I walked to the door and took a closer look. She was no older than 25, had shoulder length, frizzy light brown hair, had a shapely figure and was very attractive. I spoke to her and immediately had the impression she would come into my room if I invited her. Indeed she said something about "wrestling" with me.

I reached out for her hand and guided her inside. She followed and after I had led her to my bed, I sat down on the edge of the bed and she stood in front of me. She seemed to be wearing some kind of heavy gray sweater. We talked briefly and then I put my arms around her and squeezed her tightly. It appeared obvious that she was accessible and that we could probably have sex if I wanted to.

But suddenly I became suspicious. I realized the woman could possibly be working for the opposing side in the war and that she might have been sent to deter me from my duty. Without hesitation I immediately rose to my feet and briefly confronted her with my suspicions. Without further ado I left and went to confer with my superiors.

Before I spoke with my superiors I had a vision of part of the battle scene. I saw two young soldiers on our side sitting beside a small rocket launcher

about 50 centimeters high. Then I saw an image of two more young soldiers from our side loading a similar rocket launcher. After loading they fired the rocket and I saw that it landed near the first two soldiers, exploded and probably killed them.

I then found myself in a room where my immediate superior was looking at a map. We had become aware that a serious mistake had occurred and our soldiers were now firing at themselves. It appeared the mistake had been caused by a clever ruse of the enemy. And the enemy no longer seemed like our fellow soldiers taking part in a mock battle, but like Vietnamese involved in a real life and death war.

My superior continued perusing the map, finally shouted something as if he understood where the problem was and raced from the room.

After we had discovered what the problem was, we quickly won the battle. I was present when our troops victoriously marched into the enemy camp and took over. I was surprised to discover that many of the officers in the enemy camp had been using some kind of drugs, apparently marijuana, and seemed quite lethargic and intoxicated.

The enemy acknowledged that they had used a ruse when they had told us that part of their troops would be at the officer's house that day and wouldn't take place in the battle. It was true that

the troops had been at the house, but that was only to try to make us think that they were no longer interested in fighting the battle. It seemed to me that it had been an ill-advised plan to take so many troops out of service simply to try to deceive us.

Later I went to a cafeteria to eat. I was standing at a salad bar putting food on my plate when I noticed standing near me the woman who had earlier come to my room. I was still wearing green army fatigues, but she was wearing a light dress. Her hair was now black. She seemed even more attractive than before. I stepped up to her and asked if she had gotten what she had wanted. She answered that she hadn't wanted anything and acted as if she had never been working for the enemy to begin with. I still had no proof that she had been working for the enemy and thought I could have been mistaken.

But suddenly it struck me that I still needed to inform my superiors of what had happened between her and me. Indeed I suddenly realized the real test hadn't been whether I would succumb to the woman. I felt as if my superiors had already developed enough trust in me to know that wouldn't occur. The test, however, was whether I would inform my superiors of the incident. My actions would reflect on the future confidence my

superiors would place in me. I resolved to disclose immediately everything to my superiors.

However I thought that once that was done, then there would be nothing to prevent me from approaching the woman. I still wanted to know if through all that had happened, she had indeed found something about me that attracted her.

Dream of: 02 May 1987 "Catching Coquis"

I could hear some small frog outside making the same pleasant chirping sound that the coqui frogs in Puerto Rico make. I decided I would like to catch one of the frogs and I fashioned a simple trap which consisted simply of a small paper box about the size of my hand and a small stick around which I wrapped a small piece of cheese.

I carried the trap outside and I sat down with it in the grass where I saw several of the coquis sitting. They were only about a centimeter long and had large bulging eyes and dark green skin. They were very cute. Perhaps I could simply catch one with my hand when it jumped, just as one can sometimes catch a fly in flight with the hand. But I tried and quickly saw it was futile.

Just as I was preparing to set my trap, another fellow showed up with a trap similar to mine, except his was made of a metal sardine can.

Dream of: 02 May 1987 (2) "Artificial And Superficial"

I had just decided to move from a room where I had been living for a while, probably somewhere in Florida. As I was preparing to leave the room, I noticed a door which led to a neighboring toilet. I

hadn't been aware of the door while I had been living there, and since I had thought that the room lacked access to a toilet, every time I had needed to use the toilet, I had walked around through the hall to reach the toilet. The easy access of the toilet through the door made the room more appealing. I hadn't been particularly satisfied while I had been living there, but now that I was leaving, I felt somewhat attached to the place.

After leaving the room, I went to a large building where my father worked. The interior of the building seemed somewhat like a mall, except that it was much too old for a modern mall. A large, open, roofed area was in the center of the building and what appeared to be stores faced the open area. The stores were arranged in several stories, one above the other. Railings ran along the walkways in front of the stores so that one could stand behind the railings and gaze out over the interior area of the building.

I climbed to the third or fourth story and one store and there I encountered my father. I had brought

him a present – a colored, neon light which I thought he would be able to put in the window of his store. Apparently most stores there had colored neon lights in their windows and apparently the stores competed with each other with their neon lights. When I presented the light to my father, he seemed happy to have received it.

Another man who looked as if he might have been a salesman stepped up and pointed to the neon lights in his windows. The lights were an advertisement which spelled the name a brand of cigarettes. It seemed a shame to me to waste the neon lights for something like that, but I didn't say anything.

After my father and I walked into the place where he worked, I quickly realized that the place was actually a church, that my father was a preacher and that many people were gathering for a service which was just about to begin. After I found a place in a pew, the services commenced. Several activities took place, which seemed quite artificial and superficial to me. My father didn't do any preaching until right at the end, and basically all he did then was dismiss the congregation.

As I was preparing to walk out, I met again with my father and I also encountered Mary Biester (an attractive Dallas female attorney, a bit younger than I). She was standing next to my father and I

quickly gathered that she had recently begun working for him. She and I didn't have a chance to speak, although I definitely wanted to talk with her. I was surprised she was working for my father and I wondered if she were making a mistake by doing so. However, I myself was even considering the possibility of working for my father, even though I had definite reservations about the prospects. I thought I would probably have time later to talk with Biester about the situation there.

I walked outside and boarded an extremely fancy, black sports car which belonged to my father. The car was obviously very powerful and my sister (probably in her early 20s) was driving it. She seemed to have much more of a reckless air about her than usual. My crippled brother Chris was also in the car.

My sister began driving and quickly picked up speed. I became alarmed and I hoped she would slow down. To my chagrin, however, she stepped on the gas. Within seconds it looked as if we were going over 100 miles an hour. We were approaching a corner of a street where she would have to turn and we appeared to be nearing a cliff which overlooked the ocean. If she didn't turn we would surely fly off the high cliff and plummet into the ocean.

Showing no sign of slowing down, my sister raced toward the corner. Obviously we weren't going to make the curve. I closed my eyes and dread overcame me as I felt us turn the corner and plummet into the air. I didn't open my eyes, but I sensed certain doom. I was obviously alarmed, but the inevitability of the impending crash allowed me some degree of tranquility.

Finally I felt that the car had stopped moving and I opened my eyes. I opened the car door and stepped out. I couldn't explain how it had happened, but we were parked on a street and we hadn't crashed. I immediately lifted Chris from the car (since he had muscular dystrophy, he couldn't walk). What amazed me was that he was so light. He was very small (about 20 centimeters long), rigid like a piece of wood, and only seemed to weigh about as much as a few sheets of paper.

When my father stepped up, I immediately told him neither Chris nor I were going to get back in that car as long as my sister was driving: either my father or I was going to have to drive the car. My sister made no movement as if she were going to get out. I certainly wasn't going to get back in.

Dream of: 03 May 1987 "Symbolic Sword"

Kim Leitel (a friend a few years younger than I whom I first met in 1977 in my old hometown of Portsmouth, Ohio) told me that she had recently

attended a theater and that she had seen a live show by Jack Nicholson. I didn't know Nicholson gave live performances, but I figured the performance had probably been a comedy routine. That Kim would have attended such a show was a bit surprising to me since I thought she seldom went out anywhere. She told me she was trying to get out more. I was curious about where she had sat in the theater and she told me she had sat in the 18th row.

As we talked, it became apparent that I wasn't actually talking with Kim at all, but with my sister, who had attended the theater with her husband James. My sister, James, and I were in a house which apparently belonged to my father. As my sister bustled about, apparently preparing to go somewhere, she mentioned that some photographs which I had once taken had been developed and were there in an envelope. I picked up the envelope and looked through the photos. I remembered having taken the photos and I thought some were of me, but as I sorted through the photos, I had difficulty focusing on the images. Finally I laid them all down, and my sister told me there was another envelope there with more photos in it. I picked up the second envelope and likewise began going through it. The photos in the second envelope were much clearer.

Several photos seemed to be pictures which I had taken in a church and they depicted Christian scenes. I tried to identify the images, some of which seemed to be pictures of mosaics. In one picture was a sword, which seemed symbolic to me. Another picture in particular caught my attention. It appeared to resemble a picture in my collection of collage pictures. I needed a moment to discern the picture clearly because the image seemed to change even as I looked at it. Basically, the picture seemed to depict a man wearing a long, flowing, red robe. One arm was outstretched as if he were handing something to someone and in his hand was a red rose. I remembered that the picture in my collage collection depicted the scene which began the War of The Roses, when the symbolical red rose had been handed to someone.

It appeared that my sister would soon be leaving.

Although I used to think it was better when my sister wasn't around, I wished she weren't leaving today. I would probably be lonely without her.

Dream of: 04 May 1987 "Broken Watch"

I was working on a number of projects for school and was behind in most of my work. One of the projects was a report on a book which I hadn't yet read. Finally I picked up the book and began reading it. The book was rather small and had a blue hard cover. I read for quite a long time and

became quite absorbed. It was a novel written in Spanish. But once I came across a sentence in English which began "You will" As I read the words, I didn't understand them, until I realized I was reading the English dialogue of an English-speaking person. As I re-read the sentence, I realized how strange it had been pronouncing the English words in my mind with a Spanish pronunciation. When I came across and read a second English sentence, same thing occurred.

The story became quite interesting and my visualization of the scenes was so strong, it actually seemed as if I were present at the action and watching it take place. One scene took place in the interior of a castle being attacked from the outside. The scene was of a large, somber, interior room of the castle where many men were gathered. It appeared that perhaps a trial of some sort had taken place. The person who had been on trial was a boy (perhaps 10 years old) who appeared to have muscular dystrophy and who very much reminded me of my brother Chris.

The leader (probably a king) of the men in the castle had made a severe ruling of some sort against the boy. But dissension arose among the other men, and many apparently didn't want the boy to be harshly punished. Most of the men in the room appeared to be monks and were wearing long white robes. The monks wielded a great deal

of power in the castle. Suddenly, in protest to the king's action, a small group of about five monks began making a steady sound with their mouths which sounded like, "Hmmm. Hmmm. Hmmm. Hmmm" They continued the sound until a much larger group of monks, perhaps all the monks gathered here, joined in. The sound quickly became very loud.

The king didn't wait long before he retracted his ruling. He realized it was dangerous to have dissension inside the castle at this time, especially with the attackers outside perhaps being able to hear the monks.

The boy was picked up by someone and taken to a neighboring room to a cell where he would be kept. But the matter of central importance was that he would now be able to read or would be able to have someone read to him.

I was about a third of the way through the small book and was surprised I had read it so quickly. It appeared I would indeed be able to finish it in time for my book report. But I grew tired of reading and stopped at the bottom of a left page. I saw on the right page that there were still a few more lines until the end of that section. But since I didn't want to read any more, I marked my spot and closed the book.

My sister was in the room and she was also working on some kind of project for school. She also had to write a report which was due this very day. She was sitting on the floor and had books and papers scattered all around her. But it appeared obvious to me that she wasn't going to be able to finish in time.

I talked to her about it and it appeared that I had been supposed to help her. But I hadn't, and I felt somewhat guilty about it. To express my remorse I took off my wrist watch and hit it with something. The glass flew off the front and the black hands came off. I was immediately upset by what I had done and I wasn't even certain why I had done it.

I walked into the kitchen, which seemed like the kitchen of the Gay Street House, and there found my mother. I began trying to put the hands back on the watch. Both the hour and the minute hand seemed connected to the same stem and had a black circle at the end which was supposed to go around the center of the watch. But I couldn't seem to make it fit.

My mother began telling me that she had received some kind of report from someone about my brother-in-law James which indicated James wasn't a very savory character. Unsurprised, I thought the report probably involved the fact that James

had smoked marijuana every day for probably 10 years.

My mother wanted to tell me something about the report and I told her to go ahead. She said she had been told that James had been working for my father in my father's insulation factory for years, and had only been paid \$3.50 an hour. The import of the story was that something must be wrong with someone who would work for such low wages for so long.

I thought the story was probably true. But I also thought about the fact that my father had only been paying \$3.50 an hour. I felt that if my father had paid his employees more, and if he had been more concerned about their welfare, both he and they would have prospered more. Even if my father had needed to pay out a few thousand more dollars, he would have probably been able to have recouped the money by insulation jobs generated by the employees. If I were running a business like that, I would definitely be more concerned about the welfare of my employees.

I began to realize I needed to leave and go to school. Since my watch was broken, I didn't know what time it was; but I was afraid I was already late. I thought I needed to be at school by 8:30.

I took my things with me and boarded a large white car, which I began driving. It seemed as if I

was going north on Scioto Trail in Portsmouth. I stopped at a red light, moved the gear shift a little while I was sitting there, and when the light turned, stepped on the gas. But it took me several seconds to realize I was going backwards. I looked in the rear view mirror and saw that the line of cars behind me was also moving backwards, as the drivers desperately tried to get out of my way. I was moving so fast I couldn't seem to stop the car. Finally however I did manage to back into a lot and turn around.

I looked out on the street and hoped I could pull back out into traffic without being seen by anyone into whom I had almost wrecked. Finally I did pull out and almost immediately I saw a white police car in the lane next to me. But the policeman didn't seem concerned about me and I was able to continue to the school.

As I drove I began to think I didn't really need a car. If I lived in the city I could get around just fine without one.

When I reached the school I entered through a side door. My hands and arms were full of papers, books and files which I was using for my project. I walked inside and began walking through the halls. But I was surprised to find that the place seemed deserted. I ascended to an upper story

and began walking in the halls, but I couldn't seem to remember exactly where my room was.

In the hall I encountered a black man (around 40 years old) lying on what appeared to be a mattress on the floor with a cover over him. The man had his eyes closed. He also had no hands, just stumps at the end of his arms.

Another black fellow was standing near the man, and was talking to someone else. The black fellow said he had killed the man on the floor, who had been a plane hijacker. The fellow said he had originally cut off the man's hands, but the man had still managed to hijack ten planes even after his hands had been cut off. So finally the fellow had killed the man.

The fellow and the person he was talking to finally walked away, but I continued standing there looking at the man lying on the floor. Finally a woman who apparently worked in the school walked up. She wanted to know what the man was doing lying here in the middle of the floor and she began telling him to get up. I started to walk away and as I did so I said, "He's dead."

When I looked back, I saw the man lying on the floor had opened his eyes. The black fellow had been lying when he had said he had killed the man! And I had believed him!

I met someone else in the hall, told the person my name and asked if he could tell me where my room was. The person pointed to a nearby room and I headed toward it. More people were beginning to show up in the halls.

I walked into the room and saw perhaps 15 students here. I didn't recognize any of them and thought I was in the wrong room. Or maybe it was the wrong time. I was beginning to think it might be much later than I had thought. But I noticed all the clocks in the school seemed broken and were even going backwards.

I knew I was in the twelfth grade and thought the classroom I had entered was a twelfth grade classroom, but as soon as I stepped in the door I said, "This can't be it."

The other students looked at me as if I were an alien. No teacher was in the room. Since I didn't feel timid, I walked over to a pretty girl and asked her about the room. She didn't seem to know what I was talking about. Finally I asked her what time it was. She seemed to think it was incredible that I didn't know what time it was.

Finally I concluded it was around eleven or eleven thirty and that indeed I was late. I walked out of the room into the hall again. I saw a black-haired girl whom I thought I knew from somewhere.

Perhaps she could help me. But I couldn't remember who she was and I didn't approach her.

Actually I was feeling extremely tired. I could hardly concentrate on what I was doing. I thought I needed to find the principal's office and get some kind of tardy slip. As an excuse I would simply have to say I had overslept.

Dream of: 06 May 1987 "When It Rains"

While sitting in what appeared to be a church, I noticed my first cousin Alan (about 30 years old) sitting to my right, dressed in a suit. My sister (only 5-6 years old) was sitting on Alan's lap. She bent over to look at something on the floor so her butt was completely exposed. She was wearing a pair of panties, but they were pulled between the crack of her butt so it appeared she wasn't wearing anything. Alan was looking straight down at my sister's butt. I began to wonder if anything sexual had ever taken place between my sister and Alan. I thought I needed to ask her about that.

Alan began talking and said something about "Little Chuckie" having lived longer than expected before dying. I didn't know who he was talking about, but apparently Chuckie had been Alan's child. Then Alan mentioned something about the last time he had been in jail. I probed further and learned Alan had been in jail just a few days previously for drinking alcohol.

I reached out to him, put my arms around him and pulled him close to me. It then dawned on me that I had something about which I wanted to speak with him. It involved an incident which had occurred when I had been a small boy. I remembered Alan and I had been sleeping together in a bed one night and I had awakened to find my penis outside my shorts with Alan holding it.

The memory was vague, and because I had been so young when it had occurred, I had always been slightly uncertain it had actually happened. Finally I said to Alan, "Let's take a walk together."

We stood and began walking. He probably thought I wanted to walk with him and say something pleasant to him. As we began walking down the outside steps of the church I said, "You know when it rains, it pours."

When we reached the sidewalk I told him I wanted to talk with him about something which had been bothering me for years. He looked at me a moment and then began walking faster ahead of me as if he were trying to get away from me. I knew he knew what I was going to talk with him about.

Finally I grabbed him by the arm and pulled myself up next to him. I said, "When I was a boy, you and I slept together one night in a bed, and I

awoke in the middle of the night and you were attempting to masturbate me."

Dream of: 07 May 1987 "Ship In Space"

I had a Dalmatian which I had left with my mother for a while because I had no place to keep it. Although the dog was an extremely faithful one, I hadn't been with it enough for it to become firmly attached to me. And that was good, because I wasn't going to be able to keep the dog and had found someone to give it to.

When I went to pick the dog up, I was surprised to see that instead of being white with black spots, it was now almost entirely black with a few white spots. My mother had washed the dog and somehow the washing had caused the dog to turn black. I hoped the man to whom I was going to give the dog would still want it.

I took the dog by car to where the man was. When we arrived the dog seemed to hesitate to get out of the car, as if it knew I was planning to give it away. But finally it did jump from the car and I walked it over to the waiting man (about 40 years old). I thought he would be a good master for the dog; he didn't seem concerned when I mentioned the change in color. I told him the dog would be the best friend he ever had.

The dog walked over to the man, and seemed a bit shy at first. But the dog seemed to quickly accept the man and jumped with his forepaws on the man's chest. It seemed they were going to make a good pair.

I walked into a nearby room and sat down. Tables were sitting around the room as if in a restaurant; all the tables were occupied by men. There must have been 30-40 men here and a select few of them were talking. I quickly realized the men who were talking were actors and that a play was in progress right here in the room. I began to listen attentively, but had trouble understanding exactly what was being said.

The action shifted to the other side of the room and men there began talking. I quickly realized the men were speaking German. I understood German quite well, but there seemed to also be some background noise in the room which hindered me from clearly hearing what the men were saying. I noticed Phil Waddell sitting in the room and thought he likewise spoke German. But he didn't seem particularly interested in the play.

Suddenly some men closer to me began moving their hands and I realized they were using sign language. Their action was also part of the play. They then raised their hands over their heads and began wiggling them around. Finally I noticed

everyone in the room except me was raising their hands over their heads and wiggling them. So I joined in, raised my hands over my head and moved them about.

While I still had my hands over my head I looked across the room and saw Brian (a former law school classmate) likewise holding his hands over his head. Brian had a very large smile on his face and was looking directly at me. I felt a bit sheepish at first. I had been meaning to contact Brian for a long time and I hadn't done it. I thought he would probably be angry at me. But he didn't seem at all angry. Instead he seemed to have a very friendly disposition toward me and was merely puzzled as to why I might have avoided him. He seemed as if he definitely wanted to talk with me.

Brian looked at his hands still over his head and shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "What kind of silly game is this?" He then lowered his hands. I however kept my hands over my head, and seemed to forget they were even raised until I looked around the room and saw that practically everyone else had already lowered theirs. I lowered my hands and wondered if the whole game hadn't been merely to make one feel silly at the end for having taken part in it.

In front of me I had a flat board about 20 by 20 centimeters onto which I had been pasting some

pieces of colored construction paper for a collage. I had just been randomly pasting the paper, but a certain design was beginning to form. Finally I cut out a small piece of yellow paper and put it in the middle. The piece resembled a boat, but seemed to me to be a boat sailing in space rather than on a sea. It seemed to somehow show how I felt about myself.

I began cutting out more pieces of construction paper and thought I would simply continue gluing pieces on the board until an acceptable collage emerged. I began cutting thin strips of black paper in different shapes. I thought I would form a sort of border around the center part of the collage with the black strips.

I had put a picture of a man's head near the center of the collage. It was a type of cartoon figure wearing large black glasses. It seemed to fit in well with the general design. I thought of a picture of a type of warrior painted by Max Ernst which I had in my collection of collage pictures and thought it would go well in the collage.

I heard someone who seemed to be talking to me in the background and in response I said, "I consider my self a platonist person."

The person responded, "I see."

Dream of: 08 May 1987 "Mutual Dream"

I had gone to a large public pool where I knew Mary Biester (a Dallas attorney) was going to be, and when I arrived, I thought I could see her standing rather distant from me. She seemed to be wearing a red two-piece bathing suit, which helped make her look overweight. I wanted to talk with her and I felt as if she would be kindly disposed toward me, but I couldn't seem to focus in on her well and I couldn't manage to reach her.

Instead I encountered several other people, including several young women (probably in their late teens). We all formed a group and lay down close to each other. A black-haired woman was lying next to me with her back turned toward me. I had known her before, but we weren't well-acquainted. Thus it surprised me when she rolled over on top of me, as if by accident, and began talking with me.

As we talked, I quickly concluded she liked me. She seemed wrapped up in something at first (perhaps a blue sleeping bag), but gradually we disentangled her from that. We slowly began caressing each other and I could see we were headed toward a sexual encounter. I was definitely aroused by the prospect. However I hardly knew the woman and I realized there was a chance she might have a venereal disease, such as AIDS. So it was obvious to me from the beginning that we couldn't possibly have sexual intercourse.

I lay on my back and she lay on top of me looking into my face while she talked. Her face was extremely attractive and I was sure she reminded me of someone, probably a movie actress, but I couldn't remember who. I thought of the actress Marlo Thomas, but that wasn't it. Finally it struck me and I said, "You remind me of Debra Winger."

She said many people had told her that. And indeed she was practically a perfect image of Debra Winger. Not only her face, but her entire body as well as her manner and voice seemed like Debra Winger's.

Our caresses multiplied and we gradually took off all our clothes, except our white underwear. I carried on a long dialogue with myself about how I could embrace and touch her as long as we both kept our underwear on. I debated whether she could take off her bra. But as we continued I became more and more sexually aroused, and finally I slipped my hands inside the rear of her panties.

My resolve not to actually have sex with her was more and more engulfed by my growing desire. I slid my right hand on down between her legs from behind until I could feel her vagina. I thought I also perceived a couple very small bumps there and I again wondered just how clean she was. Overall I was convinced she was a healthy woman.

As I partially slid my middle finger into her vagina, I could feel how inflamed she was and I didn't expect any resistance. I then slid my left hand into the front of her panties, went through her pubic region and with that hand also began massaging her vagina.

However, even at the most intense stage of the encounter, I maintained enough equanimity to realize that I wouldn't actually have intercourse with her and that indeed neither of us was going to take off the bottom part of our underwear. Of course I realized I had already overstepped by having my hands inside her panties like that. And I began wondering whether I might have any cuts or abrasions on my fingers. Was it not possible to contact AIDS through such an abrasion or cut?

The next thing I knew I was lying on a bed alone and waking up. I quickly inferred I had fallen asleep and I wondered what had happened to the young woman. Actually, when I thought about it, it seemed I had been with two young women, the other being a very attractive blonde woman.

I was quite disoriented and I didn't know exactly where I was. But I noticed my brother Chris in the room and I inferred he lived there. I realized I was nude and I asked him if he could find me some of his underwear to wear. He looked in some drawers and finally found a pair. But he dropped them on

the floor when he brought them to me and it took a few minutes for me to spot them. They seemed to be white with red stripes.

Finally I did rise and dress. I had the feeling that I was somewhere in Europe and that the building I was in was something like a medieval castle still in use. I figured both the black-haired woman and the blonde woman were somewhere in the castle and I wanted to locate and talk with them as soon as possible.

I walked to one end of the room and found I was in what appeared to be a kitchen. Suddenly the black-haired woman walked into the room and went to a very large kettle of what appeared to be soup cooking on a stove. I saw she had a large, old fashioned key in her hand. Without saying anything she quickly dropped the key into the kettle and exited.

I was indeed surprised by her action. I walked over to the kettle, picked up a large ladle and began groping with it in the soup, which was made of green lintels. The first time I tried, I ladled up the key with some soup. I looked at the key as it lay in the soup in the ladle I was holding. Obviously some mystery was involved here which I simply couldn't fathom. Perhaps the woman was trying to slip the key to someone and that was the

only way she knew of doing it, by putting it in the soup.

I lowered the key back into the soup. But then I decided I wanted to see it again. I ladled up more soup time after time, but I just couldn't seem to find the key. Finally people began coming into the room and I had to stop.

Still puzzled, I sat down at a table. I thought about the mysterious key and how that was the stuff from which good stories could be written. Indeed I felt as if here in Europe an abundance of stories could be found for one who searched. Since I increasingly felt my role in life was to tell stories, I felt good about being there and I looked forward to learning more stories.

As I pondered what had taken place, more and more people sat down, and the room took on the appearance of a classroom. I was sitting in a seat toward the rear of the room and was holding Chris on my lap. Due to his muscular dystrophy he wasn't able to move much.

I noticed the black-haired woman sitting a couple seats in front of me. I very much wanted to talk to her. I knew I wouldn't be in this area long, and I was considering asking her, and also perhaps the blonde, to leave with me to go to another part of Europe.

Finally the black-haired woman rose from her seat and walked back to me. I thought she might want to sit on my lap, but there really wasn't enough room because of Chris. I was very surprised when I looked at her face. She looked as if she were only 16-17 years old. And she bore no resemblance at all to Debra Winger. She was still pretty, but it just wasn't the same. The most extraordinary difference was that I now realized she was partially Negro. Her skin was light, but there was no doubt she had black blood in her.

She had large tears in her eyes and as she looked at me she pleaded, "Please don't take me with you. Please don't take me with you."

She turned and returned to her seat just as quickly as she had come. I clearly understood what she was saying. She knew if I wanted her to leave with me, she would. But she also thought it would be best for her not to go. At that point I had no question in my mind; I wouldn't be taking her with me. I held Chris close to me and hugged him. I knew I loved him and I would be taking him with me wherever I went.

It appeared a type of class was about to take place. My old friend, Steve Buckner, was in the room and he began telling the class about a dream he had had and written down. Something about Buckner also made me think of a fellow I had met

named Paul Graunke. I quickly saw the class was centered on dream telling. But there was more. I realized the events of the previous night when I had been with the black-haired woman had been a dream.

I then recalled Buckner had been in my dream.

And it was obvious I had been in the dream Buckner was telling. In fact, we had both dreamed of the same events. I became much more attentive as I listened to Buckner's dream and I realized he was bringing up points which I had missed. I had written down part of my dream and I began filling in some of the missing places with information which Buckner was supplying. Buckner even seemed to have some pictures of the dream. I realized by correlating our information concerning the dream in that way, we could have a much sharper picture of the dream.

Dream of: 08 May 1987 (2) "Resembling Gods"

I had gone into a K Mart store located where the old Kresgee store used to be in downtown Portsmouth. Once inside, I saw the store had been divided into different sections so different clerks were assigned to work in each section. I recalled I had even seen something in the newspaper about how the store had been "erotically" divided up into sections.

Since I wanted to buy a pair of black shoes, I looked in the shoe section, and everywhere else where I thought shoes might be displayed. But I simply couldn't find any shoes like the ones I wanted. I thought there might be some in the stock room. Finally I decided to ask for assistance and got the attention of a female clerk. She told me that everyone was busy at the moment, but that if I would wait, she would get "Missy" to help me.

The clerk then slipped her arm around me, looked around and said she thought she saw someone looking at me. I turned around and saw my old high school friend, Staggs, standing near me. As I walked toward Staggs, I had my right hand in my pocket. When I tried to pull my hand out, I had some difficulty. But when I finally reached Staggs, I pulled out my hand and shook hands with Staggs. He said, "Steve. Steve Collier. I'm in a big hurry."

I scowled, "Well every time I think of you, I think of you that way. You don't have time to stop and chat with old friends."

Miffed, I began walking away. I knew I shouldn't be angry, but I couldn't seem to help myself. I turned, looked back toward Staggs and saw two enormously overweight women with him. One was about Staggs' age and the other was older. I thought the women must be Staggs' wife Paula

(one of my former high school schoolmates), and perhaps her mother. Paula, terribly ugly, was pushing a child in a carriage and another small boy was walking behind her. Obviously they were her children.

I thought Staggs must be leading an unhappy life if he were married to someone who looked like that. I would have liked to have talked with him and found out what happened to him after he joined the military. But I finally just walked away.

I soon noticed a section of the store where some wallpaper was being sold. Looking at the wallpaper, I thought I might be able to use some of it in a collage. It suddenly struck me the type of collage I would like to make; it would have two large pictures of a man and a woman which would represent the father and mother figures of nature, or the male and female principles of the universe. They would resemble gods. One would be seated on each side of the collage.

I thought of some symbols to incorporate into the collage. On the female side I would use a heart and a triangle. The triangle was especially important. The sexual symbolism of the triangle became suddenly clear to me, the way it symbolized the pubic region. However although the triangle was a sexual symbol, I didn't think of it as an erotic symbol.

I thought I would also add a few winged cherubs in the collage.

Dream of: 09 May 1987 "Wam Wam"

I was lying in bed with two women; all three of us were nude. We were rolling around on the bed together; I was just about to have sex with them, when it occurred to me that my father had been with the two women about a week before. I stopped what we were doing and said, "I'm not going to be able to have sex with you."

They asked why and I explained that there was a possibility that they had AIDS. I wasn't trying to offend them; apparently they hadn't even considered the possibility. It also appeared that they had had sex with another man about a week before and I thought the man might have been my father.

I thought we could probably continue what we were doing, but we wouldn't be able to actually have intercourse. They didn't insist that I have intercourse with them, but they did want to continue with our sexual activity. I put my fingers in one of their vaginas, which was quite moist. It was obvious that the woman liked what I was doing.

I seemed to fall asleep for a while and when I awoke, I found myself with Louise. She was nude

and I was on top of her. I had the same dilemma with her, because I wasn't going to be able to have sex with her. She wanted me to lie between her legs and hold her. I did that, although I still didn't plan to have intercourse with her.

I heard some music in the background and rose to see if I could see where it was coming from. I found that some water was running from a spigot, which I turned off; but Louise got up and turned the spigot back on. She wanted to show me that a special kind of music was produced when the water was running, whether the water was just barely dripping or running profusely. The spigot was apparently a new musical device she had; she called it her "wam wam."

Dream of: 09 May 1987 (2) "Talking Cat"

I was standing on the back porch of the Gallia County Farmhouse. A vast valley seemed to spread out before me and I noticed my step-grandfather Clarence's dogs running along the valley chasing something. I hollered to Clarence and he came to look. We thought the dogs were chasing a fox. It looked for a moment as if the dogs had caught it, but then they began chasing the animal again. Finally one of the black dogs did catch the animal.

A woman and a small girl had walked up and were standing near us. A large cat which looked just like a cheetah walked up and began sniffing

around. Without warning, Clarence suddenly grabbed the cat and threw it over what appeared to be a clothes line in back of the House. When the cat fell to the ground I couldn't see where it was, but I figured it had probably been badly injured.

I walked over the bank to where I thought the cat was. There I found what appeared to be a large, high cave into which the cat apparently had crawled. I walked back into the cave and encountered a net. I crawled under it and continued on. It was rather dark here.

I saw a ledge and on it I could see the top part of another cat, which I thought might be the wife of the cat I was looking for. Then I saw some other movement on the ledge and I thought it was from the heavy breathing of the cat I was looking for. I thought the cat was probably in pain and had managed to crawl up on the ledge. Although I was frightened myself that the cat might try to attack me, I was very concerned about it and I wanted to try to help it.

I climbed up on the ledge and there found the cat lying on its arms and back. Its form almost resembled that of a man. And it was about the size of a man. I remembered that the cat had once before had a problem with its back and I had helped it. I approached it and I could tell that it

recognized me. In a rather garbled speech the cat said, "You're the one that helped me before."

I replied, "Yea."

I then held out my hand to show that I wanted to help it, but it slapped my hand away and said, "You're no friend of mine."

I felt quite bad. I understood how the cat felt. I knew the cat was in a terrible predicament. Although I might not be able to help it, I thought I might be able to find someone who could.

I began imagining in my mind that if the cat had a broken vertebra, I might somehow be able to repair it. I imagined using a saw to cut a piece of metal and fashioning it into the shape of a vertebra to replace the injured vertebra.

Dream of: 10 May 1987 "No Time For Imagination"

I was walking around a grocery store, lugging four Time magazines, two in each hand. I had carried two of the magazines into the store with me and I had picked up the other two while in the store, thinking of buying them.

I was unsure I wanted to buy the magazines because I thought I might not have time to read them. I was busy with law school; I was taking a course in constitutional law, and another course

being taught by Dohoney (a female law professor at Baylor Law School). I was also working on a couple other important projects, and at the end of the school quarter, I had to take the bar exam. I was swamped with work and I simply didn't have enough time to do it all. I might even have to drop the law course I was taking under Dohoney. I could retake the course next quarter (my last quarter), since I wasn't going to have many courses in my last quarter.

I finally decided not to buy the magazines. I threw all four of them onto a shelf, even the two which I had brought in with me; I simply didn't have time to read them. I was glad I had stopped and thought about all the things I was doing and that I hadn't wasted my time buying the magazines.

When I finally walked up to the check-out counter, ready to leave, I suddenly realized I still had approximately eight paper-back books in my hand. I thought about simply leaving the books on the counter, but I had already blurted out to the man at the counter that the books were mine. He looked at a couple; one was a pornographic novel, and as he glanced through the others, I noticed a second pornographic novel among them. He said the books were indeed mine and after he had slipped them in a sack for me, I walked out with the books.

Some people whom I knew met me outside. One reminded me of Mike Saxby (an English fellow whom I had once met in Mexico City around 1977). Two of the fellows outside climbed onto a motorcycle, while the rest of us boarded a car. The car and the motorcycle headed down a road which seemed to be Route 23, several miles north of Portsmouth, Ohio; we were headed south toward Portsmouth.

From the window of the car I could watch the motorcycle in front of us. Apparently the fellow driving the motorcycle had never driven one before because he kept running off both sides of the road; I thought for sure he would wreck. When I finally thought I saw him crash into the side of a car and run off the road, I thought the people in my car and I were going to have to do something to help him.

Almost immediately, however, I found myself in a furnished room where someone apparently lived. I was uncertain how I had arrived there, but it seemed that someone had transported me there and it seemed natural for me to be there. I still thought I needed to do something to help the fellow who had had the motorcycle accident, but I was unsure what to do.

Finally, my first priority came to me: I needed to find a key! I was unclear whether the key was to

the room I was in, or whether the key was to the motorcycle which had wrecked. I only knew I needed to find it.

I decided to call my father and ask for help. After I picked up a phone and dialed, my father quickly answered on the other end. I also heard someone else on the phone who had apparently called my father at the same time. The other person was apparently from a company trying to sell something. My father apparently only heard the other person (and not me) because my father suddenly hung up the phone. In place of my father's voice, I now heard a recorded message which I figured my father must use when he didn't want to talk with someone. Although my father finally came back on the phone himself, I hung up anyway.

I thought about how my father had answered the phone with a simple, "This is Leroy." When I used to answer my phone in Dallas, I had usually said, "This is Steve Collier's law office." I remembered that my father also used to answer the phone in a more business-like manner by saying something like, "This is Collier's." It seemed as if he now had a more relaxed attitude about the way he answered the phone.

Having hung up the phone, I walked over to a doorway which led to a hall. There was no door –

only a plastic curtain hung over the doorway. I pulled the curtain shut, but then pulled it back open and walked out into the hall. Another doorway was off to my left; and it sounded as if a TV might be playing in that room. The building appeared to be a boarding house of some sort; apparently people were living in the other rooms.

A girl walked through the hall and entered one of the doorways in the hall. She resembled Denise (a Portsmouth girl with whom I had a short relationship when we were teenagers in 1970). I thought she might be able to help me later.

I walked back into the room I had been in. Slowly, I realized two very powerful women were living somewhere in this house. People hardly ever approached the women because most people were afraid of them. One woman was named Lady Di and the other was named Persephone. I decided I was going to try to enlist the women to help me find the key.

Realizing that Persephone lived upstairs, I walked up the stairs and knocked on the door to her room. She came to the door; she was only about a meter tall and very slim. She had long black hair and a very dark complexion, although she wasn't a Negro. Although I knew she was very powerful and that most people were afraid of her, I wasn't afraid of her. I immediately felt as if she would be

willing to help me. She seemed as if she wanted to immediately get to the crux of my problem, the problem of finding the small key.

But I didn't stay long with Persephone. Instead, I walked back downstairs and headed toward the room where I had first been. My father was standing in the hall in front of the door; he was concerned about what was going on. Apparently he also realized I needed to find the key.

In addition, the fellow who lived in the room arrived. He stepped up to the doorway and looked inside; clearly he could see that someone had been in the room. At the same time four or five other people arrived who were apparently the family of the fellow. All of us stood together in the hall. The fellow who lived there was clearly concerned. I wanted to explain exactly what was going on and why I had been using his room, but something about him startled me: he was wearing a white mask over his face. I had the feeling that he either had scars or was ugly in some way under the mask. The fellow unsettled me and I wanted to get away from him as quickly as possible. Although he didn't say anything or do anything to me, there was something rather frightening about him.

Finally Persephone also walked up. As we all stood in the hallway, close to the door of the fellow's room, I explained to the fellow that Persephone

was helping me. I figured he would no longer object in any way to what I was doing, because people didn't object when Persephone was around.

Persephone was very straight forward and business-like: she indicated that we needed to immediately begin concentrating on finding the key. After we all walked into the room, my father began looking through an assortment of objects which were lying on a table. I had earlier looked through the objects for the key. My father started to say, "I imagine ...," and he was about to say something about where he thought the key was, but Persephone interrupted him and said, "Leroy, I don't think we have time for imagination."

She was implying that we didn't have time to simply imagine where the key was; we needed to know exactly where it was.

I now remembered that I had also earlier tried to contact my old buddy from high school, Walls. I thought that he was somehow involved and that he would know where the key was if we could just reach him. I told my father to call Walls. I said, "Tell him where we're at. We're standing here with Persephone and Lady Di."

I thought that Walls also knew about Persephone and that he would be much more likely to help if he knew that she was involved.

Dream of: 11 May 1987 "Creating Characters"

I was in a large room (probably in a factory), looking over a piece of electrical machinery which stood about two meters high and was perhaps one meter wide on each side. The machinery seemed to consist mostly of wires and other electrical equipment all fused together into a whole.

Holding a three-prong electrical plug in my hand, I finally found a receptacle on the piece of equipment into which to insert the plug. Almost immediately, however, I perceived the receptacle had a problem, as if a wire on it were missing.

A woman (probably in her late 20s) walked up. I had communicated by phone with the woman in the past, although I had never met her in person.

She was an inspector of this kind of equipment. When I told her the receptacle had a problem, she began looking at it. She seemed to do a thorough inspection, and finally she talked about the problem in a serious tone, as if the receptacle could have caused more serious problems. She mentioned "fire" and I had the feeling she was going to take action against the management of the establishment because the equipment wasn't in good order.

She stood up in front of me and began talking to me. Concentrating on my looks, she told me how attractive she thought I was and she commented

upon how good the gray jacket I was wearing looked on me. Flattered, I needed a few moments before I realized I hadn't complemented her in any way, but I wasn't really impressed with her looks; she had long brown hair and seemed rather plain.

She was wearing a light-brown wool coat which fell to her knees and was buttoned to her chin, so it was the only clothing I could see. Her worst problem was that she was very overweight. Nevertheless I felt compelled to say something and finally I muttered, "You look nice, too."

I was in a room where a number of people were gathered, apparently having a party. I was sitting on a couch and was turned so I could see my sister standing behind the couch talking with another woman. It sounded as if the woman might have insulted my sister in some way. To my surprise, my sister suddenly hit the woman in the face with her fist. The people standing around seemed astounded and stepped up to intervene.

Concerned someone might bother my sister, I quickly went to her side, and in a protective way I led her from the room.

I was in a car driving down a country road. It seemed my sister was with me. I came to a crossroads and tried to decide which way to go.

Finally I turned around and headed back the way we had come.

My sister and I were standing in front of a rather large black building which appeared to be a night club. Two lines of words were written in large white letters on the front of the building. The words in the top line seemed to have some kind of relationship with the words in the bottom line. The top line seemed decent enough, but words in the bottom line seemed mostly vulgar.

The first two words in the bottom line weren't actually words but symbols. One was a swastika. One of the last words in the bottom line was "suck."

A party was going to take place inside the building for a woman whom my sister knew. My sister wanted to go in; although I wasn't thrilled with the idea, I decided it might be good for my sister. So we entered.

The interior resembled a night club, but subdued. I wondered if I was dressed appropriately. Most men were wearing suits and most woman seemed to have on formal dresses. I was merely wearing a black tee shirt. I didn't feel embarrassed by my attire; I simply wondered if it was appropriate. I also had stubble on my face from not having

shaved in a few days. When I saw another man with stubble, I felt more at ease. I also saw a man not wearing a suit.

I looked at the faces of the many people and tried to find one I recognized, but I had no success. Finally my sister and I stopped along a railing or a bar near some other people. When a fellow standing next to me turned toward me, I immediately recognized him as Brian, an old friend from law school. I felt embarrassed, because I had been meaning to contact Brian for a long time and had failed to do so. I was uncertain how he was going to feel about me now after my long neglect.

Friendly, he seemed to want to relieve me of my embarrassment. He warmly shook my hand and introduced me to a woman with him. Brian immediately commented about how pretty my sister was and the woman with him agreed. I said, "This is my sister."

Brian said, "She's very pretty."

My sister said she was going to go somewhere else and walked away.

I hoped Brian and I could speak in German, but I hesitated to do so in front of his lady friend because I thought it would be impolite.

Nevertheless, he and I began speaking in German and I felt rather comfortable with Brian.

I was standing in front of a large brick house where a number of college men apparently lived. It was early morning and the house had been the scene of an all-night party. Seven or eight men and women were standing or sitting on the porch.

Several other young men were walking on the street toward the house and I heard one comment about the all-night party. Apparently the men who had given the party thought it was a sign of the party's success if it lasted all night.

I walked into the house and through the rooms. It resembled the night club I had been in the previous night, except now the rooms were brighter, and only a few people lingered about. I walked to the rear-most room of the house where I found my father sitting in a chair and watching television with a woman. He told me two educational shows were coming on. He invited me to stay and watch, but I declined and headed back through the house toward the front.

As I passed through the middle room I began thinking I myself had stayed up all night. It seemed as if I might as well try to stay up without any sleep at that point, although I was beginning to feel very tired.

When I reached the front room, I found Brian sitting in a chair. I sat in another chair close to him and we began talking. Both Brian and I had been involved in artistic writing. I seemed to have been working on a novel, while Brian was writing a play. I immediately began talking about the creation of characters for the writings. I somehow thought perhaps we could talk of our characters and perhaps even interrelate the characters in our discussion.

Brian told me the main character in his play was a publisher and he began talking about him. As he talked, I realized how empty my mind seemed when I tried to think of a character which could interact with Brian's character. Indeed it seemed as if I had also been trying to develop the character of a book publisher, but now that Brian was using that character, I needed to invent another one. But I couldn't seem to come up with anything. Finally I thought perhaps I could develop the character of a college student, but that seemed a bit weak.

I was also interested in discussing the way in which character development actually took place. I told Brian that once the place and the character are in mind, it is not absolutely necessary to have other characters interact. Of course if the writing were a play, interacting characters would seem to be almost necessary. I seemed to recall, however,

having read a novel by Franz Kafka which contained only one character. I thought developing a character without interaction with other characters would be extremely difficult. I said to Brian, "If you've got the person, and you've got the place, the next thing I suppose you need is people to relate with."

Dream of: 12 May 1987 "Adultery"

A wispy, attractive woman and I had been made prisoners and placed in the forward hold of a sailing ship. Although the ship seemed as if it were perhaps from the seventeen or eighteen hundreds, the woman and I appeared to be from perhaps the time of the Roman Empire and were dressed as such. We had both been recently captured and were being turned into slaves. I wore little clothing and was extremely muscular.

I began looking around us and saw that I could go right up to the very front of the ship, and that even though we were in the hold, I could see over the edge to the water. In the front was stored a number of items; I noticed some rope there. I walked back to the woman and after talking to her a bit, realized it might be possible to use some of the rope to slip over the side of the ship. I told her to accompany me and together we went to the front to look for rope.

When we were again in the foremost part of the ship, I happened to notice some steps leading upward, and thought I could hear some sound above, perhaps a woman singing. I crept up the stairs and found myself looking over what appeared to be a large empty, attic room, but upon glancing over the room a second time, I perceived that it wasn't completely empty, but that a divan was sitting squarely in the middle of the room. And lying on the divan with her head propped up on one hand was a woman in the prime of her life.

She was dressed in white and seemed almost insubstantial. I approached her and communicated with her. It wasn't entirely clear to me, but I realized we were somehow connected. Apparently we would soon meet each other before the king, who was the master of the ship. But our relationship with each other wasn't entirely clear to me. She soon glided away.

I was in the hold of the ship, contemplating what I was doing here. The woman whom I had met upstairs suddenly came in and began talking with me. Clearly we would soon be involved in a play before the king. She wanted to make it clear to me that I should be humble, and that she should appear strong and authoritative. However I was

uncertain that my role called for me to be so humble. I realized, however, that I was only a slave, while she was a woman of importance on the ship. Nevertheless I was uncertain how I would play my role.

I could see a man standing before me, almost as if I were looking at a movie screen. In the distance behind the man were a group of archers. Suddenly the man cringed and fell face down on the ground. I saw that he had perhaps 20 arrows in his back.

I was lying on a bed in the hold of the ship and felt as if I were just awakening. I quickly sat up and became rather nervous, because I realized the play in which I was supposed to act was already in progress above on the deck of the ship. Indeed I had already acted in the first half of the play and had done well enough. But now the second half had begun and I didn't feel prepared.

In the play I still hadn't had to confront the woman I had met upstairs, but that confrontation apparently was going to take place in the second half. And I had decided I wasn't going to humble myself before her if my role required that I play a strong person.

However I wasn't really sure what my role required because I hadn't even read the second half of the play. I picked up a pamphlet with the words to the play. The pamphlet looked like the libretto of an opera which might be found with opera record albums. I began leafing through the second half, looking for the name of my character: Cornelius. I was relieved to see that Cornelius didn't have a part for many pages, and thought I would have time to quickly go over them.

I began dressing, but then it suddenly occurred to me that the name of my character wasn't Cornelius, but Hernandez. I again began leafing through the libretto, and although it was several pages before Hernandez had any parts, I was dismayed to see that his parts when they did occur were quite long. But that was to be expected since Hernandez was one of the main characters in the play.

Slowly, however, I began to calm down, because I realized we were only having a practice session of the play at the moment. It was a tremendous relief for me to think I would have time to learn my part before the play was actually performed before an audience.

My father and I were discussing the play. He concluded that the main theme of the play was

adultery. I agreed with him, although I didn't understand the exact nature of the development of the theme in the play. I was uncertain of the role of the king and whether the king was important in the development of the theme.

Dream of: 13 May 1987 "Green Angel"

I was sitting at a desk in a classroom which contained a number of other people. Some desks, including mine, had quite a few books stacked up on them.

The teacher walked into the room. She was probably in her 30s and reminded me Teresa More, my high school Latin teacher. She began calling out names for people to come to the front of the room. When she called out "Steve," I walked up. I had thought she would call me; I assumed she wanted us to carry the books out of the room. We talked to her for a few minutes and then sat back down in our seats.

The teacher then began playing some kind of game wherein the students were going to have to go look for something. Clifford was sitting near me. I noticed he had written down a list of things he was supposed to find, which included the word "liver." Two of the things I was supposed to find were a "green angel" and a "green uzu." The teacher also told me I was supposed to look for an "axe handle" and called me a "knothead."

While she was talking, I jumped up twice and protested. Finally I rolled up my paper and threw it down in the middle of the floor. Someone else did the same. I quite proudly began making some statements about how ridiculous the game was.

The teacher seemed upset by what I was saying and I thought she might be thinking of expelling me from the room. I said, "I have a right to be here. I pay taxes. My parents pay taxes. You're paid with taxpayer's money."

A fellow commented on how much I had changed; I told him it was just the exterior. Finally I stood and walked around the room. I noticed a book shelf with many books on it; I might like to read one. One in particular caught my attention. On its back it had the title *The Circle of Logic*. I thought, "I'm going to sit here and read something worthwhile."

Instead, I started to walk out a door; a girl congratulated me on the way I had been handling the situation. Buckner was also in the room; he likewise expressed approval of the way I had acted.

I walked into a small side room and Weinstein walked up to me. He seemed impressed by the way I had been acting and said, "That was just lovely."

I said, "Well, you should have got up and joined in."

Dream of: 15 May 1987 "Really Sick"

I was riding on the right side of the back seat of a car. Also seated in the back seat from left to right were my sister (about 4 years old), my mother, my brother Chris (perhaps 6 years old) and finally me.

My father was driving the car and his girlfriend Kay was seated in the front passenger seat.

I thought we were going to a beach or lake. Instead we simply pulled up to a grassy area. I asked, "Why don't we go to the beach? All we can do here is sit."

I thought we should ask my sister and Chris what they thought. I turned to my sister and said, "What do you think, Linda?"

When she didn't say anything, I turned to Chris and asked, "What do you think, Chris?"

My father seemed to think it was amusing that I was asking my sister and Chris for their opinions, as if what they thought mattered. I said, "Oh that's funny, isn't it. Who gives a damn what they think. Shit they don't count."

Kay had been seeing another man, whom she apparently abandoned for the day to be with us. At

one point my father said to Kay, "You're just taking over, aren't you."

My mother then quipped, "No, she's not taking over."

I also added, "Leroy has always been a two-timing son of a bitch."

The more I thought about my father, my mother and Kay – all being together like that – the more incongruous it seemed. Finally I said, "You know, the three of you are really sick."

Dream of: 21 May 1987 "Child Abuse"

I was standing by the banister of the rear stairway of the Gay Street House. From where I was, I could see several small children playing downstairs. Suddenly one of the children knocked against something which was stored against the wall, and something like a large, fold-up couch fell from the wall. My mother, downstairs taking care of the children, immediately became angry with them; it appeared she was going to start hitting them.

While watching, I had leaned over so far that I suddenly began falling over the banister. I grabbed a mattress which was standing against the wall and clutching it, fell to the first floor. I

was completely uninjured and landed holding on to the side of the mattress.

Now that I was downstairs, I stepped up to my mother. I was quite upset with her because I still thought she was going to beat the child who had caused the couch-like apparatus to fall from the wall. My mother seemed to be frequently beating the children and I thought she had turned into a child abuser. I grabbed her and asked her if she knew that there were other ways to discipline children besides beating them. I told her that if she beat any of the children I was going to report her to the child abuse agency. She was shocked and surprised that I would dare to do such a thing. It was as if she thought she could beat the children with complete impunity. I tried to explain to her why she needed to stop beating the children.

My father walked up; apparently he had overheard us. He immediately began defending the times he had beaten children by saying the beatings had been called for in order to discipline the children. Of course I completely disagreed with him; but since I thought his beatings had been less severe than my mother's, I wasn't as concerned with him.

I picked up a small girl (probably 2-3 years old) who was among the children. She had dark black hair and was wearing a dark-colored dress. She

was beautiful. I held her in my arms and walked around with her. I could feel the soft skin of her legs and it felt extremely pleasant to be able to hold her. There was no sexual feeling involved, but it felt so uniquely good holding the little girl tightly in my arms, I didn't know quite how to interpret the feeling, and thought it might be misconstrued as being sexual.

I had written a letter to a child abuse agency, describing my mother's conduct with the children.

I had put the letter in an unsealed envelope, addressed the envelope and given it to a fellow sitting with several other people at a table out in the street. I stepped back and noticed the fellow (probably in his early 20s) had opened the letter and was reading it. He even read parts of it aloud to another fellow standing next to him.

I wasn't really angry that he was reading the letter, but I knew he wasn't authorized to read it and I decided I should take some action against him. I walked back up to him and abruptly asked him if he knew he had just committed a federal crime by opening the letter and reading it.

He immediately seemed contrite and obviously realized he had committed an infraction. I asked for the name of his superior. At first he couldn't

seem to remember, but then told me the name. I told him I was going to report him.

To myself I began pondering what would be the proper punishment. I thought if he hadn't previously committed any violations, then he shouldn't lose his job. But if he had a previous record of violations, then he should be dismissed. I wasn't particularly enthused about turning him in, although I felt it was the proper thing to do and it made me feel good to be doing my duty.

Dream of: 22 May 1987 "Poinsettia"

I was with a woman who seemed to be Louise, although she was only about 20 years old and didn't look like Louise. She was slender, had short black hair and was quite vivacious. We drew closer and closer together, and although I had serious reservations, we finally had sex. While having sex I thought I ejaculated inside her and after we finished, I became quite concerned about the fact. We began discussing the possibility.

I awoke and realized my experience with Louise had been a dream. I pulled out a pen and paper, intending to write the dream. However, I was interrupted by my mother, who wanted me to help her with some things.

My mother was in the process of opening a new restaurant in Patriot. It was fairly elegant inside

and had a number of long wooden tables with wooden chairs. People were already waiting to be let in; but my mother and her helpers were still in the process of putting the finishing touches on the restaurant and preparing the food.

Someone had sent my mother a large poinsettia for the opening; the poinsettia stood about a meter and a half tall. No other flowers were in sight; it would have been nice if I would have sent my mother some flowers for her opening.

People began coming in and taking seats in the restaurant. I wandered into a side room with five or six more spare wooden tables. It appeared there would be enough spare tables.

In my mind I began going back over the dream with Louise, hoping I could still remember it when I needed to write it down.

Dream of: 23 May 1987 "Caravan"

I was standing on a road in the country talking with several other men (mostly in their late 20s and 30s) about a kind of caravan to which they belonged. Apparently every summer hundreds of people would gather together and travel in a caravan of cars around the United States. Some food was also served to them. I was surprised to learn the cost of joining the caravan was only \$7.

I thought perhaps quite a few people in the caravan used drugs, but I didn't think it would be necessary to use drugs while on the caravan and that one could participate without the use of drugs.

The place where we were standing was next to a rather swampy area. One of the men reminded me of Bob Anchron (a high school schoolmate). He and a few others began wading around in a muddy area and I also joined them. However, unlike the others, I wasn't wearing any shoes and as my feet sank up to my ankles in the thick mud, I became concerned I might happen to step onto a piece of glass. I finally stepped back unto the roadway.

The others however, continued deeper into the mud. Finally they reached a watery part of the swamp and actually began swimming in the muddy water. I was really uncertain of what to think. It looked refreshing on one hand, but rather disgusting on the other.

Dream of: 24 May 1987 "Car Races"

I had gone to a car race tracks in Gallia County, Ohio where I encountered Anderson. I was surprised to see that Anderson had let his red-blond hair grow to his shoulders. We sat down near some friends of his and talked for a while. Since I didn't know anyone else there, I stayed

with him. I thought my first-cousin Jimmy was probably somewhere here, but I didn't see him.

Finally a car race began on the tracks. All kinds of cars were racing. One of them was a blue Ford from the mid-1950s. Anderson and I walked fairly close to the track and I became a bit concerned because the cars were going so fast that if one of them went out of control, we could easily be injured or killed. I noticed a couple accidents. One car hit a wall and another car was run over by a large truck, which was also in the race.

Finally Anderson and I walked over to a very large smooth-barked tree which was probably more than two meters in diameter. I thought we would be safe here. But no sooner had we stationed ourselves behind the tree, than I noticed Anderson had somehow gotten into a large truck and had coasted down onto the race track.

Dream of: 24 May 1987 (2) "Knife Attack"

I had encountered a man who I thought was dangerous – I thought I might report him to the police. He was heavy set, probably in his 40s and balding. It seemed he had been going out with a woman I knew.

I was sitting in a house and talking on the phone with Sussie. We were disconnected several times. Each time I called her back, I had to speak first to

a different woman before I could finally get Sussie on the phone.

It appeared that Sussie was working in some kind of fancy nightclub or discotheque, and that the other women working there were selling memberships in the place.

As Sussie and I were talking we were once again disconnected and I once again dialed her number to talk with her. Another woman answered and I told her I wanted to talk with Sussie. I gave the woman Sussie's last name (something other than her actual last name). The woman acted as if I didn't know what I was talking about and as if she couldn't possibly connect me with Sussie. As I continued to insist that I be connected with Sussie, it gradually became clear that Sussie wasn't merely working at the place.

In fact, Sussie was apparently a wealthy woman and actually owned the establishment. I was unsure how Sussie had obtained her wealth, whether by work or by marriage. Clearly, however, she was considered the most important person at the place and she couldn't be reached easily. I began pleading to the woman to simply tell Sussie that Steve Collier wanted to talk with her and I told the woman I was sure Sussie would want to talk with me. However the woman seemed to think my request was absurd and refused.

After I continued to insist, however, the woman finally contacted Sussie about my being on the phone and Sussie immediately picked up her end. She had a soothing voice and I felt close to her. We seemed to have developed a strong friendship and could speak openly with each other.

I immediately told her of the problems I was having reaching her – I said I was going to give her my number so she could call me. I asked her why we were being cut off so much, and she mumbled something about her line being arranged that way to thwart any efforts of the police to put a wiretap on her lines. I thought perhaps she was involved in some kind of large drug transactions, but I was uncertain.

A small bathroom was near me to my right and I could see inside it through the open door. I was suddenly startled to see a man standing in the bathroom. I couldn't understand how he had gotten in unless he had entered through a window. But looking at him, I suddenly realized he was the man I had earlier seen and whom I had been thinking about turning in to the police. I immediately knew he presented a danger to me and I became frightened.

Obviously I couldn't call the police because Sussie was still on the line. I frantically told Sussie that the man was in the house and that she should call

the police. Before I could finish telling her everything, however, the man walked into the room toward me. With Sussie still on the line, I swung the receiver at the man and hit him in the head. To my surprise, the blow seemed to have no effect upon him. I hit him again and again and hollered out as I did, so Sussie could hear and know what was happening. I hoped she would contact the police, but I knew they would probably not have time to get here.

Amazingly the man didn't seem to be affected whatsoever by my striking him with the telephone receiver. He seemed to be made of rubber and the telephone receiver just bounced off his head each time I hit him.

Suddenly the man pulled out a pocket knife. Obviously the situation was becoming desperate. To my surprise I suddenly also had a small pocket knife in my hand, and it almost seemed as if the man had given it to me. I knew I had to act fast; I maneuvered myself around and quickly stabbed the man in the side of his neck with my knife. But it was like sticking it in a piece of rubber; it seemed to have no effect on the man.

He slowly came at me with his knife. I tried to fend him off, and grabbed his hand in which he was holding the knife. He pressed toward me and I was able to keep him from stabbing me, but he did

manage to stick the knife into my open mouth. He then slowly brought the blade of the knife between two of my upper teeth on the left side of my mouth and began pressing the knife upwards. Obviously if I didn't have the strength to stop him, he would soon cut into my gums and perhaps cut up my whole face.

Dream of: 26 May 1987 "Showing Off"

While sitting in the living room of my mother's comfortable House on 29th Street, I heard someone at the front door. I answered the door and found Ellen standing there. She stepped in and we began talking. Although she was a bit overweight, I found her to be very attractive. Her black hair was becoming and she seemed to have the prettiest lips. I thought about how enjoyable kissing them would be and I began contemplating having a sexual relationship with her. I knew that she was married to Jack and that I shouldn't be having those kind of thoughts, but I couldn't seem to establish complete control of my thoughts. And I thought Ellen was thinking the same thing.

Finally, as we were standing right in front of each other, I took her hand and placed it inside my pants on my penis. The erotic sensation was extremely pleasurable. Yet at the same time it began to occur to me that I was taking serious risks. I realized that I had actually given up sex

and that having an orgasm would be a major disaster. Something very important dealing with my artistic talents would be irretrievably lost if I were to have an orgasm.

Plus, it also occurred to me that there was always the possibility that Ellen might have AIDS. It even seemed as if she and I had discussed the possibility recently and as if Ellen had expressed some concern that she might have AIDS. Certainly I didn't want to take that kind of risk.

I vaguely realized I was dreaming, however, and I thought the consequences wouldn't be that grave if I had an orgasm because I was having a dream. Yet I wasn't entirely sure I was dreaming. So the doubt was causing me discomfort.

At the moment, I was obviously becoming so aroused by Ellen's hand on my penis, that if I didn't stop immediately, I was sure to have an orgasm. With an air of finality I removed her hand from my pants and I felt relieved.

Ellen and I worked our way into the bedroom and it seemed as if Jack might also be in there. I still had an erection, but somehow my penis had been separated from my body, and either Ellen or I was holding it straight up in the air examining it.

Meanwhile Ellen took off some of her clothes so she was nude from the waist down. The next thing I knew, she had somehow attached my penis

between her legs, so my erect penis was on her body as if it had always been there. She walked back and forth in the room almost as if she were showing off.

Finally I pointed out to her two large windows in the room which didn't have the curtains pulled; and since it was night outside and we had the lights on in the room, people were probably watching her. She appeared to realize she needed to be a bit more discrete in what she was doing.

Dream of: 26 May 1987 (2) "Buying Beer"

As I was sitting in the living room of a house, my sister walked in from outside, and I noticed a small, light brown animal, followed by a Siamese cat, slipped in through the door. I couldn't readily tell what the animal was, and I thought it might be a ground squirrel, although it looked more like hamster. It was evident the cat was trying to catch the animal and it appeared the cat might even have already injured the animal.

I lost sight of the animal for a moment and I asked my sister if she had seen it, but she had been entirely unaware of it. I told her the animal was about the size of a rodent, although it clearly hadn't been a rodent. Finally I spotted it again just as it began going up some stairs in the room. I picked up the Siamese cat, which hadn't noticed the animal on the stairs, and I held the cat up so it

could see the animal. When the cat saw the animal, the cat began violently trying to get out of my hands so it could attack the animal, but I held onto the cat, and pressed it down on the floor. The cat wrapped its legs around my arm and clawed at me. It began trying to bite me and I was somewhat afraid it was actually going to injure me.

I fixed myself a hamburger and a plate full of French fries. I then put some ketchup on the French fries and some ketchup and mustard on the hamburger. When I put the condiments on the hamburger, it seemed more as if I were putting them on a tooth brush like tooth paste. I turned away from the food for a few moments and when I looked back, I saw my brother Chris had taken most of my French fries and put them in a plate for himself. I immediately became upset, and I began complaining to my father (also in the room) about what had happened. I noticed my father had accidentally knocked some of my French fries unto the floor and I became more upset than ever. I had put a lot of time into making the French fries and it had simply been wasted.

I jumped up and paced about frantically. For some reason the whole matter had made me very tense. I decided I wasn't going to eat any of the French fries or the hamburger.

I was riding along in a car and began thinking about Rudolf Land (a German acquaintance). I hadn't seen him in many years and I thought I would like to contact him. I felt it was my fault we had lost contact in the first place and I regretted it. I remembered how when he had lived in Columbus, Ohio, I had probably been his closest friend for a while and therefore I had once played an important role in his life. It was a shame to have completely lost sight of one another. I knew he lived in Cologne, West Germany and I thought I could probably find his name in the telephone directory, or I could call information in Germany. I thought that there were probably five or six people by his name in Cologne, and that I might simply have to call them one by one until I reached the right one.

I was in a grocery store looking for a few groceries. Since I had decided not to eat my hamburger which I had made earlier, I need to buy some food. Actually the idea of the hamburger rather repulsed me and I was uncertain why I had made it in the first place.

I only had a few items when I went to the counter. The blonde-haired woman (probably in her late 30s) at the cash register was extremely friendly

and she began telling me of some bargains in the store. She put something else in my cart for me.

She told me about a special on grapefruit and fetched a bag of about 10 grapefruits for me. I told her that grapefruits were really good and that I liked them if they were the right kind.

The woman appeared to be a German who had lived in the United States for a long time and she spoke practically perfect English. I thought I would like to get to know her. Since she was being so nice helping me with my shopping, I joked with her that the next time I would just send a shopping list and she could take care of getting everything for me.

She began ringing up my things. My father had also asked me to get him some beer and I had put two twelve packs of beer as well as a pint of Mogan David wine into the cart for him. After everything had been rung up, I paid. The woman stepped away from the counter for a moment and I suddenly remembered my father had asked me to get something else for him. He wanted some kind of wheat crackers. I looked up and down some aisles until I spotted some red boxes of wheat crackers. They seemed rather small, but I picked up one and headed back to the register with it.

I knew I was going to have to pay a second time, but the woman didn't seem to mind. She pointed

to a small sign near the register and mentioned that I could have probably gotten the beer cheaper if I had taken advantage of a special the store was running. In the special a person could pay \$5.97 and have as many cans of beer as he could stuff into a small suit case. That seemed like quite a bargain, because I had paid almost \$10 for the two twelve packs, and I knew I could get at least that much into a small suitcase. Fortunately I even had a small suitcase with me.

I asked the woman if I could return the beer I had paid for and instead buy the beer under the special. She seemed somewhat reluctant at first, but she finally agreed to let me do it. I began unloading the two twelve packs and the pint of wine onto the floor. One twelve pack was Budweiser and the other was some other kind of beer. The sight of the twelve packs made me think about how good beer tasted. I thought I could probably just drink a twelve pack of cold beer myself. Maybe Salvador Ibarra and I could get together and drink some. I thought it would be enjoyable drinking beer with him.

But I immediately began thinking I had definitely stopped drinking beer. Indeed I seemed to have had some kind of very important experience regarding my not drinking alcohol and I knew it could be devastating if I were to drink alcohol again. I recalled recent conversations I had had

with Kim regarding alcohol and I thought about how difficult it would be to tell her I had been drinking alcohol. Clearly the consequences of drinking alcohol far outweighed any transitory pleasure I might derive from drinking it.

As I unloaded the alcohol, I explained to the woman that all the alcohol was for my father and not for me. I didn't want her to think I was drinking all that alcohol. She seemed a bit glad to know I wasn't the one drinking it. She then said something I didn't fully understand about how when the Indians had first been found, they had been given alcohol so they couldn't think as well.

Dream of: 27 May 1987 "Learning To Fly"

I was in Portsmouth and noticed that some very tall buildings were in the process of being built in the center of town. One had a large triangular form at the top, which consisted of large girders connected to each other. I thought I would like to see it.

I was standing on a platform on the outside of a helicopter. Suddenly the helicopter took off, and my father was piloting it. He told me he was going to fly over the large buildings being built there in Portsmouth so I could get a good look at them.

We began rising and barely missed some telephone wires. We rose high into the air and I immediately became quite concerned. I wanted to return to earth, but I realized I wasn't going to be able to go back immediately. From where I was standing on the outside of the helicopter, I could see all around me, almost as if I were flying on my own.

However, I definitely didn't like the sensation. I was concerned that I might fall and the entire experience was extremely uncomfortable. However, I began thinking I had wanted to begin flying in my dreams and had had difficulty doing so. Perhaps if I concentrated, I could learn something about flying while I was on the helicopter like this. So, although, it was still unpleasant, I began concentrating on the sky and ground, trying to learn something about flying.

Dream of: 28 May 1987 "Derelicts"

My father and I rode in a car to an old two-story frame house which my father owned in Portsmouth. He was having the house repaired so he could rent it. When we arrived, both front doors of the house were standing open. I told my father that I had just been in the house the day before and that I had shut both doors; so it looked as if someone might be trying to steal something from the house.

I walked up to one door and looked inside. I recalled that a brand new wooden door had been on the doorway leading to the upstairs, but the door was no longer there. I could also see back into the kitchen and I saw that the kitchen table had been turned over. I walked back outside and told my father I needed to borrow his gun. I thought whoever had been in the house might still be in there.

My father pulled out a small hand gun, aimed it toward the ground and pulled the trigger. The first two times he pulled the trigger nothing happened, but the next two times, the gun fired. My father said he wanted to clean all the old shells out and reload the gun for me. When he pulled the cartridge out and emptied the shells into a metal can, I could see the two shells which hadn't fired. My father said he wanted to show me how to clean and load the gun. He then filled up the cartridge with shells, put the cartridge back into the gun and handed the gun to me.

We both walked back into the house. When I told my father I thought I could hear someone walking around upstairs, he indicated that he thought he could also hear something. I walked back outside, while my father continued looking around inside.

Outside, I discovered another man who was a friend of my father's. His name was either Ed or Charlie and he was probably around 60 years old.

Part of the house was two-story and part was one-story. The roof on the one-story part could be reached from a second story window. I thought whoever was upstairs might try to escape by climbing out the window onto the roof, and suddenly I saw a man stick his head out the window. He moved quickly and came out the window onto the porch roof. A second man quickly followed. Both men were probably in their 40s, had graying hair and simply looked like homeless derelicts who had been using the house to sleep in.

I immediately hollered for the men to stop, but they ignored me and began running across the roof. I began firing my gun at them. One man stopped and stood still as if he were surrendering, but the other man had a hand gun himself and he began firing at me. I returned fire, but my bullets didn't seem to be traveling fast. In fact I could see the bullets as they flew and they seemed to be traveling in a crooked line. The gun the other man had seemed to be a larger caliber gun and it was making a louder noise than mine.

I stood partially behind a telephone pole as the firing continued. I even began firing at the man who was standing still, thinking he made an easy target. And I thought a bullet hit him. Suddenly I realized the old man, my father's friend, standing next to me had been hit. He fell to the ground.

I continued firing, but somehow both men managed to slide off the porch and out of my sight.

I finally got onto the porch roof and ran to the edge, but all I could see were some green trees growing in an overgrown valley. The men had escaped.

I walked back to the window out of which the men had come and I saw an old blanket or sleeping bag which the men had been carrying, as well as a few other personal belongings. I started to look through them, but then stopped, thinking I might disturb any fingerprints which might be on the things.

I walked over to the old man who had been shot. He had a small patch of blood on his right temple.

I was unsure whether he had been grazed or whether a bullet had actually gone into his head.

I got off the roof and walked into the house. My father was apparently unaware of the gun battle. I told him he needed to go outside immediately because his friend might be dying.

Dream of: 29 May 1987 "Jet Pilot"

I was watching a scene which appeared to be taking place in a large prison. I slowly grasped that the time was during World War II and that although the prison was in the United States, it was controlled by Nazi Germans.

The focus was on two men being held prisoners by the Nazis. The two men had just been made prisoners and it was unclear whether they might have at one time worked for the Nazis and then defected from them. One Nazi officer was screaming at them that they would never be free.

But the Nazis took their eyes off the men for a while, and the two men slowly walked through the inner streets of the prison until they reached the main entrance and then simply walked out. As soon as the two men had left, the Nazis realized what had happened and several Nazi undercover men wearing long, brown trench coats began following them. The two men separated and I began following one of them to see what he would do. Since he was in the United States, the Nazis couldn't immediately apprehend him, but obviously they were going to follow him until they had a chance to grab him.

I followed the man to a bus stop and watched him board a bus. One of the Nazis in a brown trench coat headed for the bus. I also headed for the bus and reached it before the Nazi did. When the Nazi finally arrived, I stood in the door of the bus and prevented his boarding. Finally the bus began to pull off. I walked through the bus and looked for the escaped prisoner. But he had succeeded in blending in with the other passengers and I

couldn't tell which one he was. Satisfied that he was safe at least for now, I sat down.

I closed my eyes and felt a surge of satisfaction at having helped the prisoner escape from the Nazis.

I began thinking the time had come for me to make a decision about how I was going to be involved in the battle against Nazism. I thought perhaps I might want to become a jet pilot.

I was the pilot on a jet fighter. I was already airborne and it was the first time I had ever actually flown a jet fighter. And I had never had any instruction. I was over the United States and was intending to fly across the ocean to Germany. But I was having a great deal of difficulty simply staying in the air.

I gradually realized someone else was on the jet. Sitting behind me was judge Schwille. We began talking and I learned that he was an experienced jet pilot. Apparently he was going to try to teach me some about flying the jet. He told me when he had begun flying, he also had never had anyone teach him how. Like me, he had simply begun flying. Apparently he had been flying for many years, but he did seem just a slight bit nervous about my flying ability.

Of course that was to be expected. As I flew I often came close to the earth and I wasn't even sure how to steer the jet. But I gradually learned that by pulling a stick in a certain way I could control the direction. Sometimes however I learned that I had to pull the stick in the opposite direction which I would have thought would be correct, because sometimes we were actually flying upside down.

Finally while I was upside down I became confused and the landscape seemed to be flying past me so fast I was unsure what to do. When I finally did gain some control of the jet, I saw that we were headed straight for the side of a wooded mountain. I pulled the stick back to head straight up. But somehow we seemed to do a somersault and smacked down on the ground on the belly of the jet.

Schwille and I got out and looked the jet over; it appeared to be undamaged and we likewise were uninjured. We walked into a large building next to us for a few minutes, and saw that the building was filled with all kinds of fighter planes which looked as if were from World War II. They were painted and polished and crowds of people were looking at them. I slowly realized the planes were on exhibition.

Schwille and I returned outside, boarded the jet again and took off. This time I seemed to have a bit better control, but Schwille pointed out how low I was and that I was close to running into some telephone lines. Indeed, I saw telephone lines all over the place and I was uncertain how to avoid them. Finally I saw an opening, pulled my stick back and saw clear blue sky begin to open up before us.

Dream of: 29 May 1987 (2) "Subatomic Particles"

I walked into a large room which almost looked like a warehouse. I reached the far end of the room where I sat down on a high chair at a bench. My computer was hooked up there, but instead of having its small monitor, it was hooked up to a large black screen about a meter and a half square.

A fellow (probably in his early 20s) was sitting to my right using the computer and screen. He had beautiful, shoulder-length, brown hair. He was muscular, handsome and seemed very vibrant.

While he was busy with something else, I tapped a few keys on the keyboard. I tapped a function key and a number key four times each. When the fellow sat back down in front of the keyboard, I suddenly realized that he had been in the middle of some programming and that I might have

damaged his work. On the screen I noticed many symbols written like words and then saw among them the numbers I had pressed.

I told him what I had done, but he seemed unconcerned. I asked about learning to program on the computer. I asked, "Do you know any languages? Is it like using languages?"

He replied that he did know other languages and that it was similar to that. Then he added, "There's no 'he' or 'it'."

He then began demonstrating some of what he was doing. He typed something on the keyboard and a small, orange, geometrical figure which appeared to be two intersecting rectangles appeared on the screen. But I noticed on one side, some of the line was missing and I thought that might be a result of my having interfered with the program.

I was intrigued and I stood up to have a better look. The fellow tapped the keyboard again and the image changed. A new geometrical figure appeared which covered most of the screen. I was uncertain what it was, but groups of colored intersecting lines formed into perfect patterns on the screen. Then I noticed the image was moving and changing. It even seemed to be throbbing. Small dots appeared on the screen and began colliding with parts of the image. I suddenly

realized it was a graphic image of the bombardment of something with subatomic particles. The dots probably represented protons.

I was awed by what I was witnessing. I wanted to ask the fellow how long it would take someone to learn how to do that. Obviously, besides operating the computer, a great deal would need to be learned about atomic particles. I figured I might be able to do it in a year.

I stood with my mouth open, gawking at the screen. I was completely fascinated. But the image was so hard for me to comprehend. I wondered if I might have been smoking marijuana and had caused my mind to not be functioning well. It seemed as if marijuana could definitely prevent one from understanding something like that. And I was sure I did want to understand it. I wanted to be able to do the things the other fellow was doing. I said, "I've got to have one of those or a graphics monitor at least."

Dream of: 02 June 1987 "Rattling Noise"

After hearing a strange noise coming from a wood frame building like an old garage, I walked inside and found 25-30 people wrapped up in dark blankets, bowing on the ground. They appeared to be either humming or chanting and apparently were bowing to something indistinguishable in the far left corner.

I then heard a rattling noise which I thought sounded like a rattlesnake. I looked for the snake and finally saw a cobra standing up out of what looked like a round, straw basket. That puzzled me because I didn't think cobras could make that kind of rattling noise.

I looked again where I had seen the snake and now saw a small tiger there. That concerned me because although the tiger wasn't large, I still thought it might attack me. I began backing out of the building. I hadn't retreated far before the tiger chased after me and grabbed me by the leg. I began trying to fight it off.

I was standing in the garage talking with someone and stepped outside. I immediately encountered a young fellow dressed in red and standing in a martial arts stance with one arm raised in a protective position over his head. I knew we were going to have to fight and I grabbed him. In a judo-like move, he fell onto his back and flipped me over him. But I had been expecting the move and was able to twist around so I was on top. We wrestled exchanging the advantage several times until I finally had the best of him.

I had fought so hard against him I was afraid I might have injured him. When we finished fighting, he was stiff like a board and he couldn't even move. But similar to the way the tiger had

done, he held onto my left leg, until I finally kicked him off into a ditch. As I walked away from him, I looked back and saw that he looked more like a broken bicycle than a person. He didn't move; I was concerned I had seriously injured him.

I continued walking away from him; looking back, I saw a number of people coming out of the building to look at the fellow. I was concerned that they might all try to attack me when they saw how badly I had injured the fellow. I began running as fast as I could up the road before they had a chance to react.

I saw my mother ahead of me on the road and heard her say, "Steven."

I thought I would say to her, "Go home and lock your door and act like you don't even know me."

Dream of: 04 June 1987 "History Of Asia"

I had traveled from Europe into Asia, finally reaching Korea. Although I had gone by land, the journey had taken a very short time, and on one day alone I had gone from southern Asia to Korea. When I reached Korea, I telephoned my father and we talked for a while.

I talked with someone in Korea about the history of Asia. I was told that Asia had been conquered in ancient times by the Europeans and had been

controlled by the Europeans until modern times. In 1930 a European ship had been sunk, and that had been the beginning of Asian rebellion against the Europeans. Finally, Vietnam had been the first country to achieve independence from the Europeans.

Dream of: 04 June 1987 (2) "Homeless Dog"

While I was sitting on the couch in a room, a young dog came in. I knew the dog was homeless and was thinking of adopting it. The dog appeared to be partially German Shepherd and I realized it would be quite large when it grew up. I didn't particularly want the responsibility of taking care of a large dog.

I began petting the pup, and concluded it was somewhat lacking in intelligence. However, I decided to try to teach it to sit. I repeated the word "sit" over and over as I tried to push down its rear. But each time the pup would jump back up or simply lie all the way down. It seemed to be catching on to a small degree, but much training would obviously be necessary.

Dream of: 04 June 1987 (3) "Accumulated Dirt"

I was in a very small, outside building which apparently belonged to my grandmother Mabel. Although the building had a cement floor, a

spongy type of dirt had accumulated in it and grass had grown. The building had two rooms and the floor of one room was slightly higher than the other. I worked on cleaning off the grass in the lower room and when I had finished, I considered doing the same for the higher room. I thought when I had finished, my grandmother would be able to use the building for storage.

Dream of: 04 June 1987 (4) "Washing Elephants"

I was walking with my old friend Weinstein, whom I was visiting in New York City. We had left the street and had begun ascending the stairs of a tall building. As we climbed, Weinstein talked of a previous time I had visited him in New York. I remembered the occasion about which he was talking, but my memory was extremely hazy.

Weinstein appeared apologetic about the way he had treated me the previous time. Although I had come to visit him that time, he had spent very little time with me and had left me to go somewhere else without inviting me. As he talked, I remembered what had happened. I hadn't been upset with him at the time because I had figured he had simply been busy and preoccupied with matters about which I knew very little. I did remember that I had arrived on a Friday and that I had left fairly soon thereafter, probably Sunday,

because I had perceived that Weinstein was so engaged with his other business.

What was interesting though, was hearing Weinstein talk about how the weekend I had been there had been one of deep importance in his life.

And he seemed to think that although I hadn't been with him, my presence in New York had had an influence on him and on the events of the weekend. He then began describing the weekend and its impact on his life.

I was quite interested in what he was saying, but I didn't retain most of it. As well as I could tell, he had spent the time meeting a number of spiritually bizarre, but impressive, people. I seemed to be able to somewhat visualize some of them as he described them, but the images were dim.

It did seem that one thing Weinstein had learned was that his relationship with me was more significant than he had previously thought. Now, although we weren't communicating perfectly, he seemed to be making more effort to do so and he seemed more at ease with my presence. He seemed more aware of my feeling of friendship toward him and more inclined to accept it.

As we continued ascending the building and he continued talking, I began to realize that something had happened to Weinstein in this building the previous time I had been in town and

that Weinstein now wanted to show it to me. Finally we came out on the black, tarred roof of the building. The building was tall, perhaps one of the tallest in New York, but the area on the roof was rather small, about the size of an average room, and there were no railings along the edges. I immediately became uncomfortable.

Weinstein had become quite animated and seemed completely unaffected by the height of the building. When his conversation turned to the "atomsmasher," I slowly realized he was referring to the building, inside of which apparently was some highly developed scientific machinery used for smashing atoms. In fact I seemed to feel the building vibrating to a certain extent and I felt quite queasy and apprehensive.

Weinstein however appeared self-confident. He pointed out that the previous time I had been there, part of the difficulty between him and me had been my reluctance to climb atop the atomsmasher as I was now doing. He asked me if I was now ready to raise my hands in the air and wiggle them over my head. I knew that such a gesture was in line with our being atop the atomsmasher and indeed I felt as if I might do it; however I was still not thoroughly comfortable with the height.

In fact I finally had to sit, almost lie down, on the roof to ease my anxiety. Weinstein continued talking and spoke of the differences and significances of looking up at buildings from below and looking down from atop them. I told him I wasn't afraid of looking up, but I did have some problem with looking down.

Weinstein and I were walking along together in a park in which we had just arrived. It looked as if Weinstein and I were both just wearing a pair of cut off shorts and we didn't have on any shirts. We passed a row of perhaps 20 men and women (probably in their early 30s) who were jogging and seemed quite healthy. They were all wearing new clean shirts and tops. All their clothes had thick stripes on a white background, and each person's stripes seemed to be of a different color. Their clothes looked comfortable, and I somewhat wished I had some like them. But at the same time, I was unsure I would want to wear the same clothes everyone else was wearing and jog along in a group like that.

Nearby in a shallow pool were several elephants and sitting atop them were young black boys splashing water on the elephants and washing them. It looked like such an extremely pleasant thing to do, and of everything I had seen in New

York, I thought that was what I would most like to do: I would like to be sitting just as the young black boys were, atop the elephants. The boys appeared to be nude and I couldn't tell for sure if they were wearing shorts. I thought how good it would feel to be young and nude on the elephants, to feel my testes and my legs rubbing against the skin of the elephants. I wanted so much to join them.

While I was standing by a pool of water in the park, a large hippopotamus came to the edge and placed its mouth around the bottom part of my left leg. It wasn't clamping down and causing me any pain, but I realized the strength of its jaws was such that it could crush my leg if it wanted. So although I rather enjoyed having my leg in the hippo's mouth, I was quite apprehensive and wanted to remove it. When I called to Weinstein and pointed out my predicament, he seemed to think it peculiar, but he didn't seem alarmed.

As Weinstein and I walked on through the park, he began talking about my physique, "Collier, you're in the prime of your life."

He then became slightly critical, although not abrasive, about my not building up my body, and he seemed to want to compare my body with his, which was in excellent shape. I had lost some weight since the last time I had seen him, but I

had added little muscle to my body. He pointed at my stomach and said something about my pants just hanging on me. He then said something about a red line around my stomach and I noticed somewhat of a crease there.

I found Weinstein standing inside a small booth in the park, practicing what appeared to be some kind of exercise which I had never seen before. Hanging from the ceiling of the booth was a string which held a mirror about head-high. In the booth next to the one Weinstein was in was a similar arrangement, except the mirror in the next booth was perhaps 30 centimeters square while the one in Weinstein's booth was only about 15 centimeters square.

Weinstein seemed to be totally absorbed in practicing with the mirror. As well as I could tell, the exercise consisted simply of hitting the mirror in such a way that it would move as much as possible and still not be broken by the blow. Weinstein held what appeared to be small pieces of cardboard in his hands and hit the mirror with the cardboard. Obviously Weinstein had had considerable experience in practicing with the mirror and he seemed quite adept at making it twirl and move around without breaking. I was unsure I could actually see the practicality of what

he was doing, but I thought the exercise might help develop ability at martial defense.

A similar arrangement was in the booth left of Weinstein's, except that instead of a mirror, a green tennis ball was tied to the string. I thought hitting the tennis ball would be more to my liking and I decided to exercise with that. Before I began, however, I wanted Weinstein to try to hit the tennis ball. I turned to him and said, "OK now hit this ball."

He stepped into to the booth and the tennis ball was put in motion. Weinstein had difficulty hitting the ball; he could barely connect with the ball as it swung back and forth. Weinstein still had the small pieces of cardboard in his hands and he tried to hit the ball with them, but his swings lacked force and his motions seemed like those of a very small child. I said, "Is that the way you're going to hit it when you fight?"

I didn't think he really had the idea of what it meant to fight. I knew I would be fairly good at exercising with the ball. I thought part of my ability would derive from my having developed my awareness. I stepped up to the booth, prepared to begin hitting the ball and said, "OK, now watch this."

Dream of: 06 June 1987 "Artistic Stamps"

I had decided that instead of throwing away the old envelopes which I had received, I would paste new stamps over the old stamps and new address labels over the old addresses and reuse the envelopes. When I picked up one large manila envelope and prepared to paste some new stamps on it., I noticed that the envelope was one I had received from my good friend, Kim (a woman a few years younger than I whom I first met in Portsmouth, Ohio in 1977).

When I was ready to paste new stamps on the envelope, I began looking at the stamps which Kim had originally put on the envelope. There were five large stamps which were peculiar in a number of ways. First, they weren't in the upper right corner of the envelope, but were across the top of the envelope. Second, they were all upside down. And third, they were all markedly crooked, and not arranged in perpendicular order.

Obviously Kim had arranged the stamps that way for a reason, as if she had been trying to convey a message. The arrangement actually seemed rather artistic and the crookedness of the stamps gave them a sense of flow, while their being upside down attracted the eye to them.

The stamps were most interesting, however, because they all had pictures of beautiful paintings on them. At least two appeared to be by

Renoir and one by Pablo Picasso. One of the Renoir paintings showed the head of a woman wearing a black hat or bonnet. The background was a darkish red and the entire painting was rather dark. However, the face of the woman herself was brightly highlighted and gave the painting an overall cheerful feeling.

The second painting by Renoir seemed to be of five tall people walking on a beach. In a way the five people seemed to mirror the five stamps. It was a pleasant scene.

The painting by Picasso was very abstract and mostly blue in hue. It appeared to consist of many intertwining lines which formed the image of a woman. Some other faces of women also appeared to be on the side and bottom of the painting. It was an appealing painting.

After looking over the stamps, I actually hated to put new stamps over them. Finally, I decided I could paste the new stamps next to the old stamps; perhaps the final result would resemble a collage.

I began pasting near the Picasso stamp. I thought I could cover up some parts of the Picasso stamp with my new stamp; I even noticed Kim had already covered a small part of the Picasso stamp with a neighboring stamp. I didn't want to cover

the faces of the women which were at the bottom and top of the Picasso stamp.

My ex-wife Louise was sitting across from me and I was helping her by putting stamps on some old envelopes for her. I also had a law book in front of me and for some reason was pasting some stamps in the law book.

Louise began talking about a piece of real property which she was trying to buy in Germany as an investment. Apparently she had already sent a check to Germany for the property, but now she was concerned the seller was trying to renege on the deal. I asked her if she had had a written contract and she indicated she hadn't. When I asked her if she had received a written offer of the sale, she told me she had. I concluded that the written offer and the check constituted a valid contract and I thought she should be able to sue the seller if he didn't deliver the property to her. I said, "Sue him."

I figured she ought to be able to make \$25,000 if she sued. That ought to appease her.

While we had talked, I had pasted some stamps in the law book, but realized that I had put them on the page dealing with jurisdictions in Germany and that Louise might need to use that page. So I pulled the stamps back out; unfortunately some of the writing of the page also came off.

While pasting stamps, I had to pull some back off, thereby tearing some of them slightly. I tried to repair the damage.

I recalled having recently heard of a man who had sent a letter containing a bomb to his girlfriend, but the bomb had exploded at the post office and the man had afterwards been arrested and convicted in federal court. I wondered how any evidence against the man had been found if the letter had exploded and destroyed itself.

Dream of: 08 June 1987 "New Accommodations"

I had moved my meager possessions into a medium-sized room in a house or apartment building. I was contemplating living here, and I finally negotiated with the landlord. I agreed to stay for over 2 years.

When I was alone in the room, I lay back on the bed and looked up at the white ceiling. Although there was little attractive about the location of the building or about the room itself, I felt quite peaceful and content about the thought of living here. Even though I was still anxious to see more of the world, I would now have tremendous freedom and I would be able to use my time for writing.

Two years seemed like a long time to live here, but I figured it would probably take about two years before I would actually publish any of my writing. In the meantime, the most important thing was to use my freedom and direct my energies to writing.

I encountered Weinstein and told him about my new living quarters. It was my understanding that my room was located on the edge of New York City. Although I wasn't particularly interested in actually living in New York City, I did like the idea of having easy access to it.

Although I could go out one side of the house and reach New York City, what also attracted me about my location was that the other side was located next to the Gallia County Farm. I told Weinstein that my Cabin was back on top of the hill right behind where I was living and whenever I wanted, I could simply go up to the Cabin and have complete seclusion.

Since Weinstein lived nearby, I thought he might want to use the Cabin sometime and I offered it to him. I, however, wanted to make clear to him that the Cabin wasn't a place to have parties, but rather a sort of solitary retreat.

Weinstein was the only person I knew in New York City. I thought we would probably spend some

time together since I would be living nearby. But I didn't want him to feel obligated to spend time with me simply because I didn't know anyone else here and so I thought it would be better if we spent a measured amount of time with each other. Overall I had the feeling things were going to work out just fine.

Dream of: 08 June 1987 (2) "Going Trapping"

I was lying in the back of a pick-up truck on Symmes Creek Road near the Gallia County Farm. I was lying so I could hear some men talking outside the truck; but I couldn't see them and they couldn't see me. From their voices, I realized my step-grandfather Clarence, my father and Lynn (a Waco attorney) were among the men.

Since I still owed Lynn some money and had fallen behind on my payments, I really didn't want to see him. I did however, peek over the side of the truck and saw that Lynn's brother, Jeff Lynn, was also here. Since I also owed Jeff some money, I likewise wasn't anxious to see him.

I lay back down and listened more to the men. It seemed they were going to divide into two groups, and depart. Finally, just as one group was about to leave, I stood up and looked at the men.

One group men was sitting in another pickup truck. My father was driving that truck and Lynn

was also in that truck. The people in that group were going to go trapping. Although I wasn't particularly interested in trapping, I thought I might want to go with them anyway. I said hello to Lynn and although he seemed a bit surprised to see me here, he spoke to me. I could tell he was obviously disappointed that I had fallen behind in my payments to him.

I spoke with my father about my going with their group. But he seemed disinclined to have me go along and he thought I should stay with the other group. I sat back down in the bed of the truck and my father (with Lynn) drove off in the other truck.

Dream of: 10 June 1987 "Sensuous Kiss"

I was talking on the phone with my attorney friend Jon while a third fellow also seemed to be talking on the phone with Jon on a third line. I listened to them and they talked about Jon's having moved far out into the country away from everyone. The fellow said he might visit Jon and Jon asked him where he was. The fellow told Jon he was already right outside Jon's door. Apparently the fellow had a mobile phone and had already arrived at Jon's place. Jon hung up and told the fellow to come in.

I thought I would like to visit Jon myself. I was uncertain I would have time to go to his house today, but I did want to see where he lived.

I found myself sitting in the front room of Jon's house. No one else was here. The house was in a rustic area and appeared to be a new house made of either logs or hewn wood.

Sitting in the middle of the floor of the front room was a piece of machinery which appeared to be the motor of a car or some kind of vehicle. I looked the machinery over and began toying with what appeared to be a piston in the machine. Many pieces of the machine were off it and I considered putting it back together. I knew I wouldn't receive any type of remuneration or reward, other than the simple enjoyment of doing it and learning how to do it. But I thought I might do it anyway.

I was in the bedroom of the house sitting on the side of a bed talking to Eloise LaGrone who was also sitting on the bed. We had a fairly long discussion during which I told her I liked her very much and I liked being with her. I also explained to her that I didn't want to have any kind of physical relationship with her. She seemed to relish the idea and she seemed in accord with what I was saying. We seemed to have immediately established a rapport with each other.

When we had finished talking, however, I decided I wanted to kiss her before I left. I reached out to her and put my hands on each side of her face. She didn't seem at first to understand what I was doing, but then she understood. I pulled her face close to mine and we kissed. I was hesitant at first, especially since we had just had a long discussion about non-physical contact. However I still thought it would be all right.

My hands on her face and our lips on each others were the only parts of our bodies which touched. I was surprised by how well our lips fit together. Although our mouths were open, our tongues didn't touch. Nevertheless the kiss seemed sensuous and was quite pleasant. I enjoyed kissing her very much.

Dream of: 10 June 1987 (2) "Intolerable Rules"

I was planning to live in a house where my mother and my sister were living. I walked into the living room where my sister was, and we immediately had an argument concerning the television. My sister informed me that if I were going to live there, my mother had agreed with my sister that I would have to abide by the rules concerning the television which my sister had made. I found that to be intolerable and immediately decided that if

that were indeed the case, then I would be forced to move out.

My mother wasn't there at the moment; I would have to ask her about the matter as soon as she returned. In the meantime, I thought I could probably resolve the matter to some extent if I were simply to engage in some kind of physical sexual contact with my sister. For example I could put my arms around her and perhaps feel her breasts. But I immediately decided I didn't want to do that; if necessary, I would simply move out of the house.

My mother finally returned with my father. It quickly became evident that indeed I would have to abide by the rules if I continued living there. I informed them I couldn't do that, and began packing my things. I was upset, because I really had wanted to stay here. But at least I did have another place where I could go, because I had rented a room on the other side of town which I had been using occasionally when I was attending classes at a college. It wouldn't be as convenient for me to live in the room all the time, but it would still be satisfactory.

I left the house and began walking across town. Actually, after I finally knew I was going to move, I felt relieved; I would have much more freedom if I lived on my own. It might in some ways be

inconvenient and more expensive, but it was probably all for the best.

As I passed over a bridge I noticed some fellow walk up and jump off the edge. But he was just jumping to the ground near the edge of the bridge and appeared to simply be taking a shortcut.

I reached a restaurant where I decided to rest for a while. I walked in and looked over the large room. It appeared to be a rather luxurious place, and the people seemed to be dressed up. All the round tables were covered with pale green tablecloths; it looked as if a small vase with flowers was in the center of each table. Every table appeared to be occupied, but finally I saw an open one and walked toward it. Just as I placed some of the things I was carrying on the table, a woman walked up, pointed to some of her things which were sitting beside the table and said the table was hers. I gathered up my things and walked away.

Dream of: 12 June 1987 "Animal Eyes"

I was outside a place which reminded me of a fair grounds. A number of large white buildings were in the fairgrounds and I knew some activity was taking place inside. Since I thought there was no admission price, I walked into the back door of one of the buildings. I moved through some wide hallways until I came to the entrance of what

appeared to be an inside arena. I looked inside and saw some simulated ceremonies taking place. At that moment it appeared that a mock wedding was in process and everyone inside was dressed for a wedding.

I walked on through the halls. I felt somewhat uncomfortable because I was wearing a white tee shirt instead of a shirt. I knew it was permitted to be dressed in only a tee shirt, but I still didn't feel right.

I soon came across a mock funeral procession winding through the hall. Everyone was dressed in black and the scene was impressive.

The building I was in seemed somewhat like part of a shopping mall. I walked into a store which sold eyeglasses arranged in counters all over the store. A woman stepped up to assist me and began showing me some eyeglasses. Actually I was interested in buying some contact lenses. My own eyeglasses had broken. Apparently this had been the same store in which I had bought my last pair of glasses and the woman said I wouldn't have to have my eyes checked again but I could use the old prescription.

She brought out a magazine with some pictures of wild animals in it and showed me their eyes. Apparently my eyes would somehow resemble the eyes of the animals after I had new lenses.

But when I told the woman I wanted contact lenses instead of eyeglasses, she informed me that they didn't sell contact lenses here. So it looked as if I weren't going to be able to buy anything in the store.

I was in a building with white walls which seemed like part of a college. I saw a fellow I knew going through the halls and I hollered at him. But he didn't turn around and he continued up some stairs. I followed him, finally overtook him at the top of the stairs and got his attention. But I then realized he was trying to avoid me and he didn't want to talk with me. I just let him walk on and I felt a bit miffed about his attitude.

I was in the halls of the college building and encountered another fellow I knew. I was carrying a recent issue of Playboy magazine in my hand and I had flipped through it to the fold out, but I didn't open the fold out. I really didn't want the other fellow to know I had the Playboy and I folded it in two so he might not notice. But then I saw that he likewise had a Playboy he was looking at. He had opened his copy to the fold out and I could see the head of the blonde model before he closed it.

We began talking about finding jobs. He told me about a job in Atlanta, Georgia which involved working for a law professor in a college. It sounded somewhat interesting and I thought I might apply. Apparently I would have to work 30 hours a week and then also help devise a system for grading papers.

I thought it might be interesting to read law cases again, such as cases on contracts from various states.

The more I thought about the job, the more it seemed to involve acting. I likewise thought that would be interesting.

Dream of: 13 June 1987 "Camera Lesson"

I had come to visit Jon and Cathy at their mobile home. They both seemed surprised to see me, mainly because it was about 6:30 a.m. But they were friendly and after I sat down at the kitchen table, Jon gave me a plate of vegetables to eat. I had been thinking of moving in a house close to Jon and I realized if I did so, I would probably often be dropping in on Jon like this.

Someone else was at the door. I answered it and found standing there a man and woman (probably in their 50s). They walked in and sat down. I thought they were Cathy's parents, but I was unsure until I begin talking with them. I

remembered that I had met Cathy's parents once before. Although the woman looked like Cathy's mother, the man looked different. But after I talked with them a while, I realized the woman was actually Cathy's mother, the woman I had met before. Cathy's father, however, had died, and this man was apparently the new husband of Cathy's mother.

I was beginning to feel slightly uncomfortable because I figured I was intruding on the family. Plus I finally realized it was Sunday morning and that the family seemed to be dressed to go to church together. Jon seemed to sense my discomfort and he reminded me that he didn't go to church. Jon was standing on the other side of the room and didn't have a shirt on. He didn't seem as muscular as he used to and his chest seemed a bit flat.

A television was on in the room and a soap opera was playing. I watched it a while and then asked Cathy if the soap opera played on Sundays now.

She said that it played seven days a week. I thought about how difficult that must sometimes be for the actors. It appeared that Cathy was a fan of this particular soap opera.

Finally Jon put on a clean, button-up shirt and he and the man walked outside to work on something.

I remained seated at the kitchen table, and

became intrigued with a small, black kitten playing with my hand on the kitchen table. With its two front paws the kitten grabbed the index finger of my right hand and held it firmly. It didn't use its claws, so there was no pain for me. But I was amazed at just how much strength the little kitten seemed to have in its paws.

A second, larger, black cat jumped on the table and also wanted to play. Then the larger cat jumped off the table and began playfully attacking my feet.

Since I knew Jon was outside working on something, I finally decided to go out and help him and I walked out. The mobile home was sitting next to a busy road. Across the road, Jon had a large semi-truck and trailer along the side of the road which he was trying to do something with. He also had a large dump truck which he had left sitting unattended in the middle of the road. I walked over to the dump truck, thinking I might be able to move it out of the road. The door of the dump truck was open, but I didn't get inside. Instead I began pushing it. I saw cars coming toward me, but another man was there directing traffic. Nevertheless it was obviously very dangerous for the truck to just be in the middle of the road like that. I began pushing the dump truck out of the road.

I was in my car pulling on to a highway to head back to Dallas. But after I had turned right and pulled onto the highway, I realized I was going the wrong way on a one-way road and that cars were headed toward me. I was about to back up, but then noticed a small truck and a semi-truck had followed me onto the road and were likewise going in the wrong direction. Finally, however, I turned around and headed in the right direction. The drivers of the two trucks looked perplexed and I wondered if they were angry at me.

I was in some kind of department store and a man (probably in his late 20s) was giving a talk about cameras. Apparently he was offering free lessons in picture-taking to people. An older man stepped up, answered some questions and was told he had won a free lesson. The two men then walked to the front of the store to arrange the final details.

The younger man then returned and I decided I would try to answer the questions so that I might win a free picture-taking lesson. I quickly realized the man was keeping track of my answers and that I must make a score of at least 50 before I would win the free lessons. He asked me several questions and I quickly realized just how little I knew about cameras. Although I tried to answer

the questions as well as I could, I realized I wasn't doing so well. But it seemed the man wanted me to make a score over 50 and he seemed to be manipulating the score somewhat.

Finally he reached the last question and he asked me about taking pictures in the "ombre." I figured "ombre" meant shadow, but I was still uncertain how to answer. He gave me a hint and he asked me something about whether it was dark out when it was raining around Halloween. I quickly said that when it was cloudy, it was darker. I realized my answer was rather simplistic, but he seemed satisfied with it and he began making some calculations on his paper. Finally he finished and asked me to walk to the front of the store with him.

We reached a counter and he asked me a few more questions. But I had a difficult time understanding him because he seemed to be speaking some kind of difficult slang. I wondered if he was from New York. He wanted to know where I lived and I told him Dallas, although I had written Portsmouth on the form he had been using. I tried to explain to him that I used to live in Portsmouth, Ohio but now lived in Dallas, Texas.

He walked behind the counter and gave his calculations to another store clerk, who then told me it would cost \$10 for my camera lesson.

Although I had somewhat suspected that

something like that was going to occur, I acted surprised and indignant. I began complaining about the signs in the back of the store advertising a "free" camera lesson.

The original fellow walked back out to the counter and I poked my finger into his bare arm. But the second man looked at me threateningly. I began saying that I was going to go back and tell all the other people waiting to take the camera test that the whole thing was a fraud and that it wasn't free at all. I headed back to the back of the store and the original fellow began walking beside me.

Dream of: 14 June 1987 "Construction Project"

I was sitting in the House in Patriot, Ohio (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child) and waiting for my father and my mother to return. I wanted to go upstairs and go to sleep, but I thought my father and my mother first needed to give me a key to the room upstairs. Finally, just as they returned, I realized the door upstairs wasn't even locked. Although I didn't need the key, my father tossed it to me anyway. I had waited a long time and I had become extremely tired. I was anxious to go upstairs to sleep.

While I was sitting downstairs, the phone rang and I picked it up. On the other end was a man who

was a welder and who was apparently a contractor for a large construction project owned by my father. A large building was in the process of being built and the man wanted to know if he should begin welding some of the girders on the corners of the building.

My father wasn't there at the moment and I realized he had left me partially in charge of the construction project. My sister was also partially in charge. I was unsure what to tell the man and tried to obtain some more information from him.

In my hand I had a small metal rod bent in the shape of an "L." I asked the man if he planned to put similar L-shaped rods on the corners of the girders in special grooves designed for them. He informed me he planned to do so. It was almost noon and the man wanted to get started with the work.

It seemed to me that my sister had entered the House and I hollered out, "Linda! Linda! Linda!"

Finally I heard her in another part of the House.

She answered and I heard her coming. She entered the room and I explained to her who I was talking to. As we talked I had a mental image of the construction project. Next to it I noticed some large oak trees which had had all the leaves cut off.

As my sister and I talked, I realized she had already spoken with the man, and she had decided not to have him begin doing the welding. I wanted to know why, but she didn't have a good reason. I explained to her that if we didn't have the work done, then the project was going to sit idle, and that would cost much money.

My sister (probably in her late 20s) seemed rather business-like. Although she seemed more prepared than usual to accept responsibility, she still didn't want to have the man begin the work. Still she didn't have a good reason why.

If I wanted to, I had the authority to tell the man to do the work, regardless of what my sister said. I said to my sister, "Well, I'm going to talk to this man a minute."

I began talking again on the phone. I told the man we hadn't yet decided. He told me that he was in a hurry and that he had to go eat. I said, "Well, wait just two minutes."

I put him on hold. I returned to my sister and once again told her I thought we should have the man begin work. I explained my reasons, but she still didn't think we should do it, although she didn't have much to say about it.

I decided I was going to tell the man to begin work. But before I picked the phone back up, I

realized that indeed there were some matters concerning the work which weren't clear to me. For example, how much was it going to cost? I was unsure if a contract had actually been written. Several other details were unclear to me. Although I was ready to have the work begin, I began thinking that I needed to first find out the answers to several questions, if I were going to become involved in the matter.

Dream of: 15 June 1987 "Talance"

I was looking at a blonde woman (probably in her late 30s) lying on her back on a couch or bed, dressed in a long beige dress that clung to and highly accentuated her shapely body, especially her large firm breasts. I wanted to have physical sexual contact with the woman, but I hesitated because I realized I was her son. Finally, however, I perceived she wouldn't stop me if I initiated the contact, and I lay down beside her.

Almost immediately I began feeling her breasts, the pleasure of which met all my expectations. She seemed as eager as I to have sex, and I didn't restrain myself. The pleasure was extremely intense. I moved my right hand down between her legs and tried to move my hand under her dress.

I was looking at a newspaper picture of a man whom I thought I knew, but whom I couldn't precisely identify. I felt as if the man had been present when I had been with the woman, and I would like to know who he was. Gradually it occurred to me the man was Herrera (a Dallas attorney). About the same time, I also realized the episode with the woman had actually been a dream. And it occurred to me that Herrera had actually been present while I had been with the woman.

The idea of Herrera's being in my dream about the woman was rather disturbing. I had been developing the practice of showing people my dreams in which they appeared. Recently I had checked my index of people in dreams and had seen Herrera had never appeared in any of my dreams, although his wife, Boley, (also a Dallas attorney) had appeared in several. If I showed this particular dream to Herrera, it would be the first time he would have ever read one of my dreams.

I was hesitant to do that because of the context of the dream. I was quite uncertain how Herrera would react to, and interpret, my having sexual contact with the woman when I had been her son. And I was uncertain why Herrera had even been there in the first place. He might even think some veiled meaning was in the dream and he might somehow connect the woman to his wife, Boley. I

felt quite uncomfortable about the prospect of showing him the dream.

I was in the process of moving to a new city which I identified as Cincinnati, but which I continually thought of as New York. I had just finished paying the rent for living accommodations in one section of the city and I boarded a car being driven by a fellow who was my companion.

As we drove away I thought about what I would be doing in Cincinnati. Basically, I thought that I would probably be living there about two years and that my primary goal during that time was to write. However I was also going to practice law to support myself. I realized I wasn't actually licensed to practice law in Ohio and it would be another year before I could be admitted to the Ohio bar, simply based upon the number of years I had practiced law in Texas. Yet I was thinking I might begin practicing law anyway. I knew it would be a crime to do so, but I thought if I watched myself, the chances of my being caught were slim.

I realized there would be some areas of law with which I wouldn't be familiar in Ohio. For example, I knew that in marital property law in Ohio there was a concept known as "courtesy" which had something to do with the woman's share of the

marital property. But the concept didn't exist in Texas law, and I was unsure of its meaning. But I thought that probably wouldn't surprise anyone.

For example if another lawyer in Texas were unable to tell me the time limit of the Texas Speedy Trial Act, I wouldn't think it peculiar, even though it was an area studied in law school. I thought I should be able to pass as an Ohio lawyer without much difficulty.

I knew my father was going to be glad that I was living in Ohio and it would relieve my mind somewhat to know that.

I thought about Weinstein and how he had once lived in Cincinnati. Our situation seemed similar in some ways. Like he, I would probably only stay in Cincinnati a couple years. The main difference was that he had been there so many years ago and I was there now. I might give him a call and talk with him about it.

I realized Cincinnati was quite a bustling city. It seemed vigorous, lively and growing. Although I had visions of part of the city lying sprawled along the banks of the Ohio River, I still visualized large portions which reminded me of New York City. In fact, I had one section of the city in mind, which seemed like a part of New York City I had once visited in a dream.

In the dream I remembered going to that section of New York and renting living accommodations. It had been rather challenging and intimidating to move to New York, but in the dream I had managed to do so. Now I thought that particular part of the city existed right there in Cincinnati and I wanted to go there. That was the section of the city where I would like to live. It seemed so much more interesting and full of possibilities.

I realized I had already rented other living accommodations in the other part of town, but I began to think I actually had a certain degree of power to change the past. For example, so that I wouldn't lose any money, I would arrange it so I hadn't actually given a down payment on the place I had just rented. Thus if I broke the contract, the only recourse the landlord would have would be to sue me. And I was scarcely worried about being sued since I had hardly anything that someone could take.

Yes, I was sure I wanted to live in that other section of town and I spurred my driver on to head there. I was sure there must be a large area of the city which we hadn't even seen yet.

I was looking in the yellow pages of a phone book. I noticed a listing for the word "Feckless." A rather long definition of the word followed and it

appeared to be a rather curious entry to find in a phone book. On the same page I saw another listing which appeared to have something to do with talent shows sponsored by the state of Ohio.

In the listing I saw the word "talance" and I wondered about this peculiar spelling of the word "talent" and I wondered from what language it came.

My driver had parked the car in the lot of a small store. We were still under way to the other section of town, but I felt as if there was something I needed to do in the road. I took a pick, walked out into the middle of the street and begin picking at the road. The top of the road was covered with several centimeters of recently laid black-top. It appeared to be hard tar and gravel mixed together. I picked at it until I had gone down four or five centimeters and had picked out the area about the size of a dish. There I saw what appeared to be the wrapper of a Nestle Crunch candy bar.

What exactly was I doing? I was suddenly uncertain just why I was out there picking a hole in the road. I no longer saw any need to do so and I rushed back to the car. I climbed in and told my driver to drive off. He asked me if I had repaired the hole I had made and I told him not to worry about it. He drove to the corner.

A car pulled out behind us and it looked as if the man in it was wearing a police uniform. I pointed out the fact to my driver and he agreed. I thought I might be in trouble for picking at the road. But nothing happened.

We turned the corner and I immediately noticed we were in the country. How did that happen? We were just in the city. It was quite scenic and lush green fields spread out all around us. But I really didn't have time for the view. I was in a hurry to find the section of the city I was searching for and I told my driver to head back to the city, which I thought must be nearby.

Dream of: 16 June 1987 "Silent Movie"

I was at a home which Jon had built and which apparently wasn't completely finished. He showed me part of the small house and I inferred that I had been planning to live in that section. It *did* seem comfortable. The furnace for the entire house was in my section and it appeared that the house would be warm in the winter. I had been thinking I might not move in the house, but that it would still be a nice place to visit, even if only for a couple months each year. If I ever adopted some children, they would like to have someplace like this where they could visit.

My mother and I were in the living room of a house which reminded me of the House in Patriot. She had bought something for my sister and began showing it to me. It was the skin of an animal which she called an aardvark. She seemed quite pleased with her purchase and began describing how she had bargained for it. She even indicated that the man she had bought it from had implied that she could trade some sex for part of the price, but it was unclear whether she had done that.

I quickly began expressing my disapproval of her having bought the skin. I pointed out that the animal was an endangered species and that it was precisely because of people like her that the animal might become extinct. She wrapped the skin around her neck so it hung on her back. She seemed unremorseful about my arguments and I realized I was probably just wasting my breath with her.

A young black-haired woman (probably in her mid 20s) was standing alone in an opulent bedroom. She was slender and very attractive. She lit a candle and set it on a dresser. The candle was near a vase of dry, ornamental flowers and the flame from the candle suddenly ignited one of the dried plants. In an instant all the plants began

burning and the fire quickly spread to a nearby curtain.

The woman noticed the fire, raised one arm to her forehead and appeared to be about to lose consciousness. As she was about to fall over backward, a man rushed from the shadows and she fell into his arms.

The man had black hair, was rather stocky and probably in his 40s, although his age was difficult to decipher. He was dressed in a dark suit, white shirt and tie. He appeared to be a man of wealth and means, yet at the same time had a demented air about him and seemed somewhat sinister. One had the impression that his affection for the woman had driven him to a sort of madness.

The entire scene had the air of a silent movie made perhaps in the late 1920s. When the man picked up the woman, he was shown standing with her in his arms in front of the fire in the background. One of his cheeks seemed to have something black smeared on it as if to highlight the smoke of the fire. He had a wild look in his eyes as if at last he had the object of his desires in his arms and would try to find a place where he could keep her. One also had the impression that the man was married and that he must not let his wife know of the woman.

The man was quite strong and was able to hold the woman in the air upside down with one arm under her knees. She was wearing a beige dress which clung to her long, shapely legs. He scanned the room with his eyes and then headed toward a door. He passed through it and headed down some stairs. At the bottom of the stairs he passed through another door which appeared to lead to a maze of rooms. It appeared he intended to find a place there to hide the woman.

As I was watching the man carry the woman along, for some reason I began thinking of some of my early relationships and both Sussie and Denise (two Portsmouth girls with whom I had short relationships when we were teenagers) crossed my mind. I wondered how the years had affected and changed both of them. I suspected Denise might have become somewhat worn out with the years. But I remembered I had recently seen Sussie and had particularly remarked how she had seemed to have retained her youth and after so many years hadn't appeared to have lost her vitality.

Dream of: 18 June 1987 "Kozetzo"

Peter Lamborghini (a member of the Dallas Zen Center) and I were talking about the fact that four people were now sitting in the zendo of the Zen Center in the mornings. Lamborghini said this was

the strongest the Zen Center had ever been. I pointed out that there had been times in the past when four people had sat in the zendo in the mornings, but Lamborghini said that the Zen Center was still not as strong before as it was now. He then mentioned that one fellow who used to sit in the zendo was studying tremendous amounts of "kozetzo" and apparently the fellow's interest in "kozetzo" had detracted from his concentration in zen. I realized I was able to concentrate on zen because it was one of my primary interests.

A bearded fellow who vaguely reminded me of a Dallas acquaintance named Gary Bush walked into the room and sat down in a chair facing a young woman seated across from him. As the two stared at each other, the fellow seemed to be gradually sinking down farther and farther in his seat and as he sank, he began whispering the name of the young woman over and over.

A woman who had been listening to the fellow walked out onto a balcony above them and hollered out, "Be still."

The young woman stood up, looked at the woman on the balcony and said, "Oh mother."

I was very surprised to hear the young woman call the woman "mother" since I had had no idea that the woman on the balcony was the mother of the

young woman. I had thought another woman was the young woman's mother. The woman on the balcony and the young woman began talking with each other and I slowly realized the fellow with the beard was actually the brother of the young woman, a fact which seemed particularly odd to me.

Dream of: 18 June 1987 (2) "Strawberries And Bananas"

I had walked into what appeared to be a soda fountain. The room was long and narrow with a bar and stools along one side and counters along the other side. I was feeling quite good about myself, principally because I felt as if my first book of dreams was proceeding well and as if I might be able to have it published. I even considered doing some handsprings there in the room.

A woman working there reminded me of Amy (an acquaintance I had known many years earlier in Columbus). I was definitely attracted to her. She had soft skin and was dressed in white. I could imagine what it would be like to kiss her soft neck; but I could tell she didn't share my feelings; she maintained a cool distance between us. Her attitude didn't bother me and seemed more than anything to present an interesting challenge. I felt quite confident I could win her affection if I

pursued it. But actually it seemed as if I had better things to do.

I walked up to the front of the store and stood by a counter where a fellow who somewhat reminded me of Walls was working as a waiter. He took a large red strawberry from a big bowl of strawberries sitting on the counter, dipped it in some white whipped cream and put it on a napkin. He gave it to me and told me to give it to Louise.

I walked back along the counter and began thinking I would actually like to have a bowl of strawberries and whipped cream for myself. The prices here were very high, but I figured I could afford it. Even if a bowl of strawberries cost \$5, I still felt like getting it.

So I walked back up toward the counter where the bowl of strawberries was sitting. My sister was also working as a waitress here. I imagined she would think it extravagant for me to spend \$5 for a bowl of strawberries, especially since she probably only made \$4-\$5 an hour. It would take her over an hour to make enough money to just buy one bowl.

The strawberries were sitting in a large bowl in front of me. They were covered with whipped cream and looked delicious. I tried to get a woman behind the counter to wait on me, but she was busy at the moment. I was momentarily distracted,

and when I looked back at the counter, I noticed some bananas in a clear glass bowl. Some browning banana peels were also in the bowl. On the side of the bowl was smeared some brown caramel; I realized the bananas must be put on sticks and then caramel smeared on them.

The price of a banana stick with caramel was only \$1.70. I began thinking a caramel banana would be just as good as strawberries and I thought I would probably order a banana instead of strawberries.

The scene of the soda fountain was still before me, but my perspective had radically changed. I seemed to be watching the action as on a movie screen. A plot had developed concerning a woman working in the soda fountain. Apparently someone had been spying on her. A man who resembled Sean Connery walked in and told her she needed to call someone. But since her phones were tapped, she needed to route the call through several other phones. So she was first going to call a public phone nearby, and from that phone she would be able to go through several other phones to reach her final destination.

The scene shifted to a room where the calls of the woman were being monitored. A person who resembled Jack Nicholson was in the room with the monitoring device. He received instructions

from his superior that the crucial time had now arrived to monitor the woman's calls and he turned on a very peculiar machine.

The machine consisted of an apparatus which had at its center a ball, which looked like a ping pong ball suspended in mid-air. Once the machine received the command, the ball began slowly turning and moving; it was apparent the movements related to the monitoring of the woman's phone call. Evidently, every phone in the city had been incorporated into the monitoring system; no matter which phones the woman went through and no matter how many different ones she used, the machine would be able to follow her.

Suddenly the door was bashed opened and Sean Connery entered riding a tractor-like battering machine. At the front of the machine, instead of a battering ram, were some long menacing-looking rods of red hot metal. Connery quickly maneuvered the machine toward Nicholson, who was completely taken by surprise, and brought the red-hot rods close to Nicholson's face. Connery forced Nicholson into a corner, and Connery raised an ax over his head. Just as it looked as if Nicholson were going to make a desperate attempt to defend himself with some device there, Connery says, "Don't do it, Bond. I'll disrespect you."

Dream of: 20 June 1987 "Unsafe Ski Lift"

I was somewhere in Europe and I had met a man (probably in his late 40s) operating a ski lift. I could see the cable of the lift stretching to the top of a high mountain. It seemed that the man was competent and knew what he was doing, so I had decided to ride the lift to the top of the mountain. I boarded one of the small cable cars, he boarded the one in front of me and we took off.

We had barely started when the car made a quick jerk forward and I slipped back from my seat. All I had to hold on to was a loose bar across my lap which was not securely holding me in. Since the car had no top on it, I was completely exposed to the outside and in danger of falling out. The ascent seemed to become almost vertical and I was indeed worried that I was going to tumble out. I couldn't seem to find anything to hold on to tightly.

I knew we were already extremely high and that if I fell I would surely die. I was afraid to look down, because I thought that would make me even more nervous and perhaps cause me to lose my balance and lose what little hold I had. Instead I looked straight up into the blue sky. But that also made me nervous and finally I simply held my eyes shut.

We traveled on and on and finally we stopped. I could hardly believe it, but we had reached the

top. I was quite upset with the man, but I didn't say anything to him. I was wondering how I was going to get back down to the bottom of the mountain since I certainly didn't want to ride in the ski lift again.

When I got off the ski lift, I found myself in a large building which was apparently a hotel or ski lodge. It was quite crowded with people. I quickly met a fellow with a black beard who had a woman with him. We began talking in German and I told him about the harrowing experience I had just lived through. I couldn't think of the German word for "seat belt" and so I just said it in English. He soon began speaking English with me and he seemed to speak it perfectly.

He explained that all over Europe the same problem existed with the ski lifts. In fact he told me that virtually every mountain in Europe was served by ski lifts, and that many were unsafe. The woman told me that people often fell out from them, but they do not always die, because they sometimes fell into snow banks on the mountains. I was quite appalled that such unsafe ski lifts were allowed to operate.

Dream of: 20 June 1987 (2) "Wild Girl"

I had gone to the country and had arrived at a farm. I had come to see about a horse and a girl. The girl (about 17 years old) had black hair. I had

left her here when she had been just a small baby and she had grown up here. I talked with someone and I learned that the girl was quite wild and difficult to communicate with.

I saw her go riding past on the horse. She and the horse seemed to go quite well together and she appeared to have a masterful control. She appeared not to want to see me, however, and she galloped away. I couldn't tell for sure, but it looked as if she might be nude.

I followed her and she and the horse jumped into creek. I stood on the edge of the bank while she was in the creek. Only her head was above water. I began talking with her. I thought she had had almost no education and I was unsure she could even talk, but she quickly let me know that she could talk. In fact she had even learned some German and she began saying some things to me in German.

I liked the girl very much. I wanted to take her with me, but I was unsure she was going to be willing. However as we talked, I had the feeling she might accept me.

Dream of: 20 June 1987 (3) "Rented Car"

I was in Europe traveling around in a rented Hertz car. I had been staying in a rented room in a town for several days. I was just returning to the

building where I had been staying when I noticed another car was pulled up next to my car and someone seemed to have connected jumper cables from my battery to the battery in the other car. I walked over to find out what was going on and I quickly learned the man with the other car was from Hertz. I had kept the car longer than I should have and I hadn't yet paid my bill, so he had come to take the car.

That was a bit upsetting. I wondered how he had known where I was. But what bothered me most was that I had quite a few possessions in the trunk of the car and I didn't want to see them taken off with the car. The man and I began talking and finally he agreed that I could keep the car for two more days. I was relieved and I decided I could take my possessions up to the room where I was presently staying.

I began unloading my things and while I did so, I noticed the landlord of the place where I was staying had come out and was talking with the Hertz man. I wasn't very pleased at that because I was afraid the landlord would get the idea that I didn't pay my bills and he wouldn't trust me.

I continued unloading. I had a tent in the trunk and the stakes to go with it which I unloaded. The two men picked up a Frisbee which I also had with me and the began throwing it back and forth to

each other. I watched the Frisbee sail through the air several times. But neither man seemed to know how to use it well and I finally decided to show them how to throw it. But I saw that one of the men did know how, he was just not good at it. I threw the Frisbee a couple times, but my throws weren't very good either.

Dream of: 23 June 1987 "Lifeless Figures"

I was in a forest with three other people. Two of them raced on ahead and left me with a boy (probably in his late teens). The boy and I tried to catch up, and in the process the boy fell down a couple times. I helped him back up each time and I began to become concerned he might injure himself.

As we started to follow the other two up the side of a woody hill, once again the boy fell down. I helped him to his feet and I tried to persuade him to slow down so he wouldn't hurt himself. He began pushing a large sawed-off piece of log and at first I thought he was going to listen to me, but then he appeared to enter into a trance-like state and he said he had to reach the others because he had "seen a message written on the top of white water."

I believed he had had a clairvoyant vision and I trusted he did have an important message to give the other two. We began hastening up the steep

hillside, which seemed to have steps almost as if it were in a house. When we reached the top, I was surprised to find we were in the upstairs of a large abandoned house. We walked through large empty rooms, and finally turned a corner to one room. A raspy, female voice intoned, "Come in here boys."

I immediately became alarmed and with a jolt I realized I was dreaming. I knew my fear had caused me to become lucid and I stood perplexed, looking over the scene in front of me trying to decide exactly what to do.

I was beginning to realize lucidity was actually quite different than I used to think. The dream scene was still spread out in front of me, but I actually did feel awake. Maintaining the dream was somewhat of a strain and I thought simply awakening completely would be so easy. I realized my trying to remember everything was part of the difficulty. I decided to continue with the dream, but not to try to strain myself to remember every detail, because there was really too much.

I cast my eye about the room and it appeared several people were standing or sitting in the room. But it was a rather eerie scene and all the figures appeared to be lifeless. There was no movement. I noticed one fellow in particular who reminded me of someone I had recently seen

somewhere. He had short hair and was wearing glasses.

I also noticed several objects in the room, but nothing fixed firmly in my mind. I realized I was actually unsure what to do with my lucidity. I thought it could be used for something, but I felt tired and didn't know exactly what to do. I was unprepared to control the dream. Finally I decided to simply awaken. I did think it had been a significant dream and I wanted to write it down.

Dream of: 30 June 1987 "Fire Under The Bed"

I had walked into a Seven Eleven store, but I wasn't quite sure what I wanted to buy. I wandered back to a room behind the main room and looked around. I noticed a rack with some baseball cards on it. Some cards were singles which looked several years old. The rack couldn't be easily seen from the cash register and I thought it would be very simple for someone to simply stick some of the cards in his pocket. I even thought about what it would be like if I would do such a thing. I wasn't really interested in stealing the cards, but I thought it would be challenging just to see if I could get away with it.

Of course I didn't steal the cards and I walked up toward the counter to the other room. I now noticed a large convex mirror on the wall through which the attendant could see into the back room.

However it still appeared to me that the area around where the baseball cards were would be difficult to see and that it would still be relatively easy to steal some.

I looked around the store, and realizing it was such a hot day, I decided I would like to have something cold, like ice cream. However I felt as if I shouldn't be eating ice cream and I could practically feel myself gaining weight around my stomach if I did eat it.

I noticed the ice cream freezer was located right in front of the cash register. It appeared it had recently been put there, and I thought it was a good idea, because some of the coolness of the freezer would drift onto the store attendant and help keep him cool.

I looked into the freezer at the various kinds of ice cream. I saw ice cream bars covered with chocolate and nuts. I also saw some cones with the tops covered with chocolate and nuts. Finally I decided on the bar and pulled one out of the box. I picked off a piece of chocolate from one bar and put it in my mouth. It tasted quite good. I saw a couple bars on the floor and put them back into the freezer so they wouldn't melt.

I walked up to the counter and began eating the bar. A woman (probably in her 40s) was sitting at the counter and I began talking with her. I soon

realized she was working on a computer. As we talked, the discussion turned to my dreams. She apparently had read some of my dreams, but her comments about them seemed contradictory. She said she loved to read the dreams, but she seemed to think the content was deplorable.

I was quite puzzled as to how she had been reading my dreams in the first place. Finally I realized she used to clean the room where I used to live across the street. Apparently she had read some of the dreams while she had been cleaning there. In fact, I had the feeling that even now as she was working on the computer she was typing up some of my dreams.

My attention gradually focused on another person in the store -- a woman (about 30 years old). She talked with the woman attendant and they seemed close. In fact they at times put their arms around each other. All the while, the woman attendant continued talking about my dreams. I somehow got the impression the younger woman would like to know more about my dreams. Finally I said to them, "Are you two related?"

The older woman mumbled an answer, but I was still unsure what she said. It did however appear the younger woman's name was Jean.

Jean rapidly approached me and engaged me in conversation. She was slightly overweight, but still

quite attractive. Without much warning she drew up next to me and put her arms around me. She uttered, "You looked kind of lonesome."

Without further ado she began kissing me. It had been a very long time since I had kissed a woman and I felt somewhat awkward. Nevertheless I embraced Jean and the feeling was not unpleasant. Actually I was struggling with myself not to let it become pleasant, because I felt as if I didn't want to let myself engage in physical, especially sexual, contact with her.

She raised one of her legs up and pressed it against my penis. It felt a bit painful at first because she seemed to be pressing too hard against my testes. But I realized it had simply been a long time since I had had a woman press against my penis and I had lost my familiarity with the pleasantness of the sensation. But I gradually began to notice the pleasure.

However I was concerned about kissing her because I was uncertain whether AIDS could be transmitted through saliva. Obviously I couldn't have sex with the woman because of the danger of AIDS, and I wondered whether I should stop the kiss, even though it was pleasurable to feel a woman's lips.

The woman was obviously interested in continuing our encounter. She uttered, "If you've got a fire under your bed, I've got a fire under mine."

I realized I must quickly make a decision whether I wanted to have sex with her. I would like to, but I was sure I wouldn't.

Dream of: 01 July 1987 "Fall From A Horse"

I was sitting behind my brother Chris on a large horse which we were riding on a city street. Suddenly the horse jumped over something and I felt myself falling off. As I hit the ground, fearing that afraid Chris was also going to fall, I hollered to him to hang on. I watched as he continued down the road precariously hanging on to the horse.

When I finally raised myself up and followed after Chris, I saw that while he was passing a line of cars, he fell off the horse onto the hood of a large blue car. I hastened over to him and began taking him off the car. He appeared to be uninjured, but due to his muscular dystrophy, he was unable to help himself. As I took him from the car, I noticed a man sitting in the passenger seat of the front seat, but I didn't see anyone driving the car.

I then noticed the car directly in front of the blue car was turned around sideways and had been wrecked on the side. I asked Chris if he and the

horse were responsible for the wreck and he said they were. I realized we were definitely going to have troubles now.

After I had taken Chris from the car, the car suddenly began backing up, turned around and headed in the other direction. Two men were now in the car and one was driving. I thought I needed to know who was in the car and I tried to get the number of the license plates as the car drove away. But the left side of the plates was covered. It looked as if there were two letters on the right side. The first looked like an upside-down "L" and the second looks like an upside-down "J" turned around backwards.

Dream of: 02 July 1987 "Upanuhanyshads"

It suddenly occurred to me that I needed to begin planning to go to another country to practice law, that I needed to be working in international law. I began thinking about all the different aspects of American law which I needed to know to be able to practice law abroad. I realized that to find a job abroad, I first needed a lawyer to work for me. I talked to a couple lawyers I knew about the subject, but neither was willing to work for me. I became somewhat angry. But then I realized there was no need to become angry, because they simply didn't know what to do in those areas of the

law. Actually I didn't need an American lawyer, but a foreign lawyer to help me.

As I was standing talking to one American lawyer about the subject I finally explained, "There's no need for me to be angry. I'm just going to have to go get a foreign lawyer."

I went rushing into a room where some people were sitting. Someone had just told me a word and with a pencil, I wrote the word down on the top of a table. The word I write was, "Upanuhanyshads."

I figured the word had something to do with the Upanishads and some other Indian epic. The word was a combination of words, the way it often happened in dreams.

A thin, very attractive woman was sitting there watching me. She seemed like someone I had met before. Actually I was sure that we knew each other and that we were forming a strong romantic bond between us. We began talking and I learned she was a law student. We talked of the possibility of her working for me to help me find out some things about foreign law. She began talking about what she could do and I said, "Well the first thing I want to know is how much you're going to charge me for this."

She says it would be \$150 an hour. I told her there was no way I was going to pay that much. She kept talking until she finally said it would be \$30

an hour. When she said that, her eyes appeared rather misty, as if she was moved by the fact that she was going to be working for me and that I knew she was worth that much money. I said, "Thirty dollars an hour? That's what I make."

She said, "Oh no, baby, that's what I make."

We then engaged in an absolutely beautiful kiss. I felt as if we were really communicating when we kissed. We seemed to be understanding each other.

Dream of: 02 July 1987 (2) "Rays Of Light"

I was sitting beside a phone. It rang, I picked it up and a woman on the other end wanted to know if I could give her some information about someone I knew. She said the person had been recently arrested and she wanted to know if I had heard anything about the person since the arrest. I was unsure about whom she was talking and I thought it peculiar that the woman had called me. Perhaps the person about whom she was inquiring had an unlisted phone number and the woman was simply probing me for information. I realized, however, that I actually *did* know the person to whom the woman was referring: Ellen (an attractive black-haired woman I dated in my college years). I wrote Ellen's name on a piece of paper and told the woman on the phone that if she would give me her number, I would call Ellen myself and see if Ellen

wanted to talk with her. Then I would call her back.

After hanging up, I realized that Mike Walls (a high school buddy) was sitting next to me. His hair was dark and he looked healthy and vigorous. I told him a woman had called for him and had wanted to know where he was, but I hadn't given her his number. I told him the woman's name, which I had written down. Mike recognized the name as that of a woman he had dated once or twice. He said that he would like to contact her and that he would call her later. He seemed interested in the woman.

I also looked in the phone book for the full name of my ex-wife Louise (to whom I was married for 11 months in 1984-1985). After finding Louise's name and number, I thought about calling her because I thought she and her husband had separated.

I began talking with Louise on the phone. Her voice seemed rather raspy as she began telling me of her recent experiences. Indeed, she had separated from her husband, Vernon. I recalled that I had just seen Vernon the previous day at the Dallas county courthouse. At that time I hadn't realized that he and Louise had separated. Louise seemed rather nervous as she tried to explain what had happened between Vernon and her. It

was unclear, but it appeared that they simply couldn't get along.

As she talked, I had the distinct impression that she wanted to see me again and I realized I intensely wanted to see her. Her having been married to Vernon for a long time didn't matter to me. I simply wanted to be back with her as quickly as possible and start life over again with her. The revelation was rather startling because I had thought Louise was completely out of my life, but now I realized that she wasn't out of my system at all.

Louise seemed upset, distraught and confused. I told her I wanted to see her immediately, within the next five minutes. I was ready to leave at once, even though I was unsure she wanted me to come. I definitely felt close to her.

After hanging up I looked at Louise's address which I had written down. She lived somewhere on 46th Street in Portsmouth, but I was unsure where 46th Street was. I looked her name up again in the phone book; her address was indeed 46th Street, but it was actually in a small town just north of Portsmouth. I tried to figure out where the town was and decided I was going to head there immediately.

I started talking on the phone with my mother on the phone. I told her I had just been talking with

someone and I wanted her to guess who it was. Finally she said, "Well, it must have been Bunnie."

She was obviously referring to Louise, but I found it curious that she had called her "Bunnie." I told my mother I was going to go see Louise.

When I found Louise, we stood together atop a high cliff and we decided to descend straight down the side. She was standing to my left and she jumped off the cliff. I also jumped off and immediately grabbed a long thin grape vine. I held the vine as I descended the side of the perpendicular cliff, which wasn't rock, but dirt. I grabbed another grape vine after I had descended a ways.

I could hear Louise descending, but I couldn't see her. I was afraid she would be injured while descending the cliff. I swung around on my vine to where she was and grabbed her. I held her tightly; it felt good to hold her. It seemed as if she were having a difficult time going down the cliff and she needed someone to hold her. I felt as if I could protect her some as we continued the descent.

When I reach the bottom of the cliff, I was alone. I knew I was somewhere near. Some time ago, back about the time when Louise and I had separated, I had left a number of pictures which I had already taken the time to cut out in contour for collages on top of the hill. I wanted to go back to the top of the

hill and find the pictures which I needed because I had decided I wanted to make some collages again.

I found the collage pictures and began looking through them. I had also found a couple photographs which had been taken of me and as I looked at the photos, I had the feeling my father might be somewhere nearby.

The photos were peculiar. One photo showed me standing in front of a cave holding a collage. A phosphorescent orange light was coming out of the cave. The same type of light could be seen on the collage which I was holding in the photo. It seemed symbolic of something that the same light was coming from the cave and was on the collage.

In the second photo, my father was standing at the bottom of a hill which almost seemed like a pyramid while I was standing on the side of the hill. Clearly visible rays of light were somehow being reflected from me down to my father, and then back onto the side of the hill. The image was peculiar.

Dream of: 03 July 1987 "Picking Blackberries"

I was walking along Symmes Creek road beside one of the fields on the Gallia County Farm. To my right I noticed some people along the side of the

road picking blackberries. I ventured closer to them and thought I would like to pick some blackberries myself. But I realized that now I probably wouldn't have the chance because these people would pick them all before I could get to them.

Probably 15 men and women were busily stuffing their pails full of blackberries. I could tell them to leave if I wanted to, since they were on the property of my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel. But I didn't want to do that. I looked at their buckets and saw that they were gorged with very large blackberries.

I walked over to a blackberry bush and saw the large blackberries hanging above my head. I picked several so I could eat them right here. They were gigantic, almost half as big as my hand.

Dream of: 04 July 1987 "Black And White"

I was unsure what was going on, but I was apparently looking at a picture of a woman. The picture, however, seemed real. What was so strange about the picture was that the head of the woman in the picture was disappearing; in place of the head were some lines, as if a black hole were developing where her head should be and was sucking everything else in around it. The sight was grotesque and a little scary; it was alarming me.

Bang. I knew I was dreaming. That at least explained a little of what was going on. So I was lucid. Things weren't clear; but it looked as if I had some cards, like playing cards, or a packet of some kind of papers in front of me. I knew being lucid was far from what I used to expect and hope for. In the first place, being lucid required much effort. I didn't particularly like that; I would prefer to just drift along. Now that I was lucid, however, I had to assume control of this situation, or else just awaken.

It seemed that the last time I had been lucid, I had simply tried to awaken. This time, however, I would at least try to do something. I could begin by simply looking at these cards. Yea, I could just let my imagination go a little wild, but still try to somehow direct my thoughts. Myriad images danced around. The images seemed to have some form, but I wasn't trying to concentrate on precise form. That was too much strain, especially for my memory. I told myself not to worry about remembering all this.

So what should I think about? My book. My ex-wife Louise. Yes Louise. Vague, but her image seemed to be there in the cards before me. Now that I had brought her into this dream, I was assured this dream would be incorporated into the book of dreams on Bonnie. I was satisfied with that.

What else could I see there in these cards? A rose. Ah yes, that rose was very clear. I could distinctly see its wide petals. So beautiful. And so enveloping. Not merely cards before me, but a large picture of a beautiful rose almost enveloping me. But what color was it? I couldn't seem to tell if it were black or white. Definitely one or the other. Black. White. Strange. Maybe it was both.

This wasn't so bad. I was in control here but the strain wasn't overwhelming. What else? Eloise (a woman a few years older than I whom I met in Dallas). Yes I wanted to see Eloise. I wanted her to be part of this. It seemed early in our relationship for me to be focusing in on her like this, but she made me happy. And I was glad to see her there. I wanted her to be here.

But what was this I saw? The head of a cat. So intricately drawn and changing its features even as I looked at it. Where had this cat come from? Had it been drawn in pencil? Was it black or white? It was so precise and yet so unclear. There was something most striking here. It was the nature of the cat. Although it seemed so cuddly and soft, there was something quite alarming about it. Not exactly evil, but indeed dangerous.

I could see danger, in its eyes, in its teeth. I felt wary, I should be cautious, I should be aware of the danger here. Real danger. Danger such as I

could only guess at. Yet it was so alluring. Such a soft-looking creature.

And there was Monito, the little kitten which Mireya (a girlfriend from Colombia whom I had met in Dallas) had left with me for a week. All white and so playful. There he was up on a table jumping around. And there was a box on the table all wrapped up like a present, a ribbon hanging from it. Was it for me? I wondered what it was.

Dream of: 04 July 1987 (2) "Some Responsibility"

Birdie and I were in some kind of park where we were planning to spend the night. I was surprised so many other people were here, spread out all over the place under covers and sleeping bags. It looked as if we would have to walk quite a ways to find a spot to lie down. We kept walking, and finally, when I saw an open spot, we laid our sleeping bags down. We lay down, Birdie crawled into her sleeping bag and I crawled into mine.

Although it was night, I could see quite clearly around me and I noticed a few people milling about, not in their sleeping bags. One girl was obviously smoking a marijuana joint which she was sharing with someone else. She and her companion took a couple hits from the joint and then she pounded it on something to put it out, obviously intending to save it for later. It seemed

to me that marijuana must be awfully expensive these days and she was trying to save what she could of the expensive drug.

It seemed as if other people in the area were also smoking marijuana and drinking alcohol. And I wondered why I couldn't join in with them. These people seemed able to party on the weekend and then go back and function in their jobs during the week. Why not me? It had been such a long time since I had smoked any marijuana and I felt as if I would like to try some.

All in all, it seemed just a little strange being with Birdie, although I couldn't imagine why. Wasn't it natural for her and me to be here like this? But it seemed as if we hadn't been very intimate lately. I didn't know exactly why. But I felt a little distant from her, physically speaking. Here she was lying here in her sleeping bag, and here I was in mine. I nuzzled up close to her.

Sex. Were we going to have sex? I visualized her as being nude inside her sleeping bag, but I wasn't really aroused. Yet in a way I wanted to have sex with her. I felt close to her. But I felt distant from her.

She spoke, suggested we open our sleeping bags, put one underneath and one on top. It also seemed as if we had some covers we could also put on top. But I resisted the idea. I felt fairly comfortable the

way I was and feel as if I would be less protected if I didn't have the sleeping bag all the way around me like I now did.

Birdie was saying something about having sex. I couldn't say I wasn't interested in the subject because I was. In fact I began thinking of various positions we could get into. But some might not be so practical with all these other people around. For example, if I lay on my back and she sat atop me, the covers would probably fall off and leave us both exposed.

She said something about our lying side by side. Yea, I remembered that position. She could put her legs over my legs and I could screw her while lying on my side. Seemed workable. I didn't think there was much to be concerned about as far as her having AIDS or some other disease. But still, the thought was on my mind.

Some fellow dressed in orange walked up and stood near Birdie. I chased him off, but he reappeared again standing right over her. What was strange was that he was standing on some short stilts. I wasn't going to waste time with him; I simply forcefully knocked him away. It didn't even occur to me that he might try to harm me. He left without further incident.

I felt restless and crawled out of my sleeping bag and stood up. Hadn't I been drinking a bottle of

pop when I came, some kind of clear pop? I saw an empty coke bottle here, a bluish tint. Ah yes, here was my green pop bottle. Been knocked over, but it was still almost half full.

Birdie and I were sitting somewhere having a discussion concerning her daughter (probably 2-3 three years old). My main concern: was the daughter my child. I knew Birdie is married. But I still felt some responsibility toward the little girl. We talked a little about where Birdie used to live, in a shabby upstairs apartment in the black section of Portsmouth. At least it hadn't been over the Supper Club, a bar in that section of town. She would have probably been harassed a lot there. No, her apartment had at least been among other apartments.

But what was I going to do about this child? Maybe I could begin sending Birdie some support. \$50 a week would be \$2,600 a year. That didn't sound like that much. Seemed as if that was what my father used to send my mother after they were divorced. \$100 a week would be \$5,200 a year. Actually that seemed like more than I could afford. And did I really want to start sending her money? Nothing was compelling me. But I did feel some responsibility.

Dream of: 05 July 1987 "Ominous Presence"

I was sitting in the back bedroom of my Apartment at the Dallas Zen Center. I wasn't taking part in meditation because of my concern about Tom Dombrowski's (a member of the Zen Center) having AIDS, and my apprehension that the disease might be transmitted to me by mosquitoes while we were meditating in the same room.

Since I thought it was time for the other members to be engaged in either meditating or walking in line around the rock garden out back, I looked out the back window to see if I could see anything. I clearly saw the round rock garden, the small rocks around the edge and the larger rocks in the middle. I thought I saw several of the members of the Zen Center walking in line.

My attention was overwhelmed, however, by perhaps 20-25 women, all dressed in black dresses, all with veils over their heads, standing and walking around the rock garden. I quickly lost sight of the Zen Center members among the black figures. I couldn't really tell much about the ominous-looking women, but I had the feeling they were out there protesting the Zen Center. I felt surprised and affronted by their presence.

Finally all the women bowed down, all directed toward something imprecise over on the left edge of the rock garden. It was quite unsettling to be watching what almost appeared to be some pagan

practice. I was unsure what was going on and I finally decided to go down and investigate.

I was wearing a white tee shirt and some casual dark green pants. I wondered if I should I take off the white tee shirt and put on a black tee shirt. No, I decided I would just go down in my white tee shirt. But I first took a quick look at myself in the mirror. I seemed a little stern, perhaps a bit sleepy too.

I headed down, but when I reached the women, I seemed to be in a very large room rather than in the rock garden. As I walked slowly through the somber women, many of them looked me over. I felt strong, confident, and defiant, even though I was completely alone among them. They were the intruders and I felt at home.

The veils the women were wearing didn't cover their faces, just the backs of their heads. I could see the hair of one woman and I noted it was blonde. Some women were younger than I had thought. I had thought they were all quite old.

Many began taking off their black dresses, revealing their regular clothes underneath. I also was surprised to see a couple men among the women.

I stood still for a few moments, and I realized some booths had also been set up which the

women were using. In a way they reminded me of confession booths. Perhaps the Zen Center had actually given or rented these people space to do what they were doing. It appeared there was no problem with their being here after all.

I heard someone enigmatically say, "He might have known Joe Estes, but he didn't know the house of Joe."

Dream of: 05 July 1987 (2) "A Defect"

I was living in a communal setting with some other people; I was concerned some of the people with whom I was living had AIDS. A similar type of community was next door, and the people in that community were likewise concerned about the possibility of people in my community having AIDS. A meeting was going to be held next door to discuss the subject; I walked over to join in.

Probably 15-20 people were in the room into which I walked; they were discussing the matter. I listened for a while and finally began talking with one fellow. My voice was quite hoarse; it was almost as if I had been sick and was having a hard time making myself clear.

The fellow with whom I was talking said he didn't want to live next door to people with AIDS because there wouldn't be enough parking spaces.

I said, "So there's not going to be enough parking spaces, huh?"

Then he said he would also be bothered by the type of people who would be coming around to visit and pick up the people next door with AIDS. I responded, "So there's going to be a lowering in the quality of people in the community."

I looked him right in the eye and said, "You know all this doesn't really matter. The truth of the matter is that you're just scared shitless that you're going to catch it."

He looked startled by my bluntness and shifted in his seat; but he quickly admitted that his fear was indeed the basis of his concern.

I began talking with him about the possible transmission of AIDS by mosquitoes. He looked surprised, as if he hadn't even considered that possibility. The possibility seemed to shake him up.

All the while I had been talking, I figured they thought I had AIDS since I lived next door. Finally I simply stated, "I do not have AIDS."

I told them that I myself had recently been voicing the same concerns as they were about living around people who had AIDS. I was uncertain what the solution was, but I agreed with them that

something would have to be done about the people who had AIDS who were living here.

I talked to one fellow; I thought his mother knew my mother. He had AIDS. I was unsure his mother knew yet. It was rather shocking to learn just how many people did have AIDS these days.

While I was talking, Louise was standing in the room in the background. I noticed her leave and I followed her out. I watched her board a fairly new white Cadillac and drive off. I walked a short ways down the street and she pulled up beside me. She was now in an older model white Cadillac, a model which had large fins on it. It was in excellent condition.

I walked over close to her and we began talking. The discussion turned to some money which she seemed to think I owed her. She said something about my owing her \$300 in mortgage payments, apparently having accumulated at the rate of \$50 a month. I was surprised to hear that she wasn't worried about it and she wasn't planning to collect it.

She was dressed in white and seemed quite friendly. We walked along a ways together. At one point, she fell behind me, and I felt her rub her crotch up against my butt and hunch me once. I quickly pulled away from her. I almost felt like

taking her into my arms, but I refrained. I still felt close to her.

I asked her how she was doing. She said she was doing just fine. She praised her husband and began describing how muscular he was. I asked, "If he's so great, why are you humping on me?"

She answered, "He has a defect."

She was reticent about exactly what the defect was, but she told me he had had an operation. I finally concluded he couldn't control his bladder so that he must always wear a diaper; he sometimes urinated in his pants. She admitted that that was the case; she seemed somewhat bothered by the fact.

I asked, "Did you know about this before you got married?"

She answered, "No."

I asked, "Would it have made a difference if you would have known?"

She answered, "I don't know."

It appeared to me that she nevertheless intended to stay with him and that she felt settled down and established with him.

Dream of: 05 July 1987 (3) "Shooting Eagles"

I seemed to be on some kind of transport vehicle and suddenly the door flew open and a vista of a plain with several trees in it lay before me. Several other people were also on the vehicle and we all began climbing out.

Apparently I was on a hunting expedition and I had brought a bow and arrows with me. I began explaining to one fellow that I hadn't brought hunting arrows with hunting heads, but just simply straight arrows.

He seemed unconcerned, because he, like the other people with me, was already too busy putting arrows on his bow and firing them. But what were they shooting at? I looked out before me and slowly realize that the trees had numerous beautiful eagles in them. I quickly noticed several eagles on the ground and I saw one jumping around with an arrow sticking out of its wing.

I was appalled. I now clearly saw that many, many eagles were lying on the ground with arrows in them. And I saw that other groups of hunters were standing around the area shooting at the eagles also. It was a slaughter. The eagles in the trees weren't trying to escape and it appeared that they might all possibly be killed.

I wandered toward one of the other groups of hunters. How could this be permitted? And how could it be stopped? I thought of the fact that I

also was carrying a bow and arrows and I thought of throwing them away. But I realized that wasn't the solution. In fact, I immediately decided I actually needed to begin practicing more and more with bow and arrows, not to learn to kill innocent animals, but to develop my skill at concentration and my accuracy at hitting my target.

I screamed something abusive at one group of hunters as I approached them. A man stepped up and intercepted me. I immediately concluded he was a lackey accompanying some very wealthy man taking part in the slaughter. He demanded that I leave and I refused. Several other men stepped up and it was apparent they were going to assault me. But I stood my ground.

Upon a motion from a man dressed in a gray suit sitting at a table they dispersed. I walked over to the man, whom I recognized as the obvious leader of the group. He had his head bent down. He seemed distracted and worried, although still basically calm. He seemed interested in me. I realized he must be extremely rich and that I must be quite insignificant to him. I was uninterested in trying to gain his favor so I might somehow benefit from his wealth, but I was interested in him as a person. I wanted to know more about who he was. And I wanted to know why he was engaging in

such abhorrent behavior, since he didn't seem to be a particularly repugnant man.

Dream of: 05 July 1987 (4) "Cohesiveness"

I had become acquainted with several young Hispanic women (probably in their early 20s). Their luscious brown skin, dark black hair and brown eyes captivated me. I liked one in particular: shorter and stouter than the others. She had a shapely body and prominent large firm breasts. She had a childish round face and seemed quite innocent. I spoke with her briefly and then we separated.

Some activity was taking place and it looked as if a party of some sort might occur. Several people were bustling about and one woman in particular seemed in charge. With little introduction, the woman informed me that she was going to conduct an auction or sale, and that I would be able to pick one of the women I had seen earlier to be with me.

When the woman opened a door, one by one the women stepped out in front of where I was seated, into the lawn area, apparently the back yard of a house. A man was with each woman. I presumed the men were the boyfriends of the women, but the men quickly disappeared from sight, apparently acquiescing in the show.

The women, seeming happy and gay, lined up almost as if in a chorus line. They didn't seem inhibited about what was taking place. I was unconvinced the show was anything more than a farce. It seemed ludicrous to think I could simply choose one of the women to be with, especially since I had just seen their boyfriends with them.

If I had my choice, I would choose the same dark-haired, brown-eyed beauty with whom I had been talking earlier. When I caught her eye for a moment, it seemed perfectly clear we both wanted to be with each other.

I walked into the house where the festivities were taking place. It was the House in Patriot (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child). The woman conducting the auction of the women was definitely in charge of the activities. She seemed concerned about obtaining the funds to buy provisions for the party, and she had still not given up on obtaining something from me, even though I hadn't bid at the auction.

Carrying several things in her hands, she approached me. She had a gallon of milk and she said someone had contributed \$5 in my name to buy some milk. I wasn't particularly pleased that milk had been bought in my name, but I didn't say anything.

I was sitting in the front living room when, through a door, I saw Newton (my old law school professor) and another college professor had entered into the kitchen of the House, obviously there for the party. The professor with Newton was wearing a long black robe, such as might be worn at a graduation ceremony.

I wasn't particularly happy to see Newton, but since he was there, I supposed I would have to talk with him. Since I wasn't wearing a shirt, I scurried over to the bedroom to look for one. I found a couple of my white shirts, but they were dirty and wrinkled. Some shirts with thin dark vertical stripes on them were hanging in the closet, but they weren't mine. I thought they probably belonged to my cousins, my uncle Liston Jr.'s sons.

Too late. Newton walked right into the bedroom where I was. I crossed my hands across my chest and said, "You just enter into a man's boudoir?"

Newton stood in front of me and we began talking. He was obviously looking at my bare chest, sizing me up. I wished I were more muscular and a bit leaner around the stomach. He had stubble on his face from not having shaved for a few days.

He seemed happy enough to see me. I wondered if he planned to continue teaching at Baylor Law School and someday become dean. I figured he probably did.

He inquired about what I was doing. I intensely disliked this type of questioning. I told him I did a few criminal cases when I was appointed by the court. It was hard for me to talk about the law work I did, since it was basically unimportant to me and I just did it to provide myself with enough money to survive.

My real passion was my dreams and writing books of dreams. My thoughts turned to the book of dreams on which I was working – the book in which my ex-wife Louise was to be the central character. I was debating whether I should tell Newton about the project. And should I tell him he had appeared in some of my dreams? Actually, I would like to show him the dreams in which he had appeared. I was unsure whether I should bring such a thing up to someone like Newton. It was doubtful he would understand. Nevertheless, I looked around me for the black notebook which contained some of my dreams, thinking I might show him some dreams in which he had appeared. Finally I decided – what difference did it make? – I would tell him.

I began by simply telling him I was writing a book and I mentioned he was in the book. He asked if it was a book of letters – letters which I had written. Since he had become a professor at law school, he had come to realize law students sometimes published their letters, some of which contained

mention of him in them. I said, "No. It's different. It's dreams. I write my dreams."

I told him I had written thousands of dreams. He seemed interested and said, "Fantastic."

He seemed to like the idea. I explained that I had been working on the project for years and years and that I had written hundreds and hundreds of dreams. I explained that the book on which I was presently working centered around Louise. I told him the law school was part of the story. I said, "Since Louise and I were in law school together, the law school entered into the story much."

All the while I was talking, my eyes kept glancing around the room trying to locate my black dream notebook. I didn't see it anywhere. Where was it? I was still debating whether I should give Newton the dreams in which he had appeared. I told him he had been in about 20 of my dreams.

I continued talking about the book saying, "It lacked cohesiveness. I needed something to bring it together. Because I couldn't just lump it all together I've been working on it for years and years, but I needed something to pull it together. And the thing that finally pulled it together was Louise."

Newton repeated the word "cohesiveness"; he seemed to agree. He seemed excited by the idea of the book.

Dream of: 06 July 1987 "Swallowed Pride"

I was in a room at the court house. Apparently a judge and his clerks all worked together here. Tables and chairs were sitting around and the room more like a room in a police station than a courtroom.

I was here because I was interested in having this judge start appointing me to defend indigent people in criminal cases. It seemed as if this judge might have appointed me before, but I couldn't remember exactly. I figured it paid about \$100 a case. I honestly didn't feel that good about doing this kind of work, but the money was pretty good, so I just swallowed my pride.

I talked briefly with the judge and then I had to wait. Another lawyer was also waiting for the same thing. It was almost 7 p.m. and I had anticipated getting out of here by 6:30. I tried to be patient.

I had four or five law books I had been looking at on the table in front of me. All belonged here in the room, except one soft cover book which was mine. It looked as if we were going to get out of here pretty soon, so I began putting them back.

When we were finally ready to leave, I held up the one book which was mine so everyone could see that it belonged to me, and then I headed for the door.

I was walking down the street of a large city, probably Dallas. It seemed to be dark. Tall buildings gushed toward the sky around me. I was feeling OK, but a bit out of touch. People passed me as I walked along. I felt a little uncomfortable and I realized why: my penis is sticking out. I was wearing a long coat which apparently was unbuttoned and my penis kept sticking out between the flaps in front, about half erect. I didn't know why I was having so much trouble, but I couldn't seem to keep it covered. Someone was coming toward me. I covered my penis with one hand. Another person was coming and I covered it with two. It was a bit embarrassing. When I saw a pretty woman walking toward me, I again cover my penis. I couldn't seem to make it stay down.

I continued walking through the dark downtown. It looked as if snow was on the ground. I began running, but suddenly stopped when I saw some sidewalk displays set up with food. It looked as if some well-dressed black people were selling the food. On the first table was a display of a large banana split, probably a couple meters long. The white cream looked delicious. There was another display of something sweet and finally a third one

where chocolate cake with white icing was being sold, maybe a wedding cake. It looked. I really wanted a piece, but I passed. Some wires blocked my way; I had to circle around them.

Dream of: 06 July 1987 (2) "Busy Street"

I was riding a bus and had arrived in a city, but was unsure where I was. It seemed as if I should know the name. Colorado? That didn't seem like the name of a city. Anyway, I was unsure what I was even doing here. But it seemed as if I was supposed to meet Louise.

It looked as if some tables with plates of food on them were on the bus. It even seemed as if I had been eating something.

I got off the bus a couple blocks ahead of the corner where I was supposed to meet Louise. The traffic was heavy. I was on a busy street with stores all along both sides.

I stepped out into the street a little; I could see down to the corner where I was supposed to meet Louise. Oh, there she was! I could see her. She was wearing a purple top; her hair was black and she looked so young. It felt so good to see her here waiting for me. I waved and hollered; she was so far I didn't think she could hear me. But she did. She hollered back and told me to wait and she would come for me.

She was driving a little purple car, perhaps a Volkswagen bug. She had to drive down another street to get to me because the street I was on was one way toward her. I was so anxious to see her.

Dream of: 07 July 1987 "Soap Opera"

A man (probably in his late 20s) had found a dead man's body. It was unclear, but the man might have found the body in a cave. At any rate, for some reason, the man decided to dispose of the body. He put the body under an old junked car and doused the car with gasoline. The car had some other junk in it, some of which was contained in large black garbage bags. The man then set the car on fire and stood back as he watched it burn. But the gasoline only burned a short while before it used itself up. It looked as if the garbage bags had caught on fire and would continue burning, but the body under the car obviously hadn't been completely burned. The man decided he had better leave and as he was going he hoped the fire would continue enough to destroy the body.

The man later learned some other people had begun investigating the possibility of a body having been found in some local caves or tunnels and the man had begun to worry. He now realized more was involved in connection with the body than he at first had thought. Although the man didn't have anything to do with the death of the

man whose body he had found and burned, he did remember having actually killed another man in the tunnel. He remembered a scene of having encountered a man lying in the tunnel and he had vague images of having beaten him to death with a large rock, raising and smashing the rock into the man several times.

The person he had killed, however, wasn't the same person whose body he had found. However the man was now certain if the body which he had found and burned was found, then he, the man, would be apprehended for the other murder which he actually had committed. It amounted to a rather complicated, convoluted situation which wasn't entirely clear.

One thing was clear to the man: he must return to the burned-out car, retrieve the charred body and try to dispose of it.

The man had gone to the car and with a large pincer-like device, had dragged the scorched, burned body from under the car. Yes, he now remembered when he had originally found the body, it had been in the tunnel and he had dragged it to the car. Therefore, because he was now concerned that a track had been left from the tunnel to the car, he must now drag the body away from the car and dispose of the body somewhere else.

But he realized that when he started dragging the body again, the body was going to leave another trail. Thus he figured the solution was to drag the body to a river and toss it in. Then if someone was able to follow the trail to the river, the body still wouldn't be able to be found because it would have floated away. The man began dragging the body up what appeared to be a levy along the side of a river. The river, bordered by trees and brush, could be seen not far away.

Either some police authorities or some journalists had received information concerning a body having been found in some local tunnels. No one was certain whether to put any credence in the story, but they decided the story should probably be investigated.

Either some detectives or some newspaper reporters had come to the tunnels and slowly began going through them. One man (probably in his 40s) wasn't very happy about the prospect of going through the tunnels and he commented about that being just what he needed.

I was sitting in a room watching a television. The story about the body in the tunnel was part of a soap opera which I had apparently tuned in for several days. In fact I hadn't missed an episode and I had become quite interested in the story. I reflected how my grandmother Mabel watched

soap operas so much. And it seemed that she might even be in the room with me. At least someone else was there with me and I told the person that I had become interested in the outcome of the mystery. I told the person I realized that that was how the soap operas work: they tried to get a person interested in a plot. And then before that plot was finally resolved, another plot was introduced so the viewer's attention would be retained. I wasn't particularly glad that I was watching the soap opera, but I would like to see how it turned out.

The scene on the television was in the tunnel. A large room in the tunnel was shown. It was light in the room and several people were busy scurrying about. They appeared to be servants and it soon became apparent that they were conducting some kind of activity – probably illegal – dealing with selling large paintings. A number of large, framed paintings were hanging on the wall of the room, but one in particular stood out.

It was a painting probably three meters tall and a couple meters wide. It showed Napoleon Bonaparte astride a horse standing up on its two hind legs. Napoleon had one hand outstretched in the air pointing upward. The painting was quite colorful, with much red in Napoleon's military uniform. The painting was quite famous and I had often seen pictures of it in art books. It had

probably done in the early 1800s and I thought the artist was Theodore Gericault.

Suddenly the detectives or reporters (there appeared to be four of them) walked into the room. They were quite surprised to come upon the room there in the tunnels and they hadn't been expecting to find anything like that.

Along the center of the room was a long table, covered with a white cloth and well-laid with plates and silverware. The detectives or reporters were invited to sit and dine. The other men in the room appeared to be servants and waiters. The detectives or reporters took their seats.

I myself was sitting at a small table covered with a white tablecloth. I appeared to be on some type of verandah with the sky overhead and the sea off in the distance. Sitting across from me was Janice Joplin who looked very much like Sissy Spacek. I had a large bottle of red wine and I poured a glass full for each of us. Only a small amount of wine was left in the bottle after I finished pouring.

I liked being with Janice. I realized she had a bit of a problem drinking alcohol, but she seemed quite ready to drink at the moment and she seemed relaxed being with me. Although she wasn't beautiful, she was quite attractive to me, and I felt drawn to her. I enjoyed her company.

She talked a little about singing. She was wearing a short dress and mentioned her long legs, which I could clearly see in my mind. She said something about having to sing even when she had been bitten by mosquitoes. Sometimes the mosquitoes bit her legs in spots close together.

As she talked, I was a bit preoccupied with my own concerns. I realized I was the one who had killed the man in the tunnel. It was quite incomprehensible how I could have done such a thing, but it was crystal clear that I had done it.

The certainty of my guilt was almost overwhelming. I simply couldn't change the fact of what I had done. I would have to live with it always.

Now I had the additional problem that the authorities might discover that I was the guilty one. Even as I sat there, I was nervous that I might suddenly be arrested and I didn't know what else I could do to protect myself. The situation was definitely uncomfortable.

Dream of: 08 July 1987 "We"

I had been wanting to investigate a certain woman who had appeared in quite a few of my dreams, but whose identity was unclear to me. When I dreamed of her, I identified her with the name "We," even though it was unclear even to me what exactly that name meant. I was unsure whether

"We" was actually her name, a symbol to represent what she was or something else. I had been thinking of compiling the dreams in which the woman had appeared and then showing them to my good Dallas friend Eloise, although for some reason I was unsure I would be able to do compile the dreams. Since I had compiled series of dreams in which other people had appeared, I thought compiling a the dreams in which the mysterious woman had appeared would be possible.

Sitting together on the floor, Eloise and I talked about my compiling the dreams in which the woman had appeared and I decided I was going to try to do it.

As Eloise stood up and prepared to leave, I noticed she was wearing a pretty, long, white, silky skirt, even though it seemed to me that just a short time earlier she had been wearing a white skirt with black splotches all over it. It was curious to me that the skirt had changed like that; it occurred to me that somehow, while I hadn't been looking, she had turned the skirt inside out, so the black splotches were now inside the skirt, where they couldn't be seen, instead of on the outside, where only the pure white was visible.

Dream of: 09 July 1987 "Guardian Of The Key"

I had moved into a large building where several other men also appeared to be living. I hadn't been living there long, and I had moved my few possessions into a sort of dining room, which I had basically converted into my room. In the basement was a fairly nice, carpeted room where I could live with more privacy; but I had decided I liked being in the current of affairs there, and would remain at least for the immediate future in the dining room.

As I was standing there in the room, someone who lived in the house walked in. Perhaps he was Peter Lamborghini (a fellow I met at the Dallas Zen Center in 1987). When he mentioned that I could move my things into the basement if I would like, I explained to him that I was satisfied with where I was for the moment and that actually I rather enjoyed coming in contact with the other people living there, even at the expense of some loss of privacy.

We were both glancing around the room at my things which were piled in boxes and sacks on the table, shelves and floor. He pointed out some sacks on the floor and asked if the sacks were mine. I told him they were. It looked as if the sacks contained groceries; a package of potato chips was in one.

I walked over to a shelf along the wall and explained that I still needed to clear off a few

things which weren't mine which had been left on the shelf; but most of the stuff there was mine.

Actually it looked as if the only thing still there which didn't belong to me was a long candle in a paper box. It belonged to Lamborghini. I picked it up from the shelf to give to him.

It became clear that the room in which I was living was a room in the Dallas Zen Center and that it was indeed Lamborghini with whom I was speaking. Lamborghini's facial features looked fairly young, as if he were perhaps in his mid 20s. He had very short cropped hair and was thin.

It seemed that several other people had entered the room and among them was a young fellow (probably little more than 20 years old). He likewise had only recently moved into the Zen Center. He seemed to me to be an affable, unobtrusive fellow and I immediately took a liking to him.

Lamborghini was now sitting on either a couch or bed in a room directly adjacent to my room; there appeared to be no wall between the two rooms, and we were still close together. The young fellow approached Lamborghini and I heard part of a conversation between the two in which it became clear that the young fellow still hadn't been given a key to the Zen Center and every time he needed the key he had to go to Lamborghini to ask for it.

Lamborghini had set himself up as the guardian of the key. He held the bronze-colored key in his hand and tantalizingly told the young fellow that he, Lamborghini, didn't think the young fellow was ready yet to be given the key. Lamborghini made a sound like, "Nyaaa, Nyaaa, Ne, Nyaaa, Nyaaa" and shook his head back and forth, as if showing his control over the key and the young fellow's powerlessness to obtain it.

I was dissatisfied with the way Lamborghini was behaving. Since several other members of the Zen Center were present, I thought it was a good opportunity to tell Lamborghini how I felt. I wasn't angry at Lamborghini, but I still felt a bit nervous about actually confronting him. Nevertheless, I stood in front of him and began.

I jumped right on the subject; I told Lamborghini that what he was doing was exactly the kind of action which had caused the Zen Center to reach such a low ebb. I told him I thought that he in particular was responsible for the lack of interest in the Zen Center because of his attempts to control it. He leaned back on the bed and laughed slightly as if what I was saying was simply being said in jest. I maintained, "This is no laughing matter. I am deadly serious. I want you to hear this."

It was quite obvious he didn't want to hear what I had to say, although I did seem to note some vague acknowledgment in his demeanor, some spark, that there might be some truth in what I was saying.

As I spoke, I pointed to him several times with the index finger of my left hand, trying to emphasize what I was saying, trying to break through the barrier which he was trying to wrap around himself as he lay back on the couch or bed. I spoke fairly forcefully because I felt it was important to put the point across.

I continued stating that his withholding the key and exerting that kind of control was simply a manifestation of his own desire to control the situation there. I said that this type of thing was the crux of the reason why the Zen Center wasn't flourishing.

I continued, "I've expressed this to others and now I'm expressing it to you. I hope what I'm saying sinks in, because it's true."

When I use the word "true," I realized I wasn't an authority on what was the truth. Yet I felt the word there was properly placed.

Dream of: 09 July 1987 (2) "Savoring A Cigar"

While I was walking down a residential street I began thinking about my good Dallas friend Eloise. I remembered someone having recently asked Eloise if she used to be a hippie and Eloise having said she hadn't been a hippie. If someone would have asked me that question I probably would have answered, "I tried as hard as I could to be."

As I walked along, I was smoking a rather thick cigar. I had smoked most of it, but about four centimeters were left. I was absorbed in the smoking of the cigar. I didn't regularly smoke cigars and it seemed like such an unusual thing for me to be doing. I inhaled the smoke sometimes, and sometimes I just tried to taste the smoke in my mouth and then blow it back out. The taste was somewhat stimulating, although it was nothing to get excited about.

I reflected about how different it was to be smoking at this mature stage of life, compared to smoking as a teenager. I figured that the cigar would cause damage to my lungs and to my health, but that the damage wouldn't be as intense now. So I took inhalations and tried to savor the cigar. I realized I certainly wasn't going to make a habit of this. I was going to smoke this one cigar, enjoy it and then stop smoking.

I thought there was a library somewhere in this neighborhood I would like to go into.

Dream of: 09 July 1987 (3) "Lion's Claws"

I was sitting in an office which belonged to Turin (a Dallas attorney) and Turin was in the room with me. Turin asked me if I was still handling bankruptcy cases and I told him I wasn't. He continued talking and soon made it clear that he was planning to file bankruptcy himself. When I heard that, I considered helping him.

Turin seemed humbler and less affected than he generally did, and I felt more at ease about being around him than usual. He didn't seem to be trying to impress me with who he was or what he had done, but was simply being unusually honest and open with me about his problems. For myself, I was in a very good mood and found myself laughing out loud and vigorously several times as Turin went over his situation. My laughter wasn't in any way malicious, nor did it tend to deprecate Turin in any way; I simply felt good and was having a good time.

Turin opened a drawer which contained perhaps 40-50 files which had names at the top of them. Each file was of a case which Turin was presently working on. My good friend, Kim (a woman a few years younger than I whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977), quickly passed through my

mind when I noticed her last name at the top of one file.

It would appear Turin hadn't been as busy with legal work as he had previously led me to believe. He had been making some money, but his bills and debts had become quite burdensome and he had fallen behind on many of his payments.

I felt if he was serious about filling bankruptcy, then we needed to go over his financial situation a little. I began asking him whether he had house, car and credit card payments. He said he did and apparently he was behind in all. He also had borrowed quite a bit of money to furnish his office.

I noticed how nice some of his furniture was, especially a rather elegant light-blue couch which appeared to have a floral design and perhaps feet resembling lion's claws.

I explained to him that the bank which lent him the money for the furniture would also have to be included among the creditors and notified if he filed bankruptcy. He didn't like the idea of notifying that bank, but I explained it would be necessary to notify all his creditors. I laughed several times about the situation, but Turin wasn't offended.

I continued asking more questions and took my time. Turin didn't understand why I needed the information and I tried to explain that I was trying

to decide what kind of bankruptcy would be best for him and when it would be best to file it.

Once, while we talked, Turin looked out the window. We were probably on about the tenth floor of the building. He said he just saw his wife drive off below in a car in which he hadn't expected her to be in. I remarked that the next thing he knew, she would be driving off with a strange man.

We stood up and walked out into the hall for a moment. It struck me that this wasn't the same office Turin used to be in. I could see many offices down along the hallway, and I remembered Turin's other office didn't have a door on the hallway like this. Turin began explaining that the office he used to be in was next door. For some reason he had needed to move out of that office and into the present office. Turin said it now appeared he might also have to move out of this office because the rent was too high. It seemed it might have been around \$700 a month. The place where he was going was only around \$270 a month. I told him I knew where he could get a nice office with some other lawyers for only \$200 a month and I tried to show him about how big that office would be.

We walked back into his office and I sat down on the floor while Turin sat at his desk. I noticed his

speech had become quite heavy and laborious and I wondered if he might have been taking some kind of drug, but it didn't concern me.

I was still trying to decide whether I would help him with the bankruptcy case. I suddenly realized I would need to charge him something. I thought I used to only charge \$300 for bankruptcy cases, but I realized that was much too low. Still I didn't want to charge him much, and thought I would probably ask for \$500. I could use the money. But I thought I needed to tell him immediately that I was going to charge before I did any work on the case.

Dream of: 10 July 1987 "Horror Show"

I was walking down the street of a town which somewhat reminded me of Gallipolis. My main concern at the moment seemed to be that I was almost broke. In my left pocket I had a few coins which probably amounted to less than a dollar. In my right pocket I had a bunch of pennies; I pulled out the pennies and saw a couple of dimes mixed in with them.

I came to a movie theater and walked inside without buying a ticket or being asked for one. I took a seat in the rear row and began watching the movie. At first I thought the movie was free, but then I began to think it probably wasn't free; simply no one had seen me enter.

The whole scene had a somber cast; it seemed as if the movie might be a horror show.

Suddenly the lights came on and I saw that perhaps 50 other people were in the theater; most of them were black. It looked as if it was time to leave; but then I realized it was only an intermission. In fact, there was a dance floor in the front of the theater and several people were going up there to dance. On the dance floor was a pretty girl who looked Hispanic; she attracted my attention.

I somewhat wanted to dance myself, but I had a definite problem: I wasn't wearing any pants, just a pair of undershorts. The undershorts were the brief type and had some colorful cartoon pictures on them.

I was walking down the street in my underwear. Looking at the ground I noticed something quite peculiar. Lying there was a little bunch of short sticks and at the top of the sticks was a tiny human skull, perhaps a centimeter across. I picked up the sticks and skull. Then I noticed another single stick with a tiny skull on it and then several more. I picked them all up and held them almost like a bouquet of flowers.

I then noticed a little pile of sticks which seemed to be covering something. I began picking them up and found that they were covering a shallow hole in the ground which had been filled with several different objects. It seemed that each object somehow had a skull attached to it. One object particular caught my attention; I picked it up and examined it.

It was a rather large, red-colored, glass perfume bottle in the shape of a duck. But the head, which screwed off, was a skull. The bottle was probably 20 centimeters long. It was empty. As I examined it, I realized someone was standing very nearby watching me. The person was dressed in a raggedly coat and appeared to be homeless. I immediately realized the person was somehow involved in all the skull objects I had been finding. I threw my bouquet of skull sticks at the feet of the person and the person backed up. I then snatched my skull sticks back up before another nearby person had a chance to grab them. My action of throwing the skull sticks down seemed to have been effective in driving the street person away.

I was leaving the town and was apparently going to hitchhike. I caught one ride for a while in the back of a pickup truck. I had found a pair of blue

jeans to put on and felt much better about not simply wearing undershorts now.

I was walking again along a highway along the outskirts of town in an area which reminded me of West Portsmouth and was looking for another ride. I reached a rather secluded area when I encountered two burly men. I felt better when one of them left. The other then approached me and just as I was losing my apprehension, he tried to attack me.

A terrible struggle ensued between us, during which I learned that he planned to take me into a field nearby, sexually assault me and then murder me. I remembered that approximately 37 young men had been murdered in such a fashion in this area, and I realized this was the man who had committed the murders. I was absolutely determined the man wasn't going to overpower me.

At one point I realized I was nude from the waist down and that was is trying to wrap some kind of string around my penis and testes, apparently with the intention of ripping them off. I redoubled my efforts and broke free from him. I jumped into the highway and tried to flag down oncoming traffic.

But no one stopped.

I began imagining that if I were up on top of something, like a bridge, I could take a run and

jump on the top of a truck as it passed underneath.

I jumped on top of a semi-truck; I was now hanging on to the top of the cab. I bent down so I could see in the passenger window, which was partially lowered. I began yelling at the driver, who was alarmed to see me here; I also hollered that was is a "bastard" for not stopping to help me when I had been trying to flag down traffic. He obviously wanted to get rid of me, but I continued talking and explaining about the maniac who was assaulting me; finally, the driver seemed willing to help me.

I was in a house or apartment where I had been brought by a man who was trying to help me. The man seemed very nice. He had to leave for a while but said he would be back soon. After he left I simply waited until I heard a knock at the door. I thought the man must have returned. But I was still apprehensive that the maniac might have tracked me down; the maniac might have been able to get the license number of the truck which picked me up on the highway.

I heard the door open before I could even reach it. I then heard the chilling voice of the maniac. He

immediately attacked me and I began a determined struggle to break away from him.

Dream of: 12 July 1987 "Body Under The Bed"

It appeared I was in a hotel room in Columbus. I was unsure exactly what I was doing there, but I was sure of one thing: I had a serious problem. I had discovered a dead body under my bed. For some reason, at first I thought it was the body of a 5 year-old girl, but now I realized it was definitely the body of my friend from El Salvador, Salvador Ibarra. It seemed as if I had taken a glimpse of the body and it had appeared to be all bloody and mutilated. Right now it was wrapped up in some kind of black garbage bag. It was really upsetting. In fact I was feeling downright sick about the whole matter.

It seemed as if I had complicated the matter, because the body had already been there a couple days, and I just hadn't been able to bring myself to do anything about it. Now I was sick with worry about the matter. I had to do something. At least I hadn't noticed any smell from the body, which seemed a bit strange, considering how long it had been stuffed under the bed.

The problem was that I was afraid if I went to the authorities they would accuse me of the murder. I was positive I hadn't committed the murder. I

couldn't explain how I had gotten into the mess, but I did know I surely hadn't killed anyone.

It had only been a few days since I had been sitting in a restaurant talking with Salvador. In fact I thought during the conversation we had talked about exhuming corpses in criminal cases to determine the cause of death. Now here he was dead, and his body would have to be examined to determine the cause of death. It was really frightening to think that I had just been talking with him and that now he was dead. It could have been me.

Well, I had decided. I was getting the hell out of there and I wasn't going to tell anyone about anything. It seemed as if maybe someone at the front desk of the hotel knew who I was, but I hoped not.

It had been almost a week since the murder, so I guessed about 5 days since I had left the body behind. Today for the first time I heard a report on the radio about a body being found. It seemed as if they said it had been the body of a 5 year-old girl, but I knew it was the same body I had left there.

The matter was more complicated. While I had been in the hotel room, I had also had a large, black garbage bag full of marijuana. There must

have been 15 kilograms of marijuana in the bag. And I had just walked off and left it there. So even though I hadn't killed anyone, I was still concerned about being arrested for the marijuana. This was really maddening.

I had complicated the matter even more, because while I had been in the room with the body and the marijuana, I had rolled up a joint and smoked it. When I had smoked the joint down to a roach, I had put out the joint and had thrown the roach in the garbage bag with the rest of the marijuana. Now my principal concern was that some of my fingerprints were on that roach. I had recently read somewhere how fingerprints could be lifted from objects like that. Not to mention that my fingerprints were probably smeared all over the garbage bag containing the marijuana. It seemed I might be somehow able to explain that, but the fact that I had sat up there and smoked a joint while a dead body was in the room was going to be difficult to explain. Who was going to believe I hadn't had anything to do with the murder?

I didn't know where I was right at the moment, but there were a lot of people around there and some people were in a line. I knew my friend, Jon, was supposed to be there and I was thinking I might be able to talk this matter over with him a little. He was a lawyer and maybe he could give me a little advice. Then I saw him.

He looked somehow different than usual. I knew he had just recently been in an important trial and I asked how he had done. He said he had lost. He tried to explain a little why he had lost. We continued talking and I felt a little uncomfortable. I wasn't sure Jon was going to be able to help me.

Finally I realized Walls was also in a line there and I saw him. I walked over to the fellow and then felt as if he wasn't really Walls. I said, "I was looking for Walls."

He looked at me strangely and told me he was Walls. But he looked so different. He looked young, and strong, and healthy. It seemed as if I might be able to talk this matter over with him. I knew he was also a lawyer.

I saw a black policeman nearby. Where exactly was I? And then I saw an overweight police officer who was apparently in charge. I seriously considered going to them and telling them I had information about the murder that had been described on the radio. Finally I did confess to Walls that I knew something. I felt as if I were going to be able to trust him, but I still didn't know how I was going to extricate myself from the mess.

I was especially concerned about the marijuana. If I were convicted for possessing the entire garbage bag of marijuana, it would be a felony and I could lose my license to practice law. But the more I

thought about it, I wasn't even sure the stuff I had had in the bag was actually marijuana. It seemed as if someone might have ripped me off by selling me something which was supposed to be marijuana, but which wasn't. Even when I had smoked that joint, I didn't remember getting high. Maybe that was a way out -- it wasn't even marijuana to begin with.

But what was that body doing there?

Dream of: 13 July 1987 "Harmless"

I was riding along in a car with my old Portsmouth friend Ramo (I knew Ramo for a couple years around 1970-71). When Ramo pulled out a green bottle of beer, I had the feeling he was going to a party and I thought I might like to go with him. Ramo opened the beer, took a drink and asked me if I would like some. His offer sounded tempting. It had been almost a year since I had had anything alcoholic to drink. It seemed obvious that alcohol was no problem for me, so I didn't see why I couldn't take a drink now and then. It might be a little embarrassing explaining to my good friend, Kim (a woman a few years younger than I whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977), if I drank anything, since she was so anti-alcohol, but it really seemed quite harmless.

So I took the bottle Ramo had opened and without further thought, tipped it to my lips and took a big

swallow. Then I handed the bottle back to Ramo. That wasn't bad. It had seemed refreshing, but actually it hadn't had much taste to it.

Now that I had done that, I didn't see why I couldn't smoke a little marijuana. We could probably get some from Walls. Of course it had been a very long time since I had smoked any marijuana. Going on three years.

But what exactly was going on here? Had I really taken that drink of beer? I had. Terrible. I couldn't believe I had actually done that. What was wrong with me? It had felt so good having gone so long without drinking; in an instant I had blown the whole thing. The idea of starting all over again not drinking seemed so depressing. I felt lousy.

Dream of: 13 July 1987 (2) "Experimental Horror Movie"

A black-haired fellow and I were going to a movie together. While I was buying the tickets, he walked on in and sat down. I soon followed, but inside I had a difficult time finding him because so many people were in here. Finally I heard someone call my name and I saw my second cousin Jeff sitting with several other fellows. The fellow who had been with me was among them. There were four or five of them and since they were lined up from the aisle, I had to squeeze past them over toward the middle and sit down.

The movie began, and it was obviously a horror show. The action rapidly proceeded until some peculiar things began happening out in the audience. It appeared that as part of the show, people in the audience were actually attacked and some were even killed. Suddenly someone jumped up almost right in front of me and brutally stabbed another young fellow in the chest. The blood splashed from his chest. I just sat and watched, uncomprehending. Actually my mind almost seemed numb, although it was registering what was taking place.

Some of the blood from the boy who was stabbed splattered onto the back of the seat in front of me, on which I had been resting my knees. I pulled my knees away, looked at my pants and saw some spots of blood on my pants. How disgusting. I couldn't even come into a theater without someone splattering blood all over me. And these were new corduroy pants. I was really upset about this blood on my pants.

But gradually it also began to occur to me that the young fellow in front of me had actually been stabbed. Wasn't that cause for some alarm? I stood up to take a closer look and saw that the fellow was all slumped over in his seat. I recognized MacDonald sitting next to him and I asked MacDonald about the fellow. MacDonald immediately informed me that the fellow was

dead. That was a little hard for me to believe. I reached my right hand down to feel the fellow's wrist, and I thought I felt a pulse. He was still alive!

But something was really wrong here. It appeared that this movie was a new experimental production of horror movies in which people in the audience were randomly attacked and killed. I was finally appalled. This must be stopped. And this fellow in front of me must be helped.

I immediately headed back to the front office. A couple women were behind the concession stand and I walked back where they were, thinking my being behind the stand should surely alert their attention. I quickly and briefly told them what was going on inside the movie theater and told them they must stop the movie and call the police. They agreed and as they prepared to act I walked back inside.

As I headed back toward the stabbed fellow, it suddenly occurred to me that the whole scene with the fellow might have been an act. He might just be an actor. I remembered the blood spurting out of him when he had been stabbed and I thought a trick knife might have been used which had blood in the handle so that when the blade collapsed into the handle, the blood had spurted out.

But I was still unsure and until I knew exactly what was going on, it seemed best to stop the movie and bring in the police, even if it made me look somewhat foolish.

Dream of: 13 July 1987 (3) "Private Helicopter"

I was in the back yard of a house talking with my father, who apparently owned the house. I noticed a blond-haired fellow (probably in his late 20s) had walked up the back stairs of the house and he appeared to be going to go inside. Yes, he did walk inside, and since I didn't know who he was, I headed for the house. But before I could reach the door he stepped back out. He quickly informed me he had come to do some work on the house.

Apparently he was a plumber, because he began talking about problems with the water pipes and the fact that a lot of pressure was building up in the water lines below the house.

I noticed he had a couple holes in one of his ears for wearing earrings. That fact caused me to somewhat mistrust him.

I was talking with my father again. We were sitting in a car behind the house and a black woman and her young son were with us. It wasn't not entirely clear, but it appeared she might want

to do some work for my father. But she had a problem as to what to do with her son during the day. She didn't want to send him to day care, apparently because he wasn't taught anything there and didn't like it. Although the boy also appeared to be here with us, I was unsure of his age. It could be anywhere between two and seven.

It occurred to me that if the boy were old enough, I really wouldn't mind keeping him during the day.

I could put him to work cutting out collage pictures for me and I could even pay him something. But keeping him would be difficult and I decided doing so probably wouldn't be best right now.

I was standing in the back yard, talking to another son (probably 16-17 years old) of the black woman. As we talked, I noticed he was white. He must have been adopted by the black woman. And I realized the younger son was only half black, so his father must have been white.

The boy with whom I was talking with seemed nice enough, but then I noticed he was smoking a cigarette. Obviously he had some serious problems.

The boy and I had wandered over next to the neighbor's back yard and I was suddenly surprised to see two small helicopters sitting here. At first they looked very small, as if they are only big enough for one person to barely squeeze into. One was red and white and little more than a tiny round cubicle with a propeller over top of it.

When I looked again, however, they looked a little larger and I noticed one had four seats on it all crowded together; it had no sides so everything was completely exposed. The wind was blowing, causing the propeller to turn. And the turning propeller was causing some clicking on the instrument panel.

Looking more closely at the other helicopter, I saw it also has a rather elaborate instrument panel. It looked like it had one seat and next to it a type of little wooden building big enough for perhaps one person to sit in. Quite unusual looking for a helicopter.

How nice it must be to have your own helicopter and just fly around whenever you wanted.

I noticed some electrical wires strung right over the helicopter and I wondered how the owner took off without hitting them. Perhaps the helicopter was so light, it could be carried a little further back in the yard where there were no electrical wires so it could take off from there.

Dream of: 14 July 1987 "Ghostly Ball"

I and 15-20 people went to investigate a country house, which was very strange, perhaps haunted.

One woman appeared to be in charge and was leading the group. Once we were inside the house, strange things began to happen, such as objects suddenly breaking. Everyone was quite apprehensive and sticking close together.

The woman in charge decided that we needed to begin destroying the house, and that we should begin making holes in the walls. People began pounding, tearing, sawing and cutting holes in the walls. One man in the kitchen had some kind of wire saw which he was pulling back and forth across a bar, sawing it. I myself told the woman that there should be no problem in wrecking the house and I thought I might begin by breaking out windows.

I had some kind of little gun which I shot at, and broke, a small mirror hanging on the wall.

I decided to open a door and let some air in. When I did so, however, I was startled by some kind of ghost-like apparition in front of me and I screamed. The image was very peculiar. It was white against a black background, but it actually consisted of the small, white images of many people (apparently representing the very people here in the house with me) and they were all

crowded and swarming around each other trying to get into the middle of the group.

The people fit together like white pieces of a kaleidoscope or a puzzle against a black background. They were all moving together in an intricate pattern and everyone was trying to get in the middle of the ghostly ball. The different people also reminded me of a picture I had seen of Byzantine people. They were saying, "I want to crowd in right into the middle of the all together ball. Why don't we get all together? Why don't we get all together?"

Dream of: 14 July 1987 (2) "Window Peeping"

It was quite late at night and I was standing on the porch of a house across the street from Sussie's house on Franklin Avenue in Portsmouth.

Someone who was apparently Sussie's father walked out onto the porch of Sussie's house.

Another fellow who was apparently Sussie's brother then likewise walked onto the porch.

Suddenly a fellow all dressed in red and carrying something which looked like a bag of groceries ran out from behind Sussie's house. He took off running down the street while the two men on the porch just stood and watched him. Apparently the fellow had been window peeping. Suddenly one of the two men on the porch took off chasing the fellow.

It occurred to me that if they could find out where the fellow had bought the groceries, it might be possible to identify him.

Dream of: 15 July 1987 "Mind Probe"

I had gone somewhere to be tested to see if I had the AIDS virus. Another woman who had taken an AIDS test was standing in the room into which I walked and apparently she didn't want to know the results of her tests. A man who appeared to be a doctor talked to her and told her that she had tested negative and that she didn't have the AIDS virus.

I was unsure whether I had already taken the test and I asked the doctor about it. He said, "You've got some of the symptoms."

I asked, "Do I have the HIV virus?"

He answered, "That hasn't been determined yet."

I asked, "What are the symptoms?"

He answered, "Nervousness."

He also added that another symptom was the lightness of my sleep. I said, "Well you should have seen me years ago."

It seemed obvious that I had some kind of problem, but apparently I hadn't yet taken the test and he was about to run a few tests on me.

The doctor (probably in his mid 30s) was dressed in white and he vaguely reminded me of someone I knew named Ira Taylor. After another man walked in and sat down, the doctor asked me to sit down and told me to look at something. The thing he had me looking at really didn't look like anything to me. All I saw was something black with perhaps a dot of light in the middle. But as I looked, I could tell that the doctor and the other man were somehow looking into my mind.

It appeared that I was being hypnotized. The doctor then said, "You will go back 3 years."

Suddenly something happened and I said something. But basically I remained quiet and listened to what was being said to me. He then said, "Go back another 3 years."

All the while I continued looking at the little light in the darkness in front of me. The little light was coming from a machine about two meters away from me and apparently something was being shot into my mind. Something clicked and I seemed immobilized. I could only listen to what the man was saying. All the while I had the feeling the man was delving into my mind and seeing things there, in essence reading my mind.

The doctor asked a question and it sounded as if he had asked me if I had been convicted of something. I hesitated to answer the question and I really didn't want to talk about it. I remembered having once been in jail in Iran, but I had never been actually convicted of anything in Iran. But it seemed as if I had been convicted of some minor offenses.

I asked, "Is the question, 'Have I been convicted?'
Yes I've been convicted."

He said, "For pot smoking?"

I answered, "Yes, for pot smoking."

He said, "That's what I thought."

I thought about saying that I knew I had done some damage to my mind, but I didn't say anything. It definitely seemed that marijuana had somehow affected my mind.

I was quite nervous, but I seemed unable to do much about it at that point. I felt very disoriented and disassociated with myself. I seemed to be having a hard time grasping who I was and what was going on. I knew what was happening was important, but I couldn't seem to focus. I said, "You've got to tell me what you're doing. I have no idea what you're doing."

Dream of: 15 July 1987 (2) "Bearing My Teeth"

In front of me I was holding a picture which I had taken of myself; I was surprised by what I saw. The material on the surface of the picture allowed different images to be seen depending on the angle at which the picture was held. In part of the picture I could see a partial image of my face, which showed me bearing my teeth like a dog or wolf. My teeth all looked good and strong, but the pose was rather bizarre and alarming.

I turned the picture upside down and now was able to see most of my head. All around my head were what appear to be crystals composed of interconnecting lines of all different colors in which a blue hue predominated.

I kept turning the picture and then noticed a large eye in the picture. Apparently that was a result of a picture being taken of my eye when I was looking into the camera to take the picture.

Dream of: 16 July 1987 "Facing Issues"

I had unexpectedly called up Sue and was talking with her on the phone. She didn't seem all that surprised to hear from me and we began a rather relaxed conversation. It was surprising how familiar her voice sounded. Although I had rarely

spoken with Sue, it seemed as if her voice was one I had often heard, albeit not recently.

I did remember having talked with her by phone perhaps a month before, but her voice seemed a bit different now. Perhaps it was the ease with which she seemed to be approaching me that seemed a little different. I had the feeling we both felt familiar with each, much more than I had expected when I had called her.

Although the familiarity between us was pronounced, I felt as if Sue were seeking to maintain a certain distance from me. A slight, yet evident, chill pervaded her tone.

Our conversation quickly turned quite naturally to the dreams we had been exchanging so long with each other and it occurred to me that our dream exchange was the basis of our familiarity with each other. I really hadn't realized it before, but we had come to know each other quite well through reading each others dreams, and I felt a certain bonding had occurred between us as a result of our dream exchange. Actually the revelation was a little surprising, because I didn't think we had been communicating well lately, and to a large extent, I had put Sue from my mind. In fact, I had some concerns as to whether she even wanted to continue our exchange.

Now that I was talking with her, I felt some basis for those concerns. I also felt we were actually closer than either of us may have realized. Something in Sue's manner of speaking gave me the impression that even though she was experiencing doubts about our dream exchange, she still had a longing that something more solid could develop between us.

I thought part of the problem might be that we had rarely talked to each other about what we actually thought about the other as a result of having read each other's dreams. I broached that subject and Sue immediately said I hadn't been forthcoming in telling her much of my impressions of her from reading her dreams. I admitted that was true and I thought I would like to change that. I would like to tell her what I thought.

Although we had been frank and open about exchanging our dreams with each other, we hadn't been open about exchanging our opinions about each other. Part of the reason I hadn't told Sue much about my opinion of her was because I was worried that I would tend to be critical of her and that I might offend her. I was beginning to see just a little that not expressing my opinion of her hadn't been the best way to go. I realized I really didn't have to be all that worried about criticizing Sue, because actually I liked the person she fundamentally was. So any criticisms I might have

wouldn't go to the nature of her being, but would just touch upon some of her attributes. Of course (I rather ironically thought) one of her attributes I might criticize was her unwillingness to hear criticism.

Another problem which had been a result of our not being open and frank in our exchange of opinions, was that I was unsure what Sue really thought about me, and I was concerned she had concluded something was wrong with me. I thought that was part of the reason for the chilly attitude which she seemed to be projecting. I felt as if she had been having doubts about whether I was a person she could trust and whether I was a person with whom she wanted to feel bonded. I still didn't know exactly what she had seen in my dreams which made her think that.

So I probed a little further and I sketchily revealed my feelings about our not having freely exchanged opinions of each other. I could tell the subject had been on her mind, too, even though she didn't seem quite ready to discuss it. She seemed reluctant to actually tell me what she thought about me and she seemed to want to know if I really wanted her to do that. I rather emphatically said, "I would like to know."

I had spoken rather loudly, and it suddenly occurred to me that some other people in the room

could hear me. In fact I was in a fast-food restaurant, and although I didn't see any other customers, four or five young women (dressed in maroon outfits) behind the counter had obviously heard what I had said. I felt a little embarrassed because I thought the young women probably thought that I was talking with my girlfriend and that I had just told her I would like to know whether she liked me. I would have liked to have told them that wasn't the case at all. I said to Sue, "There's a whole room full of people standing here looking at me."

Sue finally seemed as if she were beginning to want to talk a little more about the subject. She said, "Don't you think you talk an awful lot about yourself?"

Apparently she was referring to my dreams and my emphasis on myself in my dreams. I didn't think that was unusual and I answered, "No more than anybody else."

I also wanted to tell her I regarded myself as an ordinary person doing a rather unordinary thing by writing my dreams.

As we continued talking I noticed music playing in the background. At first I thought it was playing over an intercom system in the restaurant, but I gradually realized the music was coming through the phone on Sue's end. It sounded as if she must

have her stereo on. Gradually the music became louder and louder and it sounded as if someone were actually playing it in her house. Mainly it was just one instrument playing, probably a saxophone. I finally concluded either Sue's husband or son was playing it.

The music had become so loud, carrying on the conversation was difficult. I finally realized whoever was playing the music might be trying to let Sue know she should get off the phone. I hadn't bothered to ask Sue when I had called if she were busy, so I finally asked her if I were interrupting anything. She said I wasn't, and she tried to get the music to stop, but it continued. Finally she said it might be better if she called me back in a few minutes. I didn't want her to feel compelled to make a long distance call to me and I thought I could call her back. Finally she said, "Check back at 5:59 and I think you'll find me here."

With that, we hung up. I had thought I would be calling her back in about 10 minutes, but when I looked at the clock I saw it was only about 5:10.

I was uncertain what I should do in the meantime. On the floor sat a tray from which I had apparently eaten some food. I saw a Canadian nickel on the tray and picked up the nickel, not wanting to leave it behind. I gathered up some other things of mine. Still hungry, I thought I might order something

else to eat, but nothing on the menu on the wall looked that good. I saw some kind of vegetarian submarine sandwich with black olives which cost \$3.01, but I decided not to order anything. I decided I would probably just take the elevator up to the upper story where I was living and fix myself something to eat.

Feeling pretty good about having talked with Sue, I wanted to get back on the phone with her. It looked as if we both had a stake in this matter and as if we might be able to progress if we would face issues rather than neglecting them.

Dream of: 18 July 1987 "Possessed"

I had gone to visit some young people (probably in their late teens); I felt quite young myself. We seemed to be in the bedroom of a large country mansion, almost a castle. A couple fellows and a couple girls were there. One of the girls was named Bianca. The girls were both quite beautiful and appeared to be Hispanic. They had long black hair and dark eyes.

Everyone left the room for a while except me and one of the girls. She was dressed quite provocatively and was lying on the floor. Although I hadn't thought about it before, it now occurred to me that I would like to have some physical contact with her and I lay down next to her. She

seemed unwilling, however, especially since she only met me today, and she drew back from me.

I was alone in the room and was packing my things, which I had scattered all about. There were some clothes, a black pair of pants, and a number of notebooks which I packed into my green back pack. I realized it was fortunate that I had brought the back pack with me.

Before I finished, one of the fellows (whose name was Peter) returned. I talked with him briefly and I expressed my displeasure about having been left alone, even though I was gradually beginning to realize the reason why I was alone. Something was quite amiss at the mansion and something dangerous was taking place.

I was standing in front of the mansion looking at its large rock walls. It was quite impressive. But my thoughts were occupied by the revelation of what the problem here was. The other fellow (not Peter) was possessed. I wasn't exactly sure of the nature of the possession or what was possessing him, but clearly something or someone had control over his mind. I felt rather helpless when I thought about it.

The fellow who was possessed had returned to the mansion and was standing in front of it. In his hand he was holding a sheaf from which he extracted a knife. The fellow was obviously under the control of some other power and it appeared that in this state, he might be going to harm someone.

Dream of: 20 July 1987 "Feeling Liberated"

It was morning and I was in the front seat of a car being driven by Vestal (administrator of a Dallas County Criminal Court). Although we were supposed to be heading for the Dallas County Courthouse to work, we were actually driving around the streets of New Boston near Portsmouth. I decided I would like for us to stop and eat something and Vestal pulled over. We sat down at a table along the sidewalk and waited for a while to be served, but no one came. Finally I realized it was too early, and besides, I actually didn't see any restaurants around us; I suggested that we go somewhere else.

In the car again, we were driving in the direction of Portsmouth and I was trying to think of a restaurant where we could go. I finally mentioned the Terminal restaurant and Vestal said that would be fine with her.

My mind was actually not that concerned with eating and was much more preoccupied with other matters, such as the fact that Vestal had placed her hand on mine and we had begun holding hands.

Although Vestal was in her 60s, she seemed much younger than that and I concluded that she was 41 years old. Whatever age she was, I had definitely become strongly sexually attracted to her. In fact, her age seemed to add to the allure. The idea of having sex with an older woman seemed erotic to me, especially since she seemed to be in very good physical shape and since she seemed to have somehow retained her youthfulness.

She was wearing a dress which came to just above her knee. Audaciously, I laid my left hand on the bare skin above her right knee. I thought she might push my hand away, but she let it lie there. The feel of her bare skin quickly worked its effect on my mind and I found my sexual passion quickly growing. I was very perceptive to the feel of her skin. It wasn't extremely soft, and I could feel a few hairs which she apparently hadn't shaved off. So it wasn't so much the pleasure of the sensation of touch which was arousing me, but simply the fact that she was allowing me to touch her.

I was eagerly thinking of actually trying to move my hand farther up her leg. The idea was terrible

exciting. The thought that someone like Vestal would actually be permitting this kind of action on my part was extremely erotic. I had always thought of her as someone who definitely wouldn't participate in something like this, especially with a man so much younger than she. All my thoughts flowing together, combined with the reality of my hand on her bare skin, caused my mind to be consumed with sexual desire.

I moved my fingers on her leg, lightly and gently caressing her. In the process I moved my hand slightly farther up her leg, just a little under her dress. She was obviously extremely aware of what I was doing and although she seemed confused as to whether she should let me proceed, she likewise seemed to be becoming somewhat overwhelmed by her sexual desires.

I realized she was married and I was vaguely concerned about her husband, but it wasn't all that important. If she wasn't going to worry about it, then why should I? I wonder if when she had been a younger woman whether she had ever gone out with other men while she had been married. I hadn't imagined her doing it before, but now it seemed that that may indeed have been a possibility.

Her face seemed flushed and the color made her look even more attractive.

I continued caressing her leg and with my caresses I gradually proceeded farther and farther up her leg. She didn't stop me, although she did press her legs somewhat together at times and I could tell she was nervous and unsure whether she should let me proceed. As my hand moved farther up her leg, I became aware of how the amount of hair I was feeling was growing. The hair felt very pleasant to me and aroused me even more.

Finally I had proceeded so far that my hand was very near her pubic region and I thought I must be close to encountering her panties. I was surprised to find just how dense the hair was here and I realized I was actually already feeling her pubic hairs. She must have extremely dense hair around her pubic area and the hair must stick out all around her panties. She likewise was obviously very aroused at this point and I doubted she was going to resist.

I continued forward until I could feel her panties. How pleasing. I pressed my hand against her pubic region, I formed my hand into a cup and place it over her pubic area and pressed against it. Indeed the hair in her pubic region was extremely dense. I could feel just how much hair there was under my hand beneath her panties.

By now my thoughts were racing so fast and furious I could hardly tell fantasy from reality. I could vividly imagine my placing my fingers under the edges of her panties and searching out the moist entrance to her vagina. It seemed so real to imagine her being completely consumed with sexual desire, spreading her legs apart and letting me explore her pubic area at will with my fingers.

I forgot about the restaurant. We needed to find a motel immediately. I thought I knew where one is.

I felt liberated. The time for indecision concerning sex was past. Now was the time to begin to have as much sex with as many women as possible. I knew of two other women at the courthouse who I could likewise probably have sex with: Francis and Marsha. Especially Marsha. She was quite attractive and I was sure having sex with her would be a highly pleasurable event.

Dream of: 21 July 1987 "Marriage Ceremony"

I was in a very large church, a cathedral. A wedding was scheduled to take place and I was the person who was to perform the ceremony and marry the bride and groom. I was nervous because I had never done this before and I hadn't had any practice.

The church had already begun to fill with people and the wedding was scheduled to take place at

7:30. I was wearing a long, heavy, black robe which stretched to my ankles. A long red scarf was wrapped around my neck.

There was a definite ceremony which I was supposed to follow, but I was unsure what it was. I tried to practice a little and remember the exact steps I was supposed to go through. I knew that at one point I was supposed to go over to the side and do something with some silver, perhaps dip my hands in water in a silver bowl, but I was uncertain exactly what to do.

Finally a man who knew all the ceremony stepped up and assisted me some. He told me my robe wasn't properly on me. There was a loop in the back of my neck on the robe which the red scarf was supposed to pass through. He helped me arrange it. When he was finished arranging the scarf, it circled around my neck in a loop and fell about to my navel in two folds and then looped back up to my neck. It then looked much better.

The time was rapidly approaching for the marriage to begin and I was still unprepared. Many flowers had been brought into the church and were sitting about. I saw myself in a mirror and I noted how young I looked, perhaps 20 years old. My hair was very short.

The couple being married was also very young. I knew them, but not well.

I realized that music was playing and I saw a young fellow singing into a microphone. The music seemed quite grand. It was 7:15 and I must perform the ceremony in another 15 minutes, but I was still unprepared.

It suddenly occurred to me that I was actually not an ordained minister or priest and that I actually might not be authorized to conduct this ceremony. That might be a way out of my doing it. But then I thought the law would recognize the marriage as valid, even if I wasn't authorized to perform the ceremony. So it didn't matter and I realized I was going to have to go through with it.

I began thinking I might just stand up there and say whatever I felt like saying. Indeed that might be exactly what was expected of me.

The music appeared to have increased in intensity and I realized television screens in the church were showing parts of an opera. The grandeur of the opera seemed to fit the grandeur of the occasion of two people uniting themselves in marriage.

Dream of: 22 July 1987 "Failure To Protect"

My friend Eloise LaGrone (a woman a few years older than I whom I first met in Dallas in 1987) was visiting me at my Apartment in the Dallas Zen Center. After she left I feel asleep. Suddenly I

awoke and looked out the back window. I thought, That's surprising. There's Eloise's gray BMW still sitting out there in the back driveway. Where was Eloise? Could something have happened to her? Could someone have attacked her when she went to her car? Apparently I hadn't even walked outside with her for protection.

It looked as if a trench ran along the inside of the fence which went along the street in the back yard. I suddenly noticed something moving at the far end of the trench and then saw a patch of dark brown hair which I immediately recognized as Eloise's. In a flash it was clear to me what had happened: someone had attacked Eloise and pulled her over to the trench, where she was now being raped.

I was overcome with grief at the thought of what Eloise must be enduring; but at least she was still alive. Almost in a panic, I realized, however, there was also danger that she might be killed. I must act immediately to help her; it seemed the best thing to do would be to start screaming, "Police! Help! Eloise!" to alarm the attacker so he might flee, and hopefully to alert someone else nearby or across the street.

Seeing Eloise in the trench behind my apartment seemed more like a dream than reality, although I was still thoroughly alarmed. But I seemed to be

sitting looking out the window thinking about what course of action I would follow if such a thing were to occur. I had no doubt I would try to save her, even if it involved risking my own safety. But how? Since her danger appeared so immediate, and it would take me some time to run down there, it did seem that screaming out and scaring the attacker would be the best thing to do.

Then I could run down there as fast as I could, screaming all the while. Hopefully the attacker would flee. Of course I realized there was always the chance the attacker might kill Eloise before I could reach her; but I saw no way of preventing that.

I was definitely going to try to reach her as fast as I could. I thought the best thing to do would be to pick up a big, long board on my way toward her; it looked as if some boards were lying on the ground between us. I could then use the board to strike at the attacker when I got close enough. If I didn't have a board and I just attacked him with my bare hands, I would be running a grave risk of his having a weapon to use on me, such as a knife. In fact I could vividly see his stabbing me in the stomach with a knife as I ran up and grabbed him. So I must be cautious.

Later, I was talking with Eloise on the phone. I had realized the entire episode of her being

attacked in the trench in the back yard had been a dream and I had called to tell her about it. I still felt shook up even after I told her, but Eloise seemed rather calm and her voice had a reassuring tone.

Eloise's doorbell suddenly rang. I immediately became alarmed and emphatically said, "Don't answer it!" I felt as if the dream might have been some kind of premonition and that someone who would attack Eloise might be at the door; but Eloise maintained a calm attitude and told me not to be alarmed and that she was going to answer the door. She ignored my pleas not to go.

As I heard her walking toward the door, I tried to think what I would do if I heard her screaming. I was so far away it would be difficult for me to reach her in time to help her.

She answered the door and I heard friendly voices. Apparently a man and woman, two old friends of Eloise, had dropped in to see her. I glanced at my watch and saw that it was only 10 p.m. It sounded as if Eloise called the man Jeff and I heard him call Eloise, "Annie." It sounded as if the man and the woman hadn't seen Eloise in a while and had simply decided to drop in for a visit.

It occurred to me that Eloise probably frequently had visitors like that. She had a comfortable house

where people probably enjoyed coming and she seemed hospitable.

I felt rather foolish and embarrassed about having been so alarmed. I just wanted to hang up without talking with Eloise anymore. My phone was hooked up to my computer, and all I had to do to hang up was press the store function keys, Control K and D. That would be the easiest thing to do. And I felt so embarrassed, I didn't want to talk to Eloise for a while. So if she called back, I just wouldn't answer.

I hesitated, however, to just hang up like that. So I waited a little longer, thinking when she came back to the phone I would simply say good-bye to her and then we could hang up.

Dream of: 23 July 1987 "Small Silver Ball"

My good friend from Dallas, Eloise LaGrone, and I had gotten together to sit and meditate in a Zen setting. Previously, Eloise had made a promise to me concerning a small silver ball on which she was supposed to concentrate during the sitting, but she broke her promise. I was actually unsure of the exact purpose of the ball, and I was likewise unsure as to why Eloise had broken her promise to concentrate on it.

Suddenly Eloise looked at me; it was clear to both of us why she has broken the promise. If she were

to concentrate on the little silver ball, it would fly into the front part of her head like a bullet, blast away the back part of her head and kill her.

I remembered I had actually had two brothers to whom that had already happened.

So it was clear to me why she would be somewhat hesitant to participate in that action. But I also thought that if she would do it, that it wouldn't actually hurt her, and that no pain would be involved.

We sat down together to mediate. I was unsure whether she was going to concentrate on the little silver ball and let her mind be blown away or not; it was simply not clear.

Dream of: 24 July 1987 "Not Meant To Be"

My good friend from Dallas, Eloise LaGrone, and I were together; she was sitting up on a couch while I was lying on the floor. Everything was indistinct and blurry, but I knew several other people were also there. I looked at Eloise. There she was, up there so close, but we didn't seem so close. We weren't relating so well at the moment and I seemed a little distracted. She seemed different, too. She really didn't look like herself; she looked as if she had gained some weight; her hair was black instead of brown and she seemed as if she were younger, perhaps 30 years old.

She seemed flighty and a bit nervous, maybe acting a little as if she were trying to ignore me. I knew she was an alcoholic and I wondered if she might have been drinking anything alcoholic. I hoped not; I had a tinge of concern that I might have somehow prompted her to that, but I didn't think she had drunk anything.

She had a suggestion. She had gotten off the couch and now she was also on the floor. She was suggesting everyone in the room take off their clothes and it looked as if she were going to be the first to take off hers. She was wearing a dark shirt and dark pants.

I felt a little sorry to see her in this state. I didn't feel very close to her, but I wanted to be close to her, because I cared about her. I crawled over next to her and we immediately put our arms around each other. Obviously that was exactly what she had wanted; she had simply been trying to get my attention.

We had never kissed before and although in a way I wanted to kiss her, I still didn't feel right about it. She said something about how she was going to kiss me the way the little woman who had hurt me used to and we engaged in a kiss. I didn't like the kiss; it felt sloppy and unsatisfying. I broke away.

I sensed confusion in Eloise. I thought the confusion might have something to do with

something I had been thinking about earlier. I thought her confusion was caused by her thinking about trying to seduce me. She felt as if she wanted to, but she had grave doubts about doing it. She thought, "What if I try and fail? How shattering. Or what if I try and succeed and am disappointed." She wanted to, but she felt it would be best not to try. Hence, confusion.

Suddenly, I knew I was dreaming: I was lucid. It seemed so natural to be lucid all at once; I thought Eloise had a way of affecting me and triggering my lucidity. I vaguely remembered thinking something like that about her when I had been awake and my now being lucid seemed to confirm that.

I was so lucid, I felt as if I were awake. I was telling myself not to worry about that, because feeling awake was just part of the nature of lucidity. I actually was awake, yet I was still dreaming. The dreaming would be verified when I woke up. That little aspect of lucidity (feeling awake while dreaming) had taken me a while to understand, and I still wasn't completely clear on it, but I saw that if I wanted to delve into lucidity, I had to accept the fact that I was actually dreaming here, and not awake.

So, having realized that, what should I do next? My mind was blank... a complete blank. I couldn't

think of anything to do except just lie there. The time seemed to go so slowly. How long had I already been lucid? Or maybe the time was actually going quite fast. I seemed to have lost my feel of time.

I was concerned because I felt as if I were forgetting part of my dream and I wouldn't be able to remember it when I awoke. I had gone over that dilemma before, too. I told myself not to worry about it, to just let it go. I told myself to simply concentrate on the present, on my lucidity and what was going to happen next.

Eloise. Yes. Screams. A song.

I began singing.

"Oh Eloise why can't you be true.

Oh Eloise why can't you be true.

Oh Eloise, why can't you be true.

Oh Eloise, you know it's true

Oh Eloise, you know it's true

Oh Eloise, you know I do love you.

But Eloise, it's not meant to be.

But Eloise, it's not meant to be.

For me, to make sweet love to you."

"Now," I thought, "now wake up and write your song."

Dream of: 25 July 1987 "Bulldogs"

My old friend Roger Anderson and I were in a large old house where I was living. It seemed as if Anderson was going to spend the night. A beautiful shapely woman (about 20 years old) whom I used to know appeared. She vaguely reminded me both of Tyler and Montavan (two female acquaintances from Portsmouth, Ohio whom I briefly knew around 1970). I couldn't get over just how physically beautiful she was. She had raven-black hair and large pouting lips.

I was nice to her and treated her with respect. She seemed somewhat lost and vulnerable, but I didn't take advantage of her in any way. She also was going to spend the night. She was going to be with Anderson, but I knew Anderson respected her and that there wouldn't be any physical contact -- Anderson wouldn't bother her. He cared a lot about her.

In the course of the night, it seemed she also spent part of the night with about four yuppie-type fellows in a nice car.

The next day she was again with Anderson and me. She seemed a bit distraught and appeared to just have a large beach towel wrapped around her. Her black hair was wet and hanging over her shoulders. She appeared to be intoxicated, apparently from whiskey, but she was still beautiful.

She, Anderson and I walked outside to board a convertible which I was going to drive. She had a fifth of whiskey with her. She had drunk almost all of it and only a little was left in the bottom. I took the bottle from her and I took a drink of the whiskey. It had been a long time since I had drunk any alcohol. I knew the effects would be powerful.

As the girl and Anderson boarded the car, I made up my mind that I was going to have sex with her, by force if necessary. I felt my personality radically change as my resolve become fixed. I would force her to have sex with me.

I began driving around. She was sitting in the back seat. First thing I wanted to do was find a drug store and buy a rubber. Rubber or condom? Which was the better word? Probably condom. I could probably do without one, but I figured there might be a 17 percent chance that she had a venereal disease, such as AIDS, so I better have some protection.

She didn't know yet and she was still trusting me. I thought I would break the news to her by telling her I was going to buy a condom. She would know what was going on.

While I had been driving, I had been smoking a large cigar. I know it was a little out of character for me, but it seemed to fit me at the moment. Finally I realized I had smoked it down to a small butt and I threw it out.

We seemed to be in a small town and I drove down a street with little stores on both sides. I didn't see a drug store anywhere. Gradually, the street seemed to be running inside a mall and finally I was actually driving inside a furniture store at the end of the mall. I tried to turn around, had a bit of difficulty and someone in the store had to move some furniture around to give me enough room.

Finally I headed back out and drove back through the mall. I let the girl and Anderson know I was looking for a drug store. She knew what was going on. It seemed erotic that I had let her know I was looking for a condom. She seemed to realize it would be futile to resist. She was obviously disappointed to see my nature change like it had, but she seemed resigned not to struggle, although I wasn't completely sure of that. She was a little angry, sitting there with her damp hair, but she was still so beautiful.

We reached the end of the mall and before I drove out, I stopped and asked a fellow here where there was a drug store. He said one was downstairs directly below us. I needed to go outside and then come back in the downstairs part of the mall.

I drove out and had to drive the car down about 20 steps and into a parking lot. As I was looking for a parking space, a car with some young men passed us and the girl seemed to wave at them. I figured they were probably the yuppies she had spent part of last night with, but she didn't make any attempt to enlist their help against me and they went on.

I parked and was just about to get out of the car when Anderson pulled out his billfold. I knew Anderson liked the girl and I was a bit concerned that she might try to use him against me to cause conflict between us. I didn't think Anderson was interested in forcing himself on the girl, but now I wondered whether he wanted me to also buy him a condom. I thought he already had one. Then I saw that in his hand he had four or five silver dollars which he had pulled from his billfold. He told me he had recently bought some condoms about the size of the silver dollars and he seemed to have paid about 29 cents apiece for them. He was telling me so I would know not to pay some exorbitant price for my condom.

Someone else seemed to be standing nearby looking at Anderson's silver dollar and I hoped there was no risk that they would try to steal them.

I got out of the car. The land all around me was freshly plowed and I began walking across it. I felt some half dollars in my pocket and I thought they were the size of the condom I was going to ask for.

It wasn't too late for me to stop this. I hadn't done anything yet, except lose the girl's respect. I could still rid myself of this force that had come over me. I did feel somewhat guilty about what I was doing, but I also seemed to have changed into someone determined to carry through the act of forcing myself on her. I did seem different.

I had entered a store in the mall. It seemed to be a clothing store. A clerk came up and I told him I needed a shirt. He pulled out a long-sleeved shirt with small light and dark green checks on it. It cost about \$20 and I told him I would take it without even looking at anything else. Just when I was about to pay for it, he mentioned something about a type of school shirt and I asked to see it.

He pulled out a type of pretty sweater which zipped up the front. It had a picture of a bulldog on the back and said "Bulldogs." Obviously for

some school. I liked it, but it cost \$41 and I didn't want to spend that much money.

If I did buy that kind of sweater, I would want something with the picture of a milder animal on it.

Dream of: 26 July 1987 "Dead And Buried"

I had come to visit a house where it seemed a relative of mine was living. Behind the house was a second small house which only had one room. I walked up to the door of the small house and on the door found a little card with a picture of flowers on it.

I recalled that my sister had died in the little house a couple months ago. This was the first time I had been to the little house since my sister's death. I recalled her body lying in the house after she had died. I noticed another card with a picture of what appeared to be a lily on it on one of the windows of the house.

I felt rather shook up and walked away from the house without even going in. I walked over to a grassy area and sat down in the grass. A woman who was my relative came out, walked up beside me and said, "I understand how you feel."

I thought about how strange it was that my sister had died. The impact seemed to just now be hitting me.

My father seemed to be nearby and I thought about how painful it had been for him and my mother to have lost my sister at this stage in their lives.

The woman sat down beside me; I felt overcome with emotion. Tears formed in my eyes and one tear dropped on the woman. I knew she felt it and I was glad she saw me crying. She tried to comfort me. It seemed so incomprehensible to me that my sister could be dead and buried under the ground. Yet I knew it was true.

Dream of: 30 July 1987 "Professional Dream Writer"

Having left the Gallia County Farm (my grandparents' 386 acre farm in Gallia County, Ohio), I was now standing beside some railroad tracks and packing some of my clothes into a suitcase. Preparing to depart on a long journey, I suddenly realized that although I had a suitcase with some towels and shirts in it, I did not have my backpack with me. I thought my backpack might be back at the Farm and I considered going back to get it since I would have preferred to have had the backpack instead of a suitcase. As I thought over the situation, I sat down beside the tracks.

When a fellow approached me, I stood up. I was unsure, but I thought he might be someone who worked for the railroad. I was a little worried because I was rather far from anyone out here. When he walked up and asked me if I could loan him some money, I answered, "We all need our money."

I backed away from him and he walked on. After he had gone a few steps away from me I hollered out, "Well, where you going?"

Since I did not particularly want to travel alone, I was considering the possibility that he and I might travel together. He said he was just going across town (apparently we were on the outskirts of a small town). Since he was only going a short ways, I decided it was best if he just went on alone.

When I sat back down on the railroad tracks, a small blonde girl walked up. Behind her was my high school girlfriend, Birdie. They both walked up to me and I was happy to see them. I immediately recognized that the little girl was Birdie's daughter, Brandi, and that Brandi was possibly my own daughter. After Birdie and I began talking, I told her that I had left Texas, but that I now would like to return. I told her I had been on a long journey and had traveled in China, India and Russia. I thought about telling her I had learned Chinese, Russian and Sanskrit.

I felt rather exhausted from having traveled so much, as if I would just like to settle down in one place for a while and try to regroup myself. I was thinking of returning to Texas to do just that, but it seemed I still had some traveling to do yet. I was not quite sure if I might actually be on my way to Texas right at the moment.

It seemed as if Birdie might want to go along with me. I mentioned to her that my backpack was back at the Farmhouse and that I might need to return for it. I asked her if she could watch the things I had there with me while I returned to get the backpack.

I ended up walking into a house and into a room while carrying Brandi with me. She looked as if she were 8-9 years old, but I thought she was older than that, perhaps 13-14 years old. My family was going to have a meal together in the house and I was going to surprise everyone by bringing Brandi. When I encountered my mother in the hall, she did not know who Brandi was.

Brandi began sucking on my neck, right on my Adam's apple. I pulled her away and wondered if someone had been teaching her bad habits, such as giving hickeys.

I looked in a closet for a shirt, found several, but none was mine. I was unsure what kind of shirt I was going to wear to the meal.

In the dining room was a dining table which had a place for one person at each end and three people on each side. Ronald Reagan (wearing a black suit) was seated at one end of the table.

Birdie came walking down the stairs, unaware that Reagan was going to be at the meal. She was dressed casually, wearing a black sweater (with white designs) which belonged to me. She was excited by Reagan's presence.

We all sat down at the table. I was sitting on the side to Reagan's immediate right, while my brother Chris (who died of muscular dystrophy at the age of 16 in 1974) was sitting to my right. Birdie, Brandi, my father and some other members of my family were also at the table. I had not seen Chris for awhile and I was happy to see him there. I put my right arm around him and hugged him, wanting to be as close to him as I could. He seemed somewhat sad and I tried to cheer him up.

I wondered if Reagan was going to be asking me what I did for a living. I knew I was a lawyer, but I did not feel like a lawyer. I thought that telling him that I was a professional dream writer would be a bit difficult, but that was what I was, so if he asked, I would probably tell him that.

When I finally began looking around the table I became quite emotional and began crying. Crying seemed strange to me, because I had not cried in

such a long time, but crying in front of everyone felt good. I was glad to see everyone there at the table even though I was not accustomed to it.

It seemed to me that someone was missing, and it occurred to me that Louise (my ex-wife) was not at the table. I thought she should have been there, but then I thought, "Well she was just a fleeting part of my life and apparently this was not the proper place for her to be."

Dream of: 30 July 1987 (2) "Prepared For Attacks"

I was at the Gallia County Farmhouse with my grandmother Mabel, my step-grandfather Clarence and my father. Concerned about my grandmother's safety, I wanted to know what she would do if someone tried to attack her. When I questioned her, she pulled out a brown rifle which had been sitting behind a cabinet in the living room. The rifle had two .22 caliber shells in it – but one shell was in backwards.

I asked my grandmother about her leaving her door unlocked; she said she still did. Basically, however, she seemed prepared for any attacks.

Dream of: 31 July 1987 "An Utter Failure"

While in my bedroom at my Apartment in the Dallas Zen Center, I heard some commotion in the

next room. In an effort to scare someone away whom I thought was dangerous, I began screaming and screaming. There was a window between my bedroom and the kitchen and I tried to go through it to the kitchen. Suddenly my mother appeared in the kitchen and she thought I was attempting to break into the kitchen. In her hand she was holding a blue sock which appeared to have another sock inside it. She began slinging the sock at me trying to hit me.

Finally I got into the kitchen and began trying to calm her down. She finally realized who I was and backed off.

I was standing on the back balcony of the Apartment talking with several people about Roger Anderson. It appeared that during the commotion, Roger either died or was killed. I was unsure exactly what happened to him. I said that Roger had been a complete failure in his life. I said, "An utter failure."

Some people there seemed to think saying such things about someone who had died was a bit inappropriate.

I continued explaining that the one goal Roger had in his life was to be a writer. For him, nothing else really mattered, except fulfilling that goal. I pointed out that Roger was now dead and that he hadn't written anything.

An older man who reminded me somewhat of Ed Dee (a Dallas acquaintance) walked up and also commented that Anderson hadn't published anything during his life. I remembered that Anderson had actually written a book which was probably still in rough form at his home. Someone mentioned something about having it published and I said something snide about how that wouldn't be like Anderson to get something published.

Since I knew the book had never been completed and put into any kind of publishable form, Anderson hadn't really accomplished what he had set out to do.

I felt sad that Anderson had died a complete failure, but such were the facts and I couldn't alter them.

I realized that I had been dreaming about Anderson and that he hadn't actually died. I thought that after I had written the dream down, I needed to send it to Anderson to see what he thought about it. I anticipated he would be a little surprised and shocked because I had regarded him as being a failure in life because he had never written anything, but I really felt as if that were the truth and as if Anderson would probably understand that was the truth.

Dream of: 01 August 1987 "Mental Illness Court"

I was in a mental illness court where I had been appointed as attorney to represent several people facing commitment to a mental institute. I had the name of the proposed patients written on a piece of paper and I had already interviewed them.

There were five or six, and all, except one, were going to accept the doctors' recommendations and not contest the commitment.

The doctor who would be testifying at the hearings walked in and he reminded me of Doctor Glotfelty (doctor at Dallas Mental Illness Court). We began talking and I laid my paper with the names of the proposed patients on the table in front of me. I told the doctor I wasn't going to contest any of the cases except one and that the proposed patients would whatever recommendation he might make in their cases.

We began talking about the case which I was contesting. At first I thought it was a black fellow named Alvin, and the doctor said he could be released. But then I realized the contesting patient was actually named something like "Steven Crane" or "Steven Crank." I pointed his name out to the doctor and the doctor seemed unsure he would be able to recommend his release. But he at least

seemed willing to consider the possibility of release and we began talking about the fellow.

The judge entered the room and was obviously impatient to begin the hearing. The audience section of the room had filled with perhaps 50 people.

Steven (probably 19-20 years old) was led in. He had short black hair and seemed physically fit. He seemed nervous, and as he sat in his seat, I put my right hand on his shoulder to try to relax him.

I hadn't prepared any questions to ask him, but I knew I would just be able to question him in a general way and that it would quickly become obvious to all concerned whether he was suffering from a mental illness. First thing I wanted to do was find out whether he was oriented as to time and place and I asked him if he knew where he was. He did. He seemed fairly coherent and I continued asking questions.

He was becoming more and more nervous, his legs were moving back and forth and he couldn't seem to keep his hands still. He was expressing a lot of fear, especially at the thought of returning home.

Apparently he was afraid of his sister, who was named Louise, and who lived at home.

Suddenly someone in the back row of the audience called out and stood up. It was a black woman

(perhaps 40 years old). She identified herself as Steven's sister Louise. It surprised me that his sister was black. She talked for a short while, and I quickly concluded that she didn't have a friendly disposition toward Steven and that he might have some good reason for being afraid of her.

The judge (perhaps 40 years old) was growing impatient and wanted to move on. He looked like a strong man, even muscular. He had black hair. I would have liked to probe further into the matter of the sister and would even have liked to ask her a few questions. I mentioned how she did "not seem to be all that friendly" and then I said something to the judge about how he shouldn't just cut off my questioning like that. I immediately realized I might have offended the judge and he did look a bit piqued, but he didn't say anything.

I continued questioning Steven, but he was becoming more and more nervous and it was painfully clear that he was unable to respond well to my questions. Finally I saw no point in continuing and I allowed the doctor to begin asking questions. The doctor now seemed to be a different man. He was perhaps 40 years old and, like the judge, appeared strong and vigorous. He only asked one or two questions and then concluded. I was also finished and I told the judge that I rested my case.

The doctor then turned to the audience and asked them if they were going to "do it to him." I suddenly realized part of the audience was a jury. A number of people answered affirmatively to the doctor's questions and apparently they were voting to have Steven committed. About 12 people in the audience stood up. I noticed one was a black woman. Apparently the vote was unanimous and Steven would be committed for a period of time not to exceed 90 days.

The jury started to march out and Steven also stood to leave. There was a brief moment when no one is holding him, and he quickly slipped over to the side of the room where the windows were. I saw him and I could have hollered, but I just watched, mute. In a flash he slipped through an open window. Some people were standing right next to him, and I could have probably hollered out to them. But I stood motionless.

It suddenly occurred to me that we were on the fourth floor. Almost immediately I heard Steven scream and it was clear he was falling the four floors to the ground. I waited for the thud of his impact on the ground, but I didn't hear it. Instead I just heard another piercing, agonized scream. He continued to moan and it sounded as if he must have survived the fall, but was critically injured.

I felt like saying something to the doctor and the judge about how they had driven him to do this thing, but I realized it wouldn't do any good to criticize them. Besides, apparently Steven was quite mentally ill and it might have turned out just as bad if he had been released.

I hastened to one of the windows, pushed it open and stuck my head out. I could see Steven lying on the ground below. People had already reached him and were caring for him. He had already been completely wrapped up in white gauze bandages and a tall, muscular man was standing over him. Two of the bandages crossed Steven's chest like a cross. The man put his fingers under those bandages and picked Steven up. The man seemed to know what he was doing and that was apparently the safest way to pick someone up like that when there was danger of a back injury.

I turned away and tried to be nonchalant. I had a piece of gum in my mouth which I wanted to get rid of.

Dream of: 05 August 1987 "Professional Golfer"

I was on a nice, big, breezy golf course; it felt so good to be there. I was going to play a game of golf and I was even thinking about becoming a professional golfer. No, it was more than just thinking. I had actually decided I was going to

devote my life to playing golf. It seemed a little strange to me, because I used to view the game as being rather frivolous. But now I saw a certain beauty in the joy of taking big, sweeping swings of the club and the vigors of the exercise involved.

Someone else and I had already begun a game; I walked over to my ball. The fairway stretched out before me; indeed it would be exhilarating to knock my ball down through there. It was quite pleasant out here. Trees abounded along the edge of the course.

Only when I walked up to my ball did I realize there was a problem. The ball was lying in front of part of a large root of a tree sticking out above the ground. It wasn't going to be possible to take my grandiose swing after all, because I would merely hit the root. It looked as if I would only be able to just clip the top of the ball with my club and knock it a few meters away from the root.

So I hit the ball a short distance and then walked over to it again. Now I had another problem. A man was lying on the fairway and the ball was behind him. I got it in my mind that now I was going to have to also hit the man and drive him along with my ball the rest of the way. That was going to be extremely difficult. It made me a bit angry to think I was going to have to be driving this man along. It was so discouraging, I was

thinking about just giving up the game entirely.
The idea of playing golf professionally was less
and less appealing to me.

I finally ended up standing in the living room of the Dallas Zen Center talking with my good Dallas friend Eloise LaGrone about my problem with the round of golf. She was standing in front of the mantle fixing something on it. I explained to her how difficult it was knocking this man all over the golf course; I told her how discouraged I was with playing the game. I told her I was thinking of giving up the game.

She asked me why I didn't simply use one stroke to knock my ball out from behind the man and then continue on down the fairway without having to knock the man along. Funny that that idea hadn't occurred to me before, but that did seem to be a possibility. It seemed I hadn't thought of it before because I hadn't wanted to lose a stroke by knocking the ball out from behind the man. But now that I thought of it, it did make sense to do that.

Dream of: 05 August 1987 (2)
"Fundambulism"

I was happy to see that Weinstein had come to see me for a short visit and the two of us walked along a city street while I tried to decide what we would will do. We were near a building where Judith (a

Dallas acquaintance) was living and I considered taking Weinstein to meet Judith. Judith's quarters in the building were back in the corner somewhere along some narrow, uneven halls and I was slightly concerned Weinstein might find the place a little spooky. Plus I hesitated because I was unsure Weinstein would relate well with Judith. Personally I found something intriguing and rather fascinating about Judith's somewhat bizarre way of living, but I was unsure Weinstein would feel the same. Finally I decided I would like for the two to meet, although I didn't want to stay at Judith's place for more than a few minutes.

Weinstein was wearing a black tuxedo with long tails, had on a black top hat and might have even been carrying a black cane. But instead of seeming formal, his attire had a real clownish quality about it. There was a sort of liveliness in this clownish outfit which made me regard Weinstein as a rather unusual and interesting character. I felt as if he and I were probably going to have a good time together while he was here.

I briefly explained to him that I was taking him to visit Judith and I also told him I had already told Judith quite a bit about him. He half jokingly asked whether I had told her about a certain event where he and I had been involved in a brief sexual encounter together many years ago. I immediately knew what he was referring to since it was one of

my more painful memories. I actually wasn't quite sure I had told Judith about it, although it seemed as if I probably had. I explained that Judith might know, but Weinstein didn't really seem all that concerned.

As I proceeded along, I thought about telling Weinstein about a recent newspaper or magazine article I had written which had contained word "fundambulism" in its title.

Dream of: 07 August 1987 "Phosphorescent Buddha"

Two enemy armies were assembled on a large battlefield. Although the men appeared to be dressed in battle garb such as might have been worn by the ancient Greeks or Romans, the soldiers appeared quite sophisticated in their methods of fighting. Although physical prowess was still important to them, the battle apparently would be waged on a spiritual, perhaps mystical, level.

I identified with a strong muscular warrior on one side. He was dressed in battle gear and appeared to wear a metal breast plate and a sort of robe or skirt which fell toward his knees. Although I was not he, I perceived the scene from his vantage point and I shared his experiences.

This particular warrior was going to be important in the coming battle and his actions would determine the outcome of the war. The side he was on had only perhaps one tenth the number of warriors as the other side. Therefore, to win, some extraordinary measures would need to be taken. It was decided that the warrior must make a quick journey to a place where another warrior with superhuman powers was located, and bring the superhuman back to fight in the battle. The superhuman was practically unconquerable.

The warrior wasn't thrilled at the idea of making the journey, but he quickly saw that the journey must be undertaken. The warrior began walking among the other warriors as they cleared a path for him. As he walked, I was seeing what he saw.

He was in the process of feeling the strength within him and in so doing, a bluish phosphorescent image of a Buddha formed in front of him and acted as sort of a light clearing his path. The power of the Buddha was quite stark and that power reverberated in the warrior. I also felt it.

The warrior began his journey to find the superhuman. He first traveled deep into the earth on circular steps which descended down a vertical tunnel. Although the descent seemed interminable, the warrior finally reached the bottom and stepped out onto a field with sky

overhead. He had expected to find another army and the superhuman there. Instead, the fields were deserted and from the looks of the area, a battle had clearly taken place and the army he was seeking had retreated under the assault of superior forces.

The warrior began tracking the route of the retreat over fields and through broken fences. He traveled on and on.

Eventually, I found myself in the middle of a battle. Considerably fewer soldiers were on my side than on the other side. My fellow soldiers and I were completely surrounded and it appeared the enemy was about to begin bombarding us with arrows. I was ready to fight and I felt little fear, although I was concerned about not having a shield and about not having a chance to actually fight because of being killed by an arrow.

Finally, I was called in front of one of my superiors and told that I must search for the warrior with the extraordinary powers. Apparently he was in San Antonio. I knew I was quite a ways north of San Antonio, although I did not know exactly how far. Clearly San Antonio would be difficult to reach because enemy troops were between me and San Antonio.

Ultimately I ended up headed toward San Antonio in an old, beat-up car being driven by John Smith

(an acquaintance from my late teens). It did not occur to me that John Smith had died several years ago, although being with him did seem a bit strange.

John seemed to be driving a bit recklessly and suddenly as we sailed around a curve, I saw that he was going to run off the road into a green field. I prepared myself for the crash. The car rolled over, but finally it turned back over on its wheels and I realized that neither John nor I had been injured.

We both stepped from the car and looked it over. It looked a bit damaged, but as if it might still run. We both boarded the car and prepared to set off again.

Dream of: 07 August 1987 (2) "Zenny"

I was sitting in the downstairs dining room of the Dallas Zen Center, looking toward the kitchen. Three people, including Lamborghini (a member of the Zen Center), were in the kitchen. One was a woman and the other two were men. They had a bag from which one of them extracted a gob of marijuana.

I recalled that the four of us had bought the marijuana together. The bag of marijuana had been lying around the house and I had recently smoked some of it without telling the others. I

hoped no one mentioned that there seemed to be less marijuana in the bag now, because I really didn't want to admit to having smoked some of it.

One of them put some of the marijuana into a pan on the stove, apparently planning to somehow cook it. I thought they might be going to make some brownies. The woman began pulling handfuls of the marijuana out of the bag and holding it up in the air. That alarmed me some, because the back kitchen windows didn't have any curtains. It was night and anyone could clearly see inside. I stood up and walked into the kitchen.

I pointed out that they weren't acting very prudently and that a policeman could easily see in the back window and have everyone arrested for possession of marijuana. They realized what I was saying was true and they held the marijuana down to where it couldn't be seen. Someone worked on pulling down the blinds.

In the meantime, Lamborghini handed me a small pipe with some marijuana in it and I stuck the pipe in my mouth. I was a bit suspicious why Lamborghini had handed the pipe to me first, and I thought it might be because the person who lit the pipe had to inhale some of the noxious fumes from the match when it was lit. Lamborghini was just about to light the pipe, when I noticed a red glow already in the pipe. Apparently the pipe

already was lit and more marijuana had been placed on top of the flame. I took a hit.

Someone turned off the lights. I liked the lights being off. There was still enough light coming through the windows from outside so we could clearly see each other. Referring to the lights being out, I said, "That's a zeny thing to do."

Someone asked me to clarify what I had meant by that. I explained that in practicing Zen, people needed to sometimes do things which were out of the ordinary. In fact the practice of Zen seemed to involve doing unordinary things. I added, "We can do whatever we want, as long as we're not hurting anyone."

It occurred to me that the idea of not hurting anyone else by my actions was also important in the practice of Zen. But it also seemed as if that concept might also apply to not hurting myself. And was I not hurting my lungs by smoking this marijuana? The thought made me uncomfortable.

It suddenly occurred to me that it would be nice if the four of us did a little folk dance together there in the kitchen. There was enough room. I had folk-danced before and Lamborghini knew some folk dances. It would be fun to try.

Dream of: 09 August 1987 "AIDS Test"

I was in what appeared to be a doctor's office and had been visiting my mother who was in the next room. Slowly and painfully it had become clear to me that my mother had been given a test for AIDS and that the results had been positive. She had the disease. I was in a state of shock. I walked back into the room where my mother was and saw her sitting on a table. Apparently the disease had affected her mind and had basically driven her insane. Her hands were handcuffed to her sides to the table. Occasionally she moaned and screamed and when I approached her she seemed not to recognize me.

I was extremely upset by the sight of her being in such a state and by knowing she would die. And it was particularly upsetting that she didn't recognize me so I could console her in some way.

My sister had come into the room and had sat down next to my mother. My mother seemed to recognize my sister somewhat and let my sister get next to her and caress her some. At least my mother seemed to have calmed down some and wasn't screaming now. But the sight of her sitting there in chains like that, doomed to die, was extremely disturbing.

But I had another concern, because I realized that I had had sex with my mother before and that now there was a chance that I likewise had AIDS. A

black-haired doctor who resembled judge Moss (a Dallas judge) walked into the room and I talked with him. I decided to take an AIDS test and I sat down on a table. The doctor pulled out a little type of pin, grabbed my left index finger and quickly stuck the pin in it. But he was holding the finger so tightly that I didn't feel any pain. I watched as a drop of red blood formed on the tip of my finger. I noticed how careful the doctor was to not touch any of the blood himself.

I asked the doctor how long it would be before I had the results of the test and he said it would probably be 10 days. In the meantime he told me I would have to stay here. I protested that I didn't want to wait 10 days. I wanted to know immediately and I didn't understand why they were making me suffer so long waiting.

Another fellow walked in to have an AIDS test. Apparently there was going to be a regular flow of people through here having tests.

Dream of: 09 August 1987 (2) "Help In The Zendo"

I woke up on Sunday morning in my Apartment on the second floor of the Dallas Zen Center. I had overslept and felt groggy. I knew meditation was supposed to start downstairs in the zendo at 9 a.m., but it looked as if it was already too late for me to go downstairs because it was already

around 9 a.m. Nevertheless, I stood up, walked into the front room and looked out the window to see if any cars were parked across the street. It looked as if only one old orange car was there. Walking across the street toward the Zen Center was a fellow whom I had recently seen at meditation. It looked as if he were the only person here this morning. Should I go down? I decided to just go back to bed.

After I had lain back down and had become comfortable, someone knocked at the outside door of my bedroom. The door opened and some people began walking into my bedroom while I was still lying on my bed. A long line of perhaps 25 men and women (most probably in their late 20s and early 30s) marched into the room. Someone told me that they were new people who had never meditated in the Zen Center before and that they were there to try to meditate. I looked at my watch and saw that it was 9:15. Since no one else was there to introduce these new people, it looked as if were going to be up to me.

Some of them walked into the kitchen and living room of my Apartment. Others just hung around there in my bedroom. Finally, I told them that I was going to get up and that it should take me about ten minutes to get ready.

Completely nude under the covers, I asked one of them to hand me a pair of beige dress slacks which I thought were lying in the kitchen, but the person I had asked couldn't seem to find the slacks. Finally deciding to get up myself, I wrapped my blankets around me and went to look for some clothes. I walked from my bedroom into the kitchen and then into the front room.

My mother was also there. Seemingly concerned about helping me get ready, she followed me around. I felt glad that she was there.

The people were milling about all over. The living room was furnished with a couch and chairs and people were sitting on them. One older woman had picked up a couple of my dirty plates which I had left in the living room and apparently she was going to wash them. I noticed a box with some pizza in it and I concluded she was planning to warm up the pizza in the oven. I asked her about it and she said that that was what she was going to do. I told her to make herself at home.

Surprised to see so many people there, I asked one woman where the people had come from and she simply said, "West."

Still looking for my beige dress slacks, I finally spotted them. I then realized, however, that those pants weren't really appropriate for meditating and I decided that I needed a pair of my more

casual pants. Fortunately I had just washed my clothes the day before and I thought I should have something clean. I would probably put on a pair of my black pants.

When I noticed that some people had young children with them, I wondered what should be done with the children during meditation?

I was mostly concerned because there were so many people there and I was all alone. Suddenly it occurred to me that I could call my friend Eloise (whom I had met in the Zen Center in 1987) and ask her to come and help. I vaguely remembered Eloise having told me that she wouldn't be able to come today, but since this was an emergency, I figured she might be able to lend a hand. I walked back into my bedroom and picked up the phone.

I dialed the first three numbers and even before the phone rang, I heard Eloise's voice on the other end. It sounded as if she were talking with someone. I spoke, but she couldn't hear me. Frustrated, I thought perhaps I could push the redial button. I did so and almost immediately I heard Eloise's voice on the other end.

I mentioned to Eloise that I had had some trouble reaching her and that even now I had a rather bad connection. She asked me if the gray cat in my room was near the phone when I had tried to call her. Indeed a gray cat was in my bedroom. Eloise

seemed to think static electricity from the cat might have caused some problem with the line.

I was still having some problem hearing her, probably because some children in the room were making noise. I told Eloise some children were there.

I began explaining to her why I had called. I told her that probably 25 people were in my Apartment and that they wanted to meditate this morning. It suddenly occurred to me that the zendo only had room for 14 people. I told Eloise that I needed some help and that I hoped she could come over and assist me. She said, "I'll be glad to do whatever you want."

I said, "Well come on over then."

I hung up the phone and felt relieved that she was coming.

Dream of: 11 August 1987 "Tooth Of A Bear"

I had gone to what might be a park forest and was in a tall building which had a type of large round dome at the top in which people appeared to be going to sleep in sleeping bags all around on the floor. Windows were all around the sides of the large round room and through them I had have glimpses of the verdant forest below me.

Someone else (who seemed like a woman) and I were supposed to meet some other people in a tunnel or cave in a forest. She and I had found one short tunnel, but it had a stream flowing out of it, so we couldn't enter. I was just not able to find the tunnel we were supposed to find.

Some people were gathered together apparently having a picnic, perhaps in a park. I saw a plate with some fried chicken on it and picked up a piece of white meat – it looked like a breast. As I began eating the chicken, I reflected on how long it had been since I had eaten any chicken. But didn't I recently have a little chicken salad? At any rate I knew I usually didn't eat chicken, but I had decided that this time I was just going to dig into it and I soon had eaten all the meat so nothing was left but the bone.

I sat down on the ground and sitting near me was Weinstein. He commented on the fact that I had been eating the chicken and I told him I ate meat. But I felt uncomfortable with that fact, and as the conversation continued, the subject of eating meat became a focal point.

I explained to Weinstein how in general I felt good about my life. Indeed, even as I talked with him I felt a certain healthy vigor and power in my limbs. The feeling seemed to reflect the general healthy nature of my life. And it seemed to me that

Weinstein felt basically the same way about his life. We both seemed to have reached a certain point of being in touch with our lives.

However, the fact that I ate meat was detracting from my healthy feeling and I even felt a bit queasy. As I continued talking about the subject, I stood and noticed what appeared to be a large hunk of beef on a nearby table. The beef must have been a half a meter in diameter. I pointed it out to Weinstein and I noticed the side on which people had been cutting looked a little dark and leathery.

I picked up a knife and poked that side of the beef. To my chagrin, a large slice of the beef fell off onto the ground. I looked at Weinstein as if asking him what I should do now. It seemed obvious that I couldn't put the beef back in place now that it had gotten all dirty. I poked my knife into the beef again and a little sliver was cut off onto my knife. I stick it into my mouth to taste it. I somewhat liked the taste, but it almost immediately caused me to feel even more nauseated.

Finally I stuck my knife into the piece of meat which had fallen onto the ground, picked it up and slung it into some nearby weeds. No sooner had I done this, than I noticed a man wearing sunglasses approaching me walking up what looked like a driveway. I seemed to be standing in

front of a house reminiscent of the House in West Portsmouth, and it immediately occurred to me that the beef and the slice I had just thrown away belonged to the man, who apparently lived in the house. I hoped he hadn't notice what I had done.

The man (about 40 years old) walked up to where I was. He reminded me of a man who used to live across the street from the House in West Portsmouth. A boy who was apparently his son was with him. The man was very muscular. He wasn't wearing a shirt and was caked with dirt. Strapped around his chest, arms and neck was a very large link chain. The chain in turn was connected to probably the largest chainsaw I had ever seen which the man was carrying in his hands.

Apparently the man had just returned from work and I attempted to converse with him, but he didn't seem very talkative. I noticed some very large trees there around the house. They were probably two meters in diameter. But some had been cut out about ten meters above the ground and at least one of them was leaning over. No leaves were on any of the trees, which appeared dead. I asked the man if he was the one who had cut the tops of the trees, but I didn't hear any response.

For some reason I recalled that I had had several dreams in which Herb Green had appeared and that in each dream he had been carrying a chainsaw. That somewhat puzzled me.

The man finally took off his chainsaw and had some kind of stand which he could set it on to clean it. He worked on it for a short while and then walked into the house.

Almost as soon as he had gone inside, a young black bear appeared. It seemed as if I had seen the bear before. It was very playful and ran up to me. The trouble was that it was a bit too playful and didn't know its own strength. It was quite strong and could easily hurt me with its sharp teeth and sharp claws. I was in no mood to play with it and tried to fend it off. But it wouldn't leave. Finally, with a short, heavy metal bar which I was holding in my hand, I tapped the bear on its muzzle.

When I did so, the bear yelped in pain and ran from me. I realized I had inadvertently hit one of the bears teeth and I was immediately concerned I might have crushed the tooth. I wondered how strong the enamel on the bear's tooth was. I doubted that I had seriously injured the bear, but still I was concerned.

Finally the bear walked back over to me, but it was no longer frisky and seemed afraid. I tried to

pet it and it rolled over on its back and seemed apprehensive. I scratched its stomach, and it looked as if it were uninjured, although I was still not entirely sure.

Dream of: 12 August 1987 "Symbolic Act"

I was walking through a long grassy back yard which reminded me of the back yard of the House in Patriot (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child). The ambience was pleasant and I was in a good mood. After a while, I realized my ex-wife Louise (in her early 20s) was with me. Having her there felt good. She seemed glad to be with me; she seemed somewhat unhappy about her relationship with her new husband and she talked some about it. Most important to me – she was there with me.

Some other people were also walking along with us. Most were women about Louise's age. Finally Louise and I sat down, continuing to talk. The fact that Louise was now married and had a husband began to sink in. Although I enjoyed being with her again, I felt as if I were doing something wrong and I said, "I really should not even be here."

We both stood up and began walking again with the others. I was beginning to realize I wasn't going to be able to be with Louise; but it didn't bother me much since I would probably be able to

be with one of the other women. Finally I took a short run and did a couple hand flips. I thought about how doing hand flips was generally a symbolic act for me, symbolizing a sense of well-being. I had noted that fact before in my dreams.

It occurred to me that I had been dreaming and that I should write the dream down, especially since Louise had been in it and the dream should therefore appear in the book I was preparing which contained the dreams in which Louise had appeared.

Dream of: 12 August 1987 (2) "Another Man's Dead"

I was in the front room on the ground floor of the Dallas Zen Center. I had previously been living in an Apartment on the second story, but another fellow (in his mid 30s) was now living in that apartment instead of me. That fellow, along with three or four women, was now here in the front room on the ground floor of the Zen Center with me. The man and the women were engaged in an activity – maybe story-telling or dream-telling, or maybe hypnosis. Whatever the activity was, I was interested and wanted to join.

As soon as I sat in, however, the activity stopped and the fellow brought out little musical instruments which simply looked like sticks and gongs. One gong-like device on the floor seemed

to consist merely of a slab of metal held by wire. The device intrigued me and I wondered how it would sound if struck. I was given a stick.

Five or six of us were present, two men and the rest women. When the others slowly began humming and tapping their sticks on their drums or gongs, I quietly hummed along a little.

The woman to my left was sitting raised up on something so that she was above me. She gradually began singing a song which seemed as if it might have been improvised as she sang. The song was absolutely beautiful and the woman's voice was rich. I was thoroughly charmed by her singing; the experience of listening to her was thrilling.

The song seemed to consist of perhaps eight lines and told a little story. I could hardly embrace just how moving the song was. I would have liked to sing a song myself, but I was unsure what to sing. Nevertheless, I quickly composed a four-line song in my mind, the first line of which was, "Which way will you go now, my darling young son," and the last line of which was, "Another man's dead out along the line." I was too shy to actually sing the song out loud. It vaguely seemed as if I might have borrowed some of the lines from songs by Bob Dylan.

The humming soon began again and I felt carried along with it. The humming reminded me of how my friend Eloise LaGrone (whom I first met at the Dallas Zen Center in 1987) and I had recently sung together. I thought Eloise would fit in so well here. The humming continued and turned into different notes which grew louder and louder. When the crescendo reached a climatic peak, I let myself go as I felt the tremendous beauty of the music flowing from me and mixing with the invigorating music of the others.

Suddenly everyone stopped - the silence was quite pronounced after such music. I recalled that Will Johnson (another member of the Zen Center) was moving into another apartment next door inside the Zen Center and I wondered if he could hear the music and whether he would be inclined to join in.

One woman sitting on the couch rose - apparently she intended to leave. She walked through the room and since the other fellow did not move, I rose to show her out. I accompanied her to the door and mumbled something about the door's probably not being locked. I was vaguely attracted to the woman, but I did not say much to her.

When I opened the door, I could see that the outside door to the apartment into which Will was moving was open. After I stepped inside his

apartment, Will walked from the front room to meet me inside the door. He mentioned that he had just put some bamboo mats onto the floor in the front room; I could see them there. Some mattresses were also piled in the kitchen. He said he was moving a few of his things in right now, although he was not yet moving in himself.

I stepped back into my second story Apartment, looked out the rear window and saw down below that the woman who had left had already boarded her car and that she was pulling out. Several other cars were also down there pulling out. It looked as if a couple of the cars belonged to people next door.

Dream of: 15 August 1987 "Learning Meditation"

I was sitting in a wheelchair rolling along a sidewalk, going pretty fast. I headed across a street where the curb on the opposite corner was inclined so I was able to easily roll back up onto the sidewalk. With only about another block to go, I started picking up speed, going faster and faster. When I thought I noticed some females nearby, I went fast to try to impress them. I raced faster and faster, until finally - for special effects - I spun around as I moved and - half intentionally - I caused the wheelchair to wreck. I ended up lying on the ground beside my overturned wheelchair.

Three attractive girls (all around 16-17 years old) walked up and seemed a bit concerned about my condition. I raised myself from the sidewalk and finally stood up. I wasn't crippled in any way and I had merely been playing with the wheelchair, which I found to be quite a bit of fun to roll around in.

The girls were strangers to me and it appeared they might be going to walk away, but I quickly engaged them in conversation and they stayed. I soon realized two of them spoke French and one spoke English. I spoke some French with them, but mostly I spoke English with the English-speaking girl. She also seemed to be able to speak some French.

While talking to the girls, I realized I was sitting on the front steps of the Dallas Zen Center. Since the girls seemed intrigued about the Center, I told them a little about it and I invited them to come and participate in meditation some evening. They wanted to know more about what happened at meditation, and I told them I could quickly show them the basis of it in about five minutes. They were excited and interested.

I began telling them that Zen meditation involved sitting with legs crossed on a cushion. As I spoke, I took off my shoes and began folding my legs. I told them that sitting in what was called a full-lotus

position with both feet propped on the opposite thigh wasn't necessary, although I commonly sat in full lotus myself. I explained that sitting in any comfortable position with the legs crossed was appropriate. As I placed myself in a full lotus position, I pointed out that although I was now sitting on the concrete steps here in front of the Zen Center, I would normally be sitting on a large round cushion.

A while later, I was inside the front room of the Dallas Zen Center, and it looked as if the same three girls were still with me. Other people were also present, and at least one boy about the same age as the girls was with them. Some regular members of the Zen Center also appeared to be present.

I was trying to explain a bit more fully what was involved in the practice of Zen. I mentioned that the word "Zen" could probably best be translated by the English word "concentration" which seemed to be a key element in the practice of Zen.

I decided to demonstrate more of the nature of Zen practice, but I was uncertain exactly what to do. I thought the place needed livened up a little and I considered maybe doing some handsprings, or maybe just lifting some weights, just something to get the juices flowing.

I walked over to a table and emptied my pockets onto the table so that everything would not spill from my pockets onto the floor if I did some kind of exercise. I had a lot of stuff in my pockets: a bunch of change, and quite a bit of folding money, quite a few crisp \$20 bills, which I rather ostentatiously flashed around. I pulled out one, two, three different containers of dental floss. Well, at least everyone would know that I kept my teeth in good shape. There was also a ribbon cartridge for my printer.

I sat down with my legs crossed and once again I demonstrated meditation technique. One of the girls sitting on my left was trying to learn something about meditation, but it was becoming increasingly obvious that she appeared to want to have some physical contact with me, and I could feel some sexual excitement emanating from her. I wasn't really encouraging her sexual proclivities, but I wasn't dissuading her either. Basically I seemed rather neutral on the subject.

Gradually the girl had leaned over and appeared to be resting her head on my shoulder. I managed to maintain my equanimity, but I did notice that I appeared to be getting an erection. Then I realized that part of the reason was because the girl, with her hand, had slightly pressed my penis, which was inside my pants. I perceived the arousal, but I wasn't overwhelmed by it. At one point, however, I

did put my arm around the girl and I lightly caressed her butt.

The boy was also sitting near me with his legs crossed. I began to notice that he appeared to be in some pain and I recognized that he was having an extremely difficult time maintaining his sitting posture. I quickly told him not to overstrain himself, and he relaxed his posture. He was actually standing behind a table and one of his legs was standing on the floor while the other leg was crossed and lying on the table, a rather peculiar position.

The new girls were excited about practicing Zen and they mentioned that they had some friends, apparently in a Christian church, whom they would like to bring over. It sounded all right to me if they wanted to invite someone else over, but I was just a little concerned about people from a Christian church coming in. There was such a strong contrast in my mind between the convoluted nature of the Christian religion and the simple emptiness of Zen, that I wasn't completely sure it would be appropriate for young Christians to come pouring in here.

At the same time I also realized I had the capacity to attract people into the practice of Zen. In that regard I realized there was some rather intimate connection between my sexual attraction and the

power of attraction which I could use to lead people toward Zen. I was a bit concerned by the fact that I hadn't fully mastered this particular and critical aspect of my life. Partially for that reason, I was somewhat confused and uncertain whether I should be using my powers to bring new people into the practice of Zen, especially a bunch of inexperienced Christians.

I looked around the room and noticed Tim Storer (a member of the Dallas Zen Center) sitting quietly on a couch observing the entire scene. He seemed fairly tranquil, and I felt as if I could trust his opinion in this matter. I looked at him, and it seemed that without even speaking I was able to direct my question to him concerning whether I should bring in more of these Christian-oriented people. He gave a slight, but definite, affirmative nod and I perceived that he seemed somewhat excited at the prospect. I immediately decided to follow his signal and to encourage the new people to come if they wanted.

When I was later in my room, probably alone, I talked on the phone to the girl who had sat next to me earlier and who had leaned her head on my shoulder. She was talking about how she wanted to come to the Zen Center and take part in the practice of Zen. I perceived that she was sincere in what she was saying, but that she was still using the Zen practice as a subterfuge for her

main goal, which was to have sex with me. I was however not going to allow this situation to exist without confronting it head on. I was going to tell her exactly what I thought her intentions were, and I debated whether I should use the word "screw" or "fuck" or something a bit softer in describing what it was that I perceived that she wanted to do with me.

Dream of: 22 August 1987 "Royal Society"

I was lying on a bed with Sussie. I might have had sex with her, but that was hazy and unclear. But the possibility was very real. I felt just a little uneasy about it and not really close to Sussie. Finally Sussie said she was going to get up and go into the next room. I had no objection.

I was sitting in the bed. It appeared that a hall ran along the left side of this room and on the other side of the hall was another room. The walls of both this and the other room were made of glass so the interior of the other room was visible.

It looked as if two young men were in that room. A dark-haired woman probably in her mid 20s walked into the other room. Their voices were audible and the men handed the woman some money. She indicated she wasn't going to have either intercourse or oral sex with them and she

described both forms of sex with two different words, each ending in "-o." She then said she was only going to engage in "brain-o" with them.

She sat sits down and it appeared the men began taking off their clothes. It seemed fairly clear what was going on: this establishment was apparently some kind of brothel. The woman with the men wasn't actually going to engage in sex with them, but she was going to talk with them and be with them apparently while they sat in the room and masturbated in front of her.

At the foot of the bed in this room was another glass wall and on the other side of it was another room with more people in it. It looked as if maybe two or three women and a couple men were in the room. Some looked as if like they had already taken off their clothes and some seemed to still be partially dressed.

One sandy-blonde-haired girl probably in her late teens was sitting on a couch next to a man who had one of his arms around her. In fact there might have been two men with their arms around her. It looked as if she had just taken off her bra and her breasts were clearly visible. She was extremely beautiful and captivating.

I was becoming quite aroused. I was sitting up in the bed trying to focus on what was going on in the next room. I was trying to see the girl's breasts. It seemed as if the men in the room across the hall had been trying to look in this room when Sussie had been here earlier. I was now in the same position they had been in earlier. I was trying to see someone else. I missed Sussie's being here.

The activities in the room at the foot of the bed came into clearer focus and almost seemed to be on a large television screen.

I was thinking about Sussie again. It would be nice to be with her again. I called out a woman's name.

But another man also called out the same name and a woman who wasn't Sussie answered from a room somewhere in the building.

I called again, "Sussie."

She answered.

I wanted to go into the room where she was and be with her. I said something like, "Can I come into your room."

She said yes.

I was standing beside the bed in the room where Sussie was. She was in the bed all rolled up in some blankets and wasn't visible. I was so glad to be in there again with her. It would be so nice lying next to her nude body. The image of her was very cheerful and comforting. I just wanted to be next to her.

The bed had a spread on it, but under the spread were simply some black metal springs and no mattress. It might be a bit uncomfortable, but it would just have to do.

I started climbing in the bed, but what was this? Some writing which Sussie has obviously been doing. I read it. It was interesting. She appeared to have been writing about a French king named Philip. I was difficult to tell exactly when he had lived. An image formed of Philip's large castle-like home. Apparently he had lived to a very old age.

The last lines of the writing read, "Philip was about a hundred years old. For the last ninety years he had been regent for the royal society of almost three hundred people. It wasn't a 'society' in the normal sense of the word."

Dream of: 22 August 1987 (2) "Indian Drums"

I was walking through the aisles of a rather large grocery store. I seemed to have been here before and I seem to remember a magazine rack somewhere around here. I spotted it. It was

supplied with many magazines, including copies of Playboy and Penthouse. I picked up a copy of Penthouse and leafed through it. It seemed as if I had seen this copy once before.

I saw a photo section of a nude woman standing up in a bed and undressing. I leafed through this section, going toward the front of the book. With each page the woman had on fewer clothes. The photos also showed she was in a room with six or seven other women who were also each in large beds and who were wearing fewer clothes with each page. It seemed that the place where the women were being photographed belonged to one man and that all the women belonged to him. In the last photo all the women were completely nude and appeared to all be lying together in assorted positions in one large bed.

I put the magazine back on the shelf and started to walk away. Then I stopped, turned around, went back and picked up a copy of Playboy. I turned immediately to the middle and discover the centerfold missing. I put that copy back on the shelf and picked up another copy. I turned to the centerfold and opened it. There was a large photo of a beautiful, nude, dark-haired woman standing in a room. The photo had been taken of her side, with her head turned toward the camera. It looked as if she was holding a book or some papers and perhaps a pencil or pen. She was wearing glasses.

It appeared she might be supposed to depict a nude teacher.

I began fantasize about this teacher having a sexual affair with one of her young high school students.

I was ready to put the magazine back. I took another look at the photo and noticed how unusually small the woman's breasts were for Playboy. The breasts even seemed a bit out of place, too low down on her chest. It was rather unappealing.

I walked away and then noticed a stack of new magazines which hadn't yet been put on the shelf. There were some copies of the newest Penthouse. I picked one up and glanced through it quickly. I put it down and walked on.

Outside, I got into a white car driven by my second cousin Jeff. The car was a big old car probably from the 1940s, but it seemed to be in very good condition.

As Jeff started to leave, it looked as if he were going to hit the side of a building in front. I hollered out and he just barely bumped the building. He backed up and it looked as if he were going to hit another small brick building in the

rear. I hollered again! He barely bumped into the building behind, but after he hit it, instead of putting the car back into forward gear, he continued in reverse pushing against the building.

I was worried. It looked as if he were trying to push down this wall, which was rather high and just might fall down on the car.

I jumped from the car. Jeff continued pushing for a bit and indeed did dislodge a brick or two. Then he pulled back up. He stopped the car and his father, my great uncle Ray, walked out of a building toward the car. It quickly became evident that Ray was the owner of the car. It also became evident that Ray had tended to dominate Jeff very much during Jeff's life and that the domination had been much of the cause of Jeff's recklessness.

I walked over to the car. I was carrying the side door to the car which had come off. I tried to put the door back on. It was rather easy. There were two metal bolts on the door which slid into holes on the side of the car. It was no problem.

Jeff had gotten out of the car. We seemed to be Seem to be near Patriot. I listened and thought I heard Indian drums. I looked and not far away I saw some people dancing under a large tree. I thought they might be boy scouts or some kind of

camping group. Some people were running and diving into a pool.

I was lying on a couch, writing down some notes, rethinking previous events. It had been revealed that someone had drowned in the pool into which the people had been diving and that someone was insisting that manslaughter charges be filed against one fellow because of the drowning. A television was in front of the couch which seemed to have some information about the event.

A woman walked up and wanted to lie here on the couch. I made room for her. I felt close to her and I liked having her here.

Dream of: 22 August 1987 (3) "Upside Down"

I was looking over a one page dream which I had written. The dream was divided into two parts of about equal length and although the two parts interrelated, they appeared to be two different scenes. The dream was quite a mystery to me and after I had written it, I had been unable to decipher any meaning from it and I wasn't all that interested in doing so right at the moment.

However someone else with me seemed to want to know what the dream meant and seemed dubious that I could actually figure it out. I quickly

explained that I could indeed interpret the meaning if I would simply take a little time to do so, and almost just to show the person I could, I began perusing the dream again.

The dream seemed to have a number of salient aspects which struck me. I noticed one reference to a starry sky. I began to focus on something in the second part of the dream, in at least part of which I was dressed in a football uniform, was wearing a football helmet and seemed to be quite young and engaged in a game of football. I pointed out that there had also been a reference in the first part of the dream to my being young and maybe also engaged in some sport.

I quickly told the person with me the dream had something to do with a developmental period of my life, probably about the same time I had played on a football team when I had been about 10 years old. I thought one of the central issues involved here was competition. I was uncertain what the message concerning competition was, but I felt sure the dream wanted to tell me something about my competitive nature which I needed to examine more closely.

My attention was drawn again to the fact that I had been wearing a helmet in the second part of the dream. I had even drawn a picture of myself on the page with the dream showing me wearing a

helmet. The helmet seemed quite significant, although I wasn't yet really sure why.

The fellow with me seemed to have disappeared. I was lying on a sleeping bag in some grass behind a house, still going over the dream. I knew I needed to go into the house, because my father and my mother were there, and they were getting ready to leave.

I walked in. The house reminded me a little of both the Gallia County Farmhouse and the House in Patriot. It seemed some of my other relatives had also been there earlier, but they had already left.

I showed the dream to my father and my mother. They didn't seem to have much to say about it, although my father did think it was interesting that I had been dreaming about football. It seemed to me he might even have had something to do with my dreaming about football and I thought I needed to delve a little deeper into that possibility.

I had left the house and gone to a large two story, white, frame house next door, where I had been receiving my mail. It was very early in the morning, perhaps 6 a.m., and since I had checked my mail yesterday, I didn't really expect anything

new, but I still wanted to check. It almost seemed as if I were expecting a letter which would have something to do with the dream I had been trying to understand.

My good friend Eloise lived in the house and she received her mail in the same place I did. I didn't want to look for my mail in the mailbox in front of the house where we usually received our mail. Instead, I walked around to the side of the house to a side porch. I quietly walked along the porch because I didn't want to wake Eloise.

At the end of the porch was a place where just the day before a large window air conditioning unit had been removed from a window. Before it had been removed, the air conditioner had been resting on a sort of banister along the porch. On the banister was a wooden box (painted gray) attached to the banister. The box wasn't large, about as long as an envelope and perhaps five or six centimeters wide. I thought it was possible the mailman had begun leaving the mail in the box and I quietly opened the top. It was empty. I quietly closed the lid and began tip-toeing back off the porch.

Through one of the windows on the porch, however, I noticed a slight movement inside, and the door to the porch suddenly opened. Eloise, already fully dressed, was standing in the doorway

looking at me inquiringly. And behind her appeared her friend Karen. They both seemed quite cheery and had broad smiles on their faces.

I quickly mumbled my reasons for being there and I sat down on the banister. I mentioned to Karen that Eloise had told me that Karen was leaving town and I told her I was glad I had the chance to now say good-bye to her before she left. As I talked, I bent back over the banister so my leg and foot were wrapped around and holding onto something as I hung suspended upside down in the air. Talking to them from this position seemed quite normal and comfortable for me.

Dream of: 23 August 1987 "Fradulous"

A crowd was gathering on a city street so broad it almost seemed to be inside an auditorium. A number of people were trying to get close to one man who was the focus of the crowd's attention.

One fellow in particular (wearing a light blue sports coat) caught my attention. Finally the man in whom everyone was interested walked up to a podium and the crowd settled into seats to listen to what he had to say. I managed to find a seat at a long table quite close to the front.

The table at which I was sitting was situated so it stretched out lengthwise from where the speaker was and another table was across from mine on the other side of the aisle (which went straight out

in front of the man). People were also sitting at the other table. I noticed the fellow in the blue sports coat there and next to him was a black-haired woman with a small baby.

The speaker began talking and at first it was unclear to me what he was talking about. But gradually I realized he was talking about the occult and he actually professed to have certain powers. I listened to him for quite a while. He went on and on and finally when he was almost finished, I turned to a person sitting next to me and said that maybe now the speaker would "levitate" someone. I had an image in my mind of someone lying on the table and then the speaker causing that person to begin rising into the air. But I didn't think the speaker could do such a thing and I basically pointed that out.

The person next to me didn't find what I said amusing. I repeated the same thing to another person, but likewise received no response.

The speaker turned to the woman holding the baby across from me. I was unclear what he said to her, but he suddenly pulled out some money and counted off \$150 to her. Apparently she had answered something he had said which was supposed to demonstrate some occult power and he was rewarding her.

The speaker also had some sort of exchange with the fellow in the blue jacket which further demonstrated the speaker's occult powers.

The speaker said he was going to give another demonstration. He asked the woman with the baby to come up to the podium and she did so carrying her baby with her. The speaker then told the audience that the baby was just one day old. He then said that although the baby of course didn't know how to talk, he was going to make the baby talk.

The speaker stood beside the woman holding the baby and a microphone was placed in front of the baby. After a short pause, the baby seemed to be trying to say something. The baby made several attempts and soon clearly audible words began coming from its mouth. I was quite amazed and the event even seemed a little eerie to me to think that a day-old baby could talk. The baby continued talking, becoming increasingly more proficient.

But sometimes it didn't speak directly into the microphone so its words were difficult to understand.

Someone else was now holding the baby and the black-haired woman who had originally been holding the baby was standing beside them. She was facing the audience and was dressed all in white. Somehow her hair seemed to be blowing

and the speaker said something to her. It soon becomes clear that she likewise was having some kind of occult experience and she was saying something. The entire scene had taken on somewhat of a carnival atmosphere.

Finally it was announced that the speaker, for \$10 per person, was going to do something or other for the members of the audience. People seemed convinced of the speaker's abilities and it appeared that many were going to pay the \$10.

Suddenly I stood up and everything became quiet. I hardly hesitated as I began to speak in a loud and clear voice to the people in the audience. I immediately denounced what had occurred as a fraud. I told the audience that the woman, the baby and the fellow in the blue coat were all part of the fraud and that they had been planted in the audience to take part in what was happening here. I pointed to the baby, who now looked quite long, and explained that it wasn't a day-old baby as represented, but about a three year old child dressed up like a baby and that it knew very well how to speak.

I described the affair as "fradulous." I talked about the woman's supposed clairvoyance and I said it was just made up. I pointed out that no one else in the audience had been given any money except the woman. Another woman in the audience

appeared to be going to disagree with that, but then she reflected and realized it was true. I told the audience that the \$150 given to the woman was just part of the fraud taking place and that the money would be divided up later. I also used the word "clairvoyance" and I said that it hadn't happened here.

I explained to the people that they could give the speaker \$10 and participate in whatever it was that he was going to do, but they should at least have the option of knowing the whole thing was a fraud.

I also said the fellow in the blue sports coat was part of the fraud. I thought about asking if anyone here knew these people and I pointed out that they would disappear when the speaker left. But I didn't ask that question, because I remembered a basic rule of trial law, that one shouldn't ask questions unless one already knew the answer.

And I reflected that someone in the audience might stand up and say that he knew the couple and that they did live in the community. The person might even be lying, but it would still affect the effectiveness of what I was saying. So I didn't ask that question.

It had been completely quiet while I had been speaking. Finally I stopped. I figured I had said enough and now people could make up their own

minds. Many people seem convinced that what I had said was true. But I noticed one man pulling some money out as if he were still going to pay the \$10. I didn't try to stop him or say anything else. I figured I had made my point and that was all I needed to do.

I started to walk away and someone told me I had a phone call. I picked up the phone and my father was on the other end. Apparently the whole episode had been filmed and he had just seen me on television in Ohio. He says, "There you go taking on a woman."

I asked, "Did you see me."

He answered, "See you? I was damn proud of you."

Dream of: 02 September 1987 "More Than Pure Chance"

I was traveling in a train in the north of Europe, perhaps in France or Germany. Many people were on the train, many in small compartments which apparently contained beds and which were lined along both sides of the central aisle of the car. I knew larger compartments could be rented for the night, and I was thinking of doing so, because I would like to sleep peacefully for a few hours while I was traveling on the train.

I thought about where I was going and wondered whether I should buy a Eurorail pass so I could ride the train for three months. I would probably be going to Spain and traveling there for several weeks. That idea seemed particularly beautiful to me. Wanting to travel all over Spain, I thought about the beauty of the country. Since I was thinking about traveling so much, I believed it might be better to buy the Eurorail pass instead of individual tickets.

I was still in Europe; I had arrived at a university where I had decided to take a class in law.

Thousands of students appeared to be here. A professor (about 40 years old) began to teach. The lecture concerned the necessity of "taking your work home with you." The lecture appeared to be a bit facile and boring to me. Apparently the class was simply a review-class of law. Most students weren't even taking notes and they appeared to be distracted.

Gradually the professor drew close to me. I was standing up and finally I decided to do some exercises by standing upside down on my hands. It was difficult, but I did it. The professor glanced at me, but he didn't say anything. Finally he began walking toward another area and the crowd of students followed him.

I stood back up on my feet and noticed my good Dallas friend Eloise LaGrone close to me. In fact, I remembered seeing her earlier near there, and I had been quite close to her. Now here she was again near me. I didn't say anything to her; I was a bit embarrassed because I didn't want her to think I was following her. She followed the crowd and I stayed where I was.

I had a piece of brown marble which I was using when I was standing on my hands. I thought about taking the marble with me, but decided to simply leave it here on the ground.

Then I noticed a nearby clothing store. I walked over to the store and looked at some pants, but they didn't interest me much. A man standing up on the balcony of the second floor of the store said that we were in Texas and that there were certain laws which prohibited transporting pants to other cities in Texas without paying a tariff. That surprised me a little; I asked him a little more about it.

I was talking to someone and explaining the situation when I had seen Eloise. I explained that I hadn't known anyone else except Eloise there, and that being so close to her had felt strange,

especially since I hadn't done it on purpose. I said thousands of people had been there. I knew I hadn't searched out Eloise on purpose, but I had to admit finding her like that appeared to be a little more than pure chance.

Dream of: 08 September 1987 "Arts District"

My friend Steve Weinstein came to visit me in a small but comfortable apartment where I was living in a city. I hadn't lived here long, but I already liked it quite well.

Almost immediately Weinstein began cleaning up the apartment. He quickly went to a desk and began arranging things in the top drawer. At the same time, he tracked his black boots on the blue carpet. But I didn't say anything.

I thought a bust was in one of the desk drawers, and on the floor next to the desk was a painting of a man wearing a small hat. It appeared to be from the time of the Renaissance, but I didn't much care for it. I had a much prettier picture on the wall, and I wondered if Weinstein had noticed it.

I noticed some papers which Weinstein took from the desk. One contained Spanish and Latin words and apparently was a list of foreign words which I had been learning. I thought at least Weinstein might have learned something from my lists while he had been cleaning up.

Another paper was a hand-written letter in French which I wanted to send to a woman who used to teach me French. One page contained a list of books which I was sending to her. I didn't know if Weinstein had seen the list.

Finally I decided to help Weinstein. I remembered that Weinstein had visited me once before and had done the same thing: cleaned my apartment. It didn't bother me because the apartment needed to be cleaned. But it still seemed a bit strange.

I looked at the floor in the kitchen and it appeared dirty. I wondered if I had tracked up the floor when I had moved it, but I couldn't remember.

I was walking along a street in New York City. Weinstein was with me and he began talking with another man (perhaps 25 years old) whom Weinstein knew. The other fellow was very tall and quite handsome. He suggested to Weinstein that Weinstein accompany him so that they could do something together. Apparently he, like Weinstein, was a writer. He mentioned something about a furniture store which he wanted to visit. I didn't know how anyone could live in New York City and still have money with which to buy furniture. He must have been rich. Finally both of them left me without saying anything. But I wasn't upset, and I knew Weinstein needed to go to work. As

Weinstein left, I noticed he appeared to have gained some weight in the stomach.

At my side was a slightly overweight woman. She knew Weinstein and began talking about him. She said he lived in a good section of the city which she called the "arts district." I agreed that there were many artists in the section where Weinstein lived.

I thought I was close to Wall Street. I tried to see the street sign, but I was unable to read it.

Dream of: 11 September 1987 "Happy To Be Free"

I was in a room in a large building where judge Mike Schwille was seated at a desk. He was in the process of paying some lawyers for the work which they had done in his court. I wasn't in a big hurry and waited until he finished with the others.

As he was paying the last attorney, Frieda (a Dallas attorney), I sat down beside his desk. I noticed how disgustingly overweight Frieda was and what a sick smile she had. I disliked being in the same class as her, receiving money from Schwille.

After Frieda had left, Schwille filled out my papers for me and gave them to me. I felt friendly toward Schwille; I would like to have lunch with him. I asked him what he was going to be doing; he told

me he had other plans and was unable to have lunch with me today. I said thank you to him, stood up and headed toward the door. On the way I noticed the room contained pews as if it were a church and that C.R. (another Dallas lawyer) was seated in one of them. He appeared to be passed out from alcohol.

I walked out into the hallway and there examined the paper which Schwille had given me. He had paid me \$100. But suddenly I remembered I had had some other papers with me when I had entered; apparently I had left them inside on Schwille's desk. I opened the door again and glanced toward Schwille's desk; but my papers weren't there. I closed the door and began walking.

I encountered Spafford (another Dallas lawyer). We were in a hallway, but it appeared verdant here, as if green trees were around. He appeared friendly and seemed interested in me. He asked me several questions about my life and finally we come to the subject of my ex-wife, Louise. I explained to him that Louise and I had been married two years, although we had only lived together six months. It surprised me a little that we had been married two years, because I had thought we had only been married one year.

I told him that at the moment Louise was studying law at a law school, apparently Southern Methodist University. I also said she was paying a lot for the studies, and mentioned the figure 80%. He wanted to know what the 80% meant, and we had a rather long discussion about that. I finally concluded that it represented 80% of a lawyer's salary. But I had to admit that that sounded very expensive indeed, and that I was probably mistaken.

I was walking through the hallways again and encountered Mary Biester (a Dallas attorney). We walked along together, and I realized she was nude from the waist up. But my attention was focused on her face, and I didn't see her breasts. However I had the feeling that although she herself was rather large (in fact she seemed to be as tall as me), her breasts were small.

Suddenly I reached out, grabbed her and turned her face toward me. I pressed her against a wall and began kissing her on the mouth. She opened her mouth and gave me a very pleasant kiss. I was surprised that the kiss was so good. I decided that there was no doubt, I wanted to have sex with her.

I felt inflamed and her body felt so soft. I knew that there was a room upstairs with a bed in it and I said, "Let's go up and lie down in bed together."

I almost immediately had doubts about what I was doing. I was sure I wanted to lie in the bed with her, but it seemed to me that I shouldn't have sex with her. Although it seemed that what was happening was important to me, I was unsure what it meant. I had the feeling that if I had sex with her, I would lose something important in my life.

I was with Louise and we were talking about Biester. It seemed Louise would like to know my intentions with Biester. Apparently, although Louise didn't say so, she didn't want me to have a relationship with Biester. I slowly realized I wasn't going to have a relationship with Biester, but that didn't have anything to do with Louise. I didn't care what Louise thought. I simply realized having a relationship with Biester wouldn't be a good idea for me. I was a bit surprised I could have arrived at this conclusion, but it was clear to me.

Louise kept talking and I began to realize she was thinking she would like for us to get back together. Almost immediately I feel the old strong attraction for her. It appeared she still had power over me. The darkness suddenly became clear, however: I wasn't going to return to Louise. She and I had already terminated our relationship and I wasn't going to go back to her. The realization

made me a little sad, but fundamentally I was happy I was free of her. I turned away and began walking away from her.

Dream of: 13 September 1987 "Noble In Nature"

I was talking to a young woman seated next to me. She received a telephone call, spoke on the phone for a moment, then ran from the room.

A while later she returned and said her daughter (2 years old) had been raped and murdered. The woman seemed to have accepted the matter and there was nothing else to do.

I learned that a man had been in the house with the little girl when the rape and murder had taken place, but that now the man couldn't remember anything. I thought it might be possible for me to hypnotize him so he could remember something.

Another girl (about 15 years old) had been taking care of the child when the child was raped and killed. The other girl had left the child for a few minutes, and when she returned, the child was already dead. The other girl was now standing in front of a judge who was going to determine if she was guilty of negligence in the death of the child.

I was seated in a circle of perhaps 20 people. As we talked, it appeared everyone in the circle had once been sentenced to jail. A man on my left spoke, and said that while he had been in jail, he had been raped 14 times. He also mentioned that he had had two male lovers while he had been in jail.

One woman in the group appeared to be a judge. She was perhaps 35 years old and quite beautiful. I would have liked to have been with her, but that appeared impossible. After all, I was one of the ex-convicts, and she was a judge. I knew, however, there was still something noble in my nature.

She finally stood up and walked over to me. She bent down and sat at my feet. She spoke and addressed me as if I were a king. I nodded to her as if I were giving her my blessing. It appeared as if indeed I was more or less a king, and as if she recognized that fact. I was uncertain of what powers I had, but I knew that I did have some powers and that I needed to use them.

Dream of: 13 September 1987 (2) "Minor Criminal Case"

I was in a courthouse and was surprised to find a man whom I was supposed to have been defending in a criminal case. Somehow I had forgotten about the man, and although his case wasn't a serious one, he had been in jail for three weeks. I

remembered that I had recently gone on a fishing trip and that I had begun his case before leaving. He appeared to be a bit angry with me because I hadn't done anything for him.

It was difficult to believe he was still in jail. One problem was that since the case was such a minor one, I was unsure exactly what to do about it. I wasn't accustomed to handling this type of case, but I assured the man that I was going to do something immediately for him.

I left the man and walked into a room which looked like a classroom. The room was full of other lawyers seated at desks. I likewise sit down at a desk. Judge Mike Schwille was seated at a large desk at the front of the class. The people in the class stop talking and Schwille began speaking, but he quickly stopped talking and began singing a country western song. He was very friendly. He began writing something even as he sang.

Two men walked into the room, looked around until they saw me and then walked over to me. It turned out that one of the men had the same kind of case as the man whom I had earlier been helping and he asked me if I could help him fill out some of his papers. I didn't know how he knew that I could do that type of thing, but I told him that I could help him.

Schwille in the meantime had called roll in the class and seemed to be occupied with something else. So I walked outside with the two men.

I ran into Herrera (a Dallas attorney) and said hello to him.

A German Shepherd which belonged to me then walked up and jumped up on my chest with its two front paws. I played a little with the dog and even rolled over on the floor with it. Finally I stood back up and as I again began walking with the two men, I noticed I had gotten some light brown feces on my shirt, apparently when I had been rolling on the ground with the dog. I pointed it out to one of the men and I said I needed to go to the toilet.

I headed for the toilet. I was also trying to decide how much I was going to charge the man for handling his case for him. I knew it wasn't going to require much work. Basically I would just have to fill out a questionnaire about his life. I debated whether I should charge him \$100-\$150 for the work.

Dream of: 16 September 1987 "Bushel Of Corn"

I was on the second floor of the Gay Street House, and I could hear people talking downstairs. They sounded like lawyers who worked in judge Schwille's court. It sounded as if they were talking

about someone who had AIDS and they mentioned that Zuckerman (a Dallas attorney) had AIDS. Other people were also mentioned who had AIDS and it appeared that quite a few people around there had the disease. I remembered that I hadn't had a test to see if I had AIDS and the possibility that I might have the disease was quite unsettling.

Finally I walked downstairs and in the middle office I encountered three people (all probably in their 20s) who worked for my father. One was an attractive woman. The other two were men and one was holding the hand of the woman. The man not with the woman sold real estate for my father. But the man holding the woman's hand said he did legal work for soldiers. He reminded me of Mike Estep (a fellow I used to know in Portsmouth).

I reflected that my work was defending criminals and I really wasn't very satisfied that I was doing that type of work. It pleased me even less that I was in Portsmouth and I realized I had made a mistake by returning to Portsmouth.

I was in the barn on the hill behind the Gallia County Farmhouse. My father and my grandmother Mabel were here with me. There was a lot of corn in the barn and I began thinking about gathering some of the corn in bushel sacks. I talked a little with my father about it. It seemed

that I had been here when the corn had been growing and I had been responsible for gathering up some of the corn once before. I began looking for a sack and finally found one. There was an old piece of black bread in the sack.

Finally I said, "How much is a bushel of corn worth?"

Dream of: 17 September 1987 "Fighting Japanese"

On a boat I had arrived at a large island. I was with four other companions and we were all soldiers. We were in a state of war with the inhabitants of the island, who were Japanese. I was uncertain what year it was, but I had the feeling it might be at the time of World War II.

We had previously been on this island. At that time there was a cave on the island in which there had been some Japanese, but we thought we had destroyed the Japanese in the cave with some bombs. We now once again reached the cave, which seemed to be near a beach, but now we were concerned that there might be someone inside. We threw some hand grenades into the cave and they exploded. It appeared that if anyone had been in the cave, they would now be dead. We were still uncertain, however, so we slowly approached the entrance to the cave.

Suddenly someone began shooting at us from inside the cave and we all crouched down in the sand. One of my companions crept closer to the cave, looked inside and said there appeared to be a large number of Japanese inside and that it appeared to be a fortification. We decided to retreat.

We began retreating and passed through a city populated by Japanese. We dashed through the streets even though we were dressed in our soldier gear. We were headed back toward our boat and we hoped no one noticed us. We ran through the streets until we reached the beach. We saw our boat and realized we were going to have to swim to it.

Quite a few people were gathered on the beach. We took off our shoes, because it appeared that no one was supposed to wear shoes on the beach. I walked along the beach and I asked myself whether there might be Japanese boats around our boat which would cause us problems. It appeared possible that we might be captured here.

Dream of: 17 September 1987 (2) "One Thing After Another"

I was talking with Cheryl (an old high school classmate). It quickly became clear that she had been talking with Louise and that Cheryl had told Louise that she (Cheryl) liked me. As Cheryl told

me about it, she appeared to be a little embarrassed to be revealing such a thing to me, especially since she had never told me this before; but apparently she wanted to tell me because she thought otherwise Louise would tell me. I was happy to hear it, because I liked Cheryl and I had never thought that she cared about me.

Cheryl appeared quite young (in her early 20s). She was attractive; I would like to go out with her.

I was also impressed by her, because her father was a lawyer. But I was also thinking that I didn't want to get involved with a woman right now. She was so tempting, however, I believed I would like to be with her.

While talking with Cheryl, I had a mental image of Louise in my mind talking to me saying, "One thing after another."

Dream of: 19 September 1987 **"Uncomfortable And Fascinated"**

My good friend Kim (a woman a few years younger than I whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977) and I were together. She was wearing a bright, red sweater and was sitting on my lap facing me. We had our arms around each other and began hugging each other tightly, increasing the pressure of our embrace until we were hugging as

tightly as we could. It vaguely seemed my mother was sitting behind me to my right observing us.

Kim and I were basically experimenting to see if we could have close physical contact without becoming sexual. I felt close to her holding her, and my sexual feelings weren't pronounced. It felt quite peculiar. Although it was somewhat pleasant, I still felt somewhat uncomfortable.

It was dark now and Kim was lying next to me. I was uncertain, but it seemed she might only be wearing a pair of panties which were pulled down somewhat. When I ran my hand up and down the bare skin of her leg, she didn't resist.

It was light and Kim was lying asleep on the ground in front of me. She seemed to be dreaming and was moving while she lay there. Her hands were clasped down between her legs and she seemed quite contorted. Something about her reminded me of a chicken and I felt uncomfortable and fascinated at the same time watching her lightly move around in her dream world.

Dream of: 19 September 1987 (2) "Don Quixote"

I was walking around in a building which seemed something like a shopping mall. I was searching for a religious sanctuary in the building and I had the idea that a Moslem mosque might be there.

Although I wasn't Moslem myself, I thought I would like to find some place quiet where I could be alone to think and meditate. As I walked up to the second floor and continued circulating, I found nothing like what I was searching for. Instead all I saw were small stores lined along the sides of the passageways.

As I passed one store I noticed a suit of bronze-colored armor standing in front of the store. The armor also appeared somewhat like a skeleton and inside the armor, there appeared to be a slender bronze head, which I identified as Don Quixote. It seemed this store was selling the type of cheap, metal, art works commonly found in towns on the border between the United States and Mexico.

I continued on until I found a box about knee-high sitting in the passageway in front of a store. I looked inside; it was filled with video cassettes. I picked up one; the price had been marked down once from twenty-some dollars to nineteen dollars and then to nine dollars. It seemed to me that I now owned a video recorder and I considered buying one of the video cassettes. I began rummaging through the box and quickly realized all the video cassettes seemed to be about the art

of making movies and had been prepared by directors and actors. One was by Alfred Hitchcock.

A video cassette by John Wayne caught my attention. On front of the cassette was a particularly poignant picture of a small emaciated black boy whose ribs were clearly visible. His face was turned away so I could only see him from the back. Most peculiarly, he was in a dingy little toilet sitting inside an empty commode. Apparently he lived in the commode. I was unsure, but it appeared that Wayne was interested in some humanitarian project and had been trying to point out the plight of some of the world's impoverished and starving people when he had made the cassette.

I sat down in what looked like a cafeteria in the mall. I had the feeling that I was close to the sea and that I had come there for a sort of vacation, but I didn't really feel all that comfortable. Something seemed to be missing in my life and it was causing me a dull discomfort and dissatisfaction.

Two fellows (probably in their mid 20s) who knew me were sitting across the table. One was conducting a sort of pantomime and telling a story by simply using gestures but no words. He acted as if he were handing something to someone and

he was putting the thing in the other person's hand. Then he acted as if he were lighting a cigarette. I quickly understood him to be describing a transaction in which someone had obtained some marijuana and then smoked it.

Sitting there, I finally realized both the fellow and I each had a joint which we were smoking. Since quite a few other people were in the room, I was somewhat concerned about smoking the marijuana so openly, but I had the feeling that smoking marijuana was accepted practice in this place and that drugs were used quite freely there.

When a look of alarm suddenly passed over the face of the other fellow, I realized the police were approaching me from behind. In a flash I crumpled my joint up in my mouth and swallowed it. I had a bit of difficulty swallowing the paper, but it went down.

Two policemen walked up next to me; they seemed to be aware that we were smoking the marijuana, but they didn't seem particularly concerned. However they *did* want me to accompany them somewhere; I left with them.

We walked a short ways and then began ascending some steps in a circular stairwell. We climbed probably five or six stories and finally arrived at what appeared to be an apartment. The police officers opened the door and took me in. I realized

this was the apartment where some friends of mine were living whom I was visiting in this place. It appeared that the officers thought it would be best for me to stay up there. As they turned to leave, I noticed that one officer (probably in his mid 20s) had a pierced ear; he was wearing an earring in the form of a small silver cross. A police officer wearing an earring struck me as particularly odd; I had never seen such a thing in all my life. I thought this place must indeed be particularly liberal.

After the officers had departed, I looked over the spacious comfortable room with its light-blue walls and large windows which appeared to give onto the sea. I remembered having been up there before; I also remembered having met another policeman up there, an older man, who had told me not to spend all my time up there but to go out and see the area. Now I was unsure quite what to do; my restless uneasy feeling remained with me.

Several men (probably in their late 20s) were in the room. We seemed to all know each other, although I didn't feel particularly close to any of them. Marshall (a Portsmouth attorney) was there. He, unlike the others, looked neat and lawyerly. I had the feeling that he was the lawyer of some of the others. Bob Bell (a Portsmouth acquaintance whom I barely knew in 1979) was also there; he seemed friendlier to me than some of the others,

although I didn't feel like reciprocating his friendliness and I felt a bit embarrassed to even be associated with him in any way.

One fellow seated in a large easy chair began telling me a riddle or joke about the musical group "Chicago." He began by talking about how two members of the group had left the group and had gone to play music elsewhere. Then he told the joke and gave the punch line. I feigned laughter, but then felt rather silly because I hadn't understood the joke; finally I came right out and told him I hadn't understood. He seemed surprised, especially since I had laughed when he had given the punch line. He looked around the room as if looking for someone else to explain the joke to me, but the others, who had also laughed, suddenly had puzzled looks on their faces as if they likewise hadn't understood the joke.

I picked up a photograph and began looking at it. I recognized it as a picture of the living room and hall of a place where I had once lived with my ex-wife Louise. In the hall, sitting on the bottom shelf of some shelves, was a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica. But what was most peculiar about the picture was that a flood had obviously taken place in the house. In fact, when I first looked at the picture, it appeared that water was still standing in the living room about waist deep, although there didn't appear to be any water in the hall. But

then I realized that it was just an optical illusion due to the way I was holding the picture and that the water had already receded from the living room.

As I looked at the picture, I imagined Louise talking to me about the house; her voice was so clear, it almost seemed as if she were there speaking with me. She was talking about the fact that I had wanted to get some of the rent money back from the apartment after it had flooded and I had had to move out. She said that not only had the landlord refused to return the money, but that he was insisting I pay several months more of rent apparently due under the lease. I adamantly asserted that there was positively no way that I was going to pay any more money for that apartment.

Dream of: 20 September 1987 "First Jury Trial"

I was in a courtroom where Schwille was the judge. I began talking to a young fellow whom I soon realized was the assistant district attorney on a case in which I was representing a defendant. It turned out that we were scheduled to go to trial later today and I talked with the fellow a little about the case. He said he would be ready, but first he had to finish the trial that he was presently

involved with. Quite a few people were in the courtroom, apparently for the trial taking place.

I walked over to a cassette tape player and took out a cassette which was in it. But then I realized the cassette I had taken out was being used to record the present trial. Schwille was just about to resume the trial and he looked at me. I quickly put the tape back in and indicated to him that it was now ready to go again.

I began thinking about whether I was prepared to try my case today. It was going to be a jury trial and I was a bit nervous because I had never had a jury trial before. But now seemed as good a time as any to start, so I figured I would just have to go through with it.

Dream of: 20 September 1987 (2) "Gunfight"

I was up on the curve in Symmes Creek Road, about a kilometer east of the Gallia County Farmhouse. A man with a rifle was here and I also had a rifle. The man and I began having a dispute and finally began swinging our rifles at each other.

At one point I was lying with my back on the ground and he was poised over me with his rifle ready to strike me. I considered defensive moves and thought I might use my rifle to block his blow. I also thought about slamming him in his testes with my rifle.

Finally I was standing again and ended up shooting the man several times with my rifle. I was unaccustomed to shooting the gun and a couple times I had difficulty ejecting the spent shell before firing again. But I managed to do it.

After the fight was all over it appeared that I might have actually killed the man. But I also realized that another man who was my friend was with me and that he had been badly injured in the fray. He was lying under a barbed wire fence and was bleeding profusely from several wounds. I was unsure whether he had been shot or had simply obtained lacerations in the fight.

But my attention was directed elsewhere, because down in the bottom field by Symmes Creek I heard voices. I slipped over to the top of a large cliff from which I could see down into the field far below me. There I saw several men running along. They were very far away and just looked like ants. I knew they were friends of the man whom I had just shot and I knew they were now going to come after me. I sighted my gun in on one of them, but not being able to see him clearly enough to get a good aim, I didn't shoot.

I returned to my companion to see if he was still alive. A pickup truck was here in which I could leave and I knew I must decide immediately whether to take my companion with me or leave

him behind. I felt his bloody wrist for a pulse, thinking there probably wouldn't be any. But suddenly he began moving and I realized I was going to have to hurry and load him into the back of the pickup truck.

Dream of: 21 September 1987 "Logical Sense"

Albert Einstein and I were outside together in a garden area. I was hoping he could tell me about some of his ideas in a simple way so that I could understand him. I asked him what he thought.

Behind us in the garden was an apple tree with large red apples on it. Einstein was standing with his back to the tree. Looking straight ahead away from the tree he said, "I think that apple tree is in front of me."

I understood what he was saying. He meant that if he continued going in a straight line away from the apple tree, he would ultimately end up back at the apple tree. I looked exasperated and I said to him, "That doesn't make any logical sense."

I wanted him to try to explain simply to me what he meant. He said, "You don't think this is going to be any fun, do you."

I replied, "No, I think it's going to be a lot of fun."

I did think that learning what he had to teach is going to be a lot of fun, and he clearly seemed to

want to emphasize having fun while I was learning. At the same time, however, it didn't make any sense to me that space could be curved and that someone could end up back in the same place if the person continued walking in a straight line.

Dream of: 21 September 1987 (2)
"Descending A Cliff"

I was looking down from the top of a high cliff and finally decided to go down the cliff. The side of the cliff was mostly rock and dirt. As I began heading down, I began to realize how far it was to the bottom and how precipitous the cliff was. It was difficult descending also, because in places the cliff actually cut back into the side, so there were actually overhangs which I tried to negotiate.

I also noticed some furniture sticking out from the side of the cliff. I saw a lamp, some wire and another piece of furniture.

I continued descending until suddenly I began sliding. The slope became more inclined and I safely slid all the way to the bottom. At the bottom, I walked away from the slope and when I looked back at it, it appeared to be some kind of man-made ski slope. It was very tall and high. I even consider going skiing on it myself.

While I was standing here, I encountered Boley (a female Dallas attorney). She was basically indistinct at first, but we began talking and soon were lying next to each other. I rubbed my hand on her neck, which felt very soft. She didn't say anything, and I began caressing her skin. I was unsure whether she was wearing a top. She might have been nude from the waist up, but I couldn't really tell.

She didn't stop my caresses and I realized she was actually enjoying it. I was actually rather surprised. She seemed quite beautiful and I was enjoying being with her.

Dream of: 22 September 1987 "Cancun"

I had arrived in Cancun, Mexico. I went through some buildings and finally arrived on the beach. I was all alone and felt a little strange being in Cancun. I knew it was expensive here, but I suddenly thought, "This is Mexico," and realized it was actually cheap in Mexico. All I needed to do was get outside of Cancun.

As I stood on the beach, a couple fellows jumped into the water and swam out a ways. When they had gone out about 30 meters, they stood up in the water, apparently on a coral reef. Watching them was interesting, but I didn't want to go into the water because I was afraid sharks might be out there.

Beyond the two fellows I could see a large sandy island which appeared to have many people on it; I would rather go out there. But I wasn't even sure I could swim as far as the fellows on the reef.

Jon and I were in what appeared to be a hotel room in Cancun. Another younger fellow who was apparently a friend of Jon's was also in the room. It turned out that Jon was married to Louise and she was here with him. I was thinking that the three of us could rent a car and go somewhere else outside of Cancun. Since I didn't have any credit cards, I thought perhaps Jon had a credit card we could use to rent a car. I mentioned that to Jon.

It slowly became clear that I was still interested in Louise, even though Jon was now married to her. And it also seemed to me that Jon might actually want me to be with Louise. Jon walked out of the room and while he was out, I kissed Louise. I also felt her crotch; but it felt as if there might be something lumpy, such as a kotex there. Louise obviously wanted to be with me. She didn't seem that much like herself; but we both obviously wanted to be close to each other.

We stopped and Jon walked back into the room. He walked over to me and we talked briefly. He said he wanted me to be with Louise and he

wanted to go looking for a Mexican woman. It all seemed a little strange to me. I didn't know whether he wanted us all to have sex in the same room together, him with the Mexican woman and me with Louise, or what. Somehow the younger fellow with Jon was also going to be involved in all of this, although I wasn't exactly sure how.

I sat contemplating the situation; it occurred to me that I used to be married to Louise myself. I was unsure how long Jon had been married to Louise. I looked at Jon and noticed he looked a bit like Rob Demsky (an acquaintance). I said to him, "Did you start caring about her when I was still married to her?"

He tried to avoid the question, but it was clear to me that he had cared about her before. It didn't particularly bother me; but I would like to get it out into the open just how everyone stood on the subject.

Dream of: 24 September 1987 "Zen Master"

As I was standing in the kitchen of a house where six or seven people lived, I found a \$100 bill and a \$20 bill lying on the kitchen cabinet. Turning to a woman also in the room, I asked her if she knew anything about the money. She said she didn't, but she seemed concerned that I would be asking. Apparently she thought I was trying to claim the money for myself, but that wasn't my intention at

all: I was simply trying to discover who owned the money.

I walked out of the kitchen, intending to ask some of the other people in the house about the money. When the woman also left the kitchen, I suspected that she intended to hurry to the others and inform them of the money so that one of them could claim that he or she had lost it. But I found the others first, and when I asked them about the money, they admitted that they hadn't lost any. As I tried to decide what to do about the money, I pulled a \$1 bill out of my pocket, and all the people gathered around me.

Noticing that my brother Chris was also in the room with us, I walked over to him, sat down next to him, and whispered into his ear, "Was that your money?"

I was surprised when Chris acknowledged that the money belonged to him. He then added, "There's something I want you to do. I don't want you to tell anybody that it's mine."

He was asking a lot of me; it would be difficult to do as he wished. Nevertheless I promised Chris that I would keep his secret. I perceived that Chris was testing me. Not revealing that the money belonged to Chris would be especially difficult because everyone else would think I was keeping the money for myself. No one would know that I

was guarding the money because I intended to return the money to Chris, its rightful owner.

However, since Chris didn't want me to tell anyone that the money belonged to him, I would comply.

Chris explained to me that he wanted me to do this because he was afraid that he wasn't going to be with me much longer. In other words, he was telling me that he was going to die. The date of his death was even already scribbled on something, and when I saw the date, I knew that Chris would disappear fairly soon. I squeezed him in my arms and held him tight. But when he whispered something in my ear, I straightened back up. I almost felt like crying, but I realized crying was useless and I didn't have time for such nonsense anyway. Nevertheless I was distraught about the prospect of losing Chris.

I was watching a scene from afar. Some of the same people who had been concerned about the money were present. Other people were also in the picture – ten or fifteen altogether – all of whom seemed to be Zen Buddhists. They had invited a man (probably in his late 30s) to visit them. The man, apparently a zen master, was also in the room and was dressed in a white robe. Although the others were preparing to engage in some kind

of activity, the zen master remained somewhat aloof and he wasn't going to take part. Instead he retreated to an upstairs room where he was staying in the building.

For some reason, all the people became angry at the zen master and one obese fellow began shouting abusive invectives at the room of the master. The master stepped out of his room onto a balcony where everyone could see him, and called down to the obese fellow, ordering him to shut up. At that point it was abundantly clear that the zen master had considerable control over the others.

The zen master had come downstairs to talk to the others, who were eating. The curious detail of the room was a large vase which stood as tall as a man. Apparently someone lived inside the vase, even eating meals inside it. One fellow, who reminded me of myself, stood beside the vase, looking it over. Although the fellow was a member of this group, he was thinking of leaving. Perhaps he would join some Tibetan Buddhists. The practice of zen simply appeared to be too difficult for him; he just couldn't grasp onto the belief system.

The fellow who reminded me of myself was sitting in the front passenger seat of a car being driven by the zen master. Some other people also riding in the car had been eating some rice off white plates. Suddenly the zen master threw some of the dirty plates smack into the lap of the fellow who reminded me of myself. The fellow instantly responded, "I'm not going to clean these."

Even though the fellow realized it wouldn't take him long to wash the plates, he was determined not to have anything to do with them. The fellow threw the plates into the middle of the seat where some other plates were already piling up, probably 25-30 plates altogether. He said, "I'm not even supposed to be here. What am I doing here? I must be dreaming."

The fellow wondered if he could possibly be lying in bed in his room, dreaming everything which was taking place. He simply couldn't understand what he would be doing in the car with the zen master and the others. He wanted to escape, and even though the car was speeding down the road, he thought he might just jump out. But when he opened the door, the zen master seized him with both hands (even though the zen master was using his hands to steer). The fellow abruptly realized he wasn't going to be able to free himself from the powerful grip of the zen master. He was simply going to have to ride it out.

All the while, as I watched the scene from afar, the fellow continued to remind me of myself.

When the fellow was finally let out of the car, he was unsure where he was. Noticing some newspaper machines nearby, he looked on the front page of one of the newspapers and saw an article about a city called Carribes in Mexico. The fellow read that the city had been founded by Americans, and only Americans lived there. The article discussed the ingenuity of the Americans residing in the city. Also on the front page was a picture of the city, which appeared to be on the sea shore. Most of the homes were constructed of brown adobe. Although the city was attractive, I thought it was probably an expensive place to live.

More and more, I seemed to be the fellow. Although unsure where I was, I thought I might be in the very community pictured in the newspaper. I began walking around the area until I spotted a Mexican restaurant. I entered, but since I wasn't hungry, I only stayed a short while before walking back out into the parking lot.

As I stood in the parking lot, I noticed four black men stationed five or six meters from me, each in a different direction from me, like the points on a compass. They were dressed in black and were probably in their mid 20s. They seemed to be

performing an interesting dance, while at the same time they made clicking sounds with their teeth. Although intrigued by their dance, I felt threatened by the men and thought I should return to the restaurant for safety.

I also began to realize that I must have taken some LSD. Already beginning to hallucinate, I became particularly interested in the green vegetation surrounding me. However I was troubled that I would have taken a hallucinogenic drug. I suddenly began thinking about God, and realized that by taking the drug, I might have injured my relationship with God. All my other abilities might also have been damaged.

I continued to watch myself, as if from afar, as I sat down and looked around. Clearly I was unhappy that I had taken the hallucinogen. But now I would simply have to endure. There was nothing else I could do.

Dream of: 28 September 1987 "Giving Up My Will"

I was sitting at a table in a room where several other people and myself had been practicing hypnotism with each other. My good Dallas friend Eloise LaGrone was sitting directly across from me; suddenly she said she was going to begin hypnotizing me. She began talking to me in a general way; I quickly realized she was practicing

a hypnotic technique on me, even though she hadn't gone through the usual relaxation steps first.

I continued talking to her; I didn't feel as if she were succeeding in hypnotizing me, especially since she hadn't first used any relaxation technique. Finally she said, "I'm not doing so good."

Suddenly it occurred to me she might be more successful in hypnotizing me if I myself helped her more and gave myself up more to her. Up to that point I had been slumped back in my chair; I raised myself up straight, pulled my face closer to hers and looked right into her eyes, which seemed strong and focused. I wanted to let her know I was going to participate more in what she was doing by giving my will up to her and letting her hypnotize me. The process would depend as much on my efforts in making it happen as hers. I said to her, "Let's try to establish a closer rapport. I'm going to free myself up and come under your sway."

Dream of: 28 September 1987 (2) "What Not"

I was walking along talking with someone and we came to a stop. I noticed someone had apparently been following us. I left the person with me and I walked back to a bush behind us where I found a man kneeling down behind the bush. He appeared

to be nude, at least he clearly was nude from the waist up. I asked him if he had been following us and he admitted he had. I asked him what his name was and he said it is "What Not."

I suddenly saw the man was becoming aggressive toward me and I backed up. In my hand I was carrying a long metal rod and when he came toward me, I threw the rod at him like a spear.

The rod went into his chest next to his right shoulder. Obviously injured, he began backing away from me. He stumbled back into a little gully filled with scummy-looking water with green algae on the top and he fell into it. I walked to the edge of the bank, stood at the top and looked down, waiting for him to resurface.

Suddenly the ground on the bank underneath me gave way and I fell down into the water. I went all the way under the water. I hoped the fellow wasn't going to grab me and hold me under.

Dream of: 29 September 1987 "Mayday"

I was in an airplane with my father and my brother Chris. My father had come to pick me up and take me somewhere. I thought about how nice it was that my father had a plane so he could fly around like that. Not many people were able to do that.

As we flew along, I noticed that we were close to the tops of some large trees and I thought we

should go higher away from the trees. But my father didn't want to go higher because quite a bit of turbulence was buffeting the layers of air above the trees and my father didn't want to ascend into that turbulence.

The plane was a propeller type and two propellers were on each wing. As we were flying along, my father commented that one propeller, which he referred to as number two, had stopped functioning. I began to wonder what would happen if all the propellers on one side of the plane were to go out.

My father said we needed to find someplace to land soon. I looked out in front of us; we seemed to be coming over a rise. As we passed over it, I looked down and saw a gigantic valley far below us. We were very high. The valley was craggy with gray rocks. After we passed over, I looked back and realized the valley resembled a crater formed by a gigantic meteor.

We passed over another valley; the entire landscape had become dim, gray and somber.

My father tried to call my mother on the telephone because he knew we must land soon and he thought she might be able to help us, but he was unable to reach her. Finally he made a mayday call to anyone in the area and gave the message to call my mother's mother. He made the mayday call

twice and I began to realize the situation had become quite serious. I began to think we might possibly be able to land in an open field, even though I realized that might be dangerous. But I could see we were going to have to do something quickly.

We seemed to still be in the same precarious situation, although we now seemed to be in a room of an old, abandoned building which seemed to have once housed law offices. My father mentioned something about the law offices and I said lawyers probably worked in the building.

A calendar on the wall was turned to the month of October. It had some pictures at the top of each month which appeared to be of some country scene. Since I needed a calendar, I folded it up and put it into my briefcase which I had with me. I then closed my briefcase.

I then put Chris onto my back and began carrying him. He was very heavy; I would have difficulty carrying him very far. I also had my 35mm camera slung around onto my back between us; Chris's weight was causing the camera to press into my back causing me some discomfort.

Although we still seemed to be in the same predicament and were looking for a place to land,

I carried Chris outside onto the porch of the building. I was determined to continue carrying Chris, even though he *did* get off my back for a little while.

Dream of: 29 September 1987 (2) "Feeding Birds"

I was walking along in a park on Twelfth Street in Portsmouth and noticed some large strange-looking birds in front of a house on the other side of the street. I was unsure whether they were ostriches, geese or what. I tried to look at them more closely and finally saw that they each had four legs like a four-legged animal. They had long necks and heads which looked like those of an ostrich, but they also reminded me of geese.

They came over to the park and I was a bit apprehensive that they might try to hurt me. They begin pecking around on the ground, although it appeared as if there was nothing here for them to eat. I walked over to a picnic table and noticed some large kernels of hard yellow corn on the bench, but the birds didn't seem interested in it. I also noticed a large chopping knife which looked like a meat cleaver lying on the table. I picked up a kernel of corn, peeled off the outside skin and then chopped it up into small pieces.

Some of the birds gathered around and I laid the chopped-up pieces of corn onto the bench of the

picnic table, but none of the birds seem interested in eating it.

I decided to leave and I considered taking the knife with me, but I hesitated because I realized it was illegal to be carrying the knife because the blade was so long.

Two men dressed like policemen walked up. One was rather young. I wasn't really sure they were actually policemen and I feared they were going to bother me. Suddenly a small boy walked up and stabbed one of the men. Confusion ensued and it was unclear to me exactly what was going on.

Dream of: 29 September 1987 (3)
"Acceptance of Punishment"

I was in a car, trying to escape from someone beating on the car and trying to tear it up. Finally I reached the house of a man whom I know was the owner of the car. The other man was still after me and I jumped out of the car and screamed for help. The owner (whose name was Grady) came out of the house. I fell down and said, "Did you see what they did to your car, Grady?"

Grady got down on the ground in front of me. I reached out my hand and began scratching his head, which was cut in a burr.

He didn't seem concerned about the car. I then realized Grady had been having an affair with the wife of the man who had been beating on the car. Apparently Grady had come to accept that he was going to have to suffer some kind of punishment because of that.

Dream of: 30 September 1987 "Escape From East Germany"

I was watching an enjoyable movie about three Americans in East Germany. The beginning of the movie revealed that the three were going to escape into West Germany and then began to recount the escape. The three first escaped from a jail in East Germany. They finally reached a bar, which they entered, intending to wait there a while. They were served some beer in large plastic cups and after drinking the beer, they began to become intoxicated. While drinking, they looked out a window and saw a convoy of East German police passing by, which they knew was searching for them.

The Americans had strong accents, actually too strong, and the movie seemed a little fake. One American began talking to a woman and said to her, "I don't know about this and I don't know about that. All I know is that I'm alone."

The three Americans were beginning to realize that it was going to be more difficult than they had

thought to cross over the border into West Germany. They considered simply walking across the border at an isolated place, but they realized that land mines were planted between the fences and that that could be very dangerous. So they were uncertain just how they were going to cross.

Dream of: 30 September 1987 (2) "Help Your Own Self"

While I was standing in a room, a black attorney who worked in the prosecutor's office walked up to me and asked me a question. Apparently the black prosecutor had been talking with a defense attorney about a plea bargain agreement in a criminal case; that black prosecutor had written something down concerning the plea bargain. Now the defense attorney wanted to accept as an agreement what the black prosecutor had written down. The black prosecutor was now unsure whether he should let the defense attorney accept the offer; the black prosecutor asked me what I thought he should do. I asked him whether he had withdrawn the offer before the defense attorney had accepted it or whether the defense attorney had accepted the offer before it had been withdrawn. The black prosecutor was unsure.

I explained to him that he should be held to the same standards as the other prosecutors who worked around there. But as it turned out, he

wasn't actually a prosecutor after all – he only worked in the prosecutor's office. I concluded that he shouldn't even be doing that work. He seemed to be upset by what I was telling him, but I continued speaking anyway.

I looked over to the other side of the room and saw Vickie there. Obviously she had seen me. I had earlier seen Vickie there in that place, which somewhat resembled a school. I didn't want to say anything to her; I was uncertain whether I should approach her.

I wasn't wearing my shoes, which were over by a wall. I walked over to them. They were gray, suede-like shoes. I began putting them on one at a time standing up. When I finished I was just about to walk out of the room without saying anything to Vickie, but then she walked toward me and stepped right up next to me.

She was wearing a white dress with some kind of print on it. She said something to me and I responded, "How you doing?"

I then simply put my arm around her shoulder and she put her arm around me. Although many people were scattered around the room, we just stood there with our arms around each other hugging each other. She said, "Great."

I hugged her and held onto her for about half a minute; it felt so good. I felt like kissing her, but I didn't. Vickie said, "What's happening from you?"

I replied, "What's happening from you?"

She answered, "You."

I said, "Me?"

I felt good with Vickie, but I was still uneasy. I hadn't been working much lately on my dream books and it was bothering me. I needed to be concentrating more on my dream books. Vickie sensed my unease and said, "You'll help your own self."

That made me feel good, to know that Vickie had faith in me.

Dream of: 03 October 1987 "Computer Message"

I had been visiting my mother at the 29th Street House and had spent the night sleeping in the basement. When I awoke in the morning, I began doing some work on a personal computer set up in the room, and was surprised to see some messages coming to me over the screen.

The messages said that my sister had told my father and my mother that my sister and I had had some sexual contact when we had been younger. I

wasn't particularly disturbed by the fact, since it seemed that I myself had recently told my father and my mother the same thing. However, I would like to know whether my sister – or someone else – had told my parents about it.

Since my sister was supposed to be upstairs, I thought I would go up and ask her about it. I was also considering having sex with her and thought if she were willing, I might take her into an upstairs closet and have sex with her where no one could see us. But I was unsure that she was going to be willing to do that.

I headed upstairs and there I was surprised to see Birdie standing in the kitchen. She looked quite young and attractive. She was wearing a white skirt and I immediately put my hand under it and ran my hand up her leg to her crotch. But I felt something hard there, perhaps a kotex, and withdrew my hand.

It was a bit confusing, but I thought perhaps it was Birdie who had typed the messages to me on the computer screen. I started to take her into a room to ask her about it, but then I saw my sister and instead took my sister into another room. My sister sat down and I got ready to start asking her questions.

Dream of: 03 October 1987 (2) "Blind Eye"

I was seated at the counsel table in a courtroom where I had been defending a fellow against the charge of rape. However I wasn't the only defense attorney for the fellow, and I hadn't actually been doing much of the work. Another attorney (probably in his late 20s) was the main defense attorney in the case. Actually I hadn't even really been entirely sure of my exact role in the defense of the case and I felt rather confused by the whole proceeding. The other attorney seemed much more experienced and seemed to know what was going on.

The defendant had been declared guilty and the trial had moved into the punishment stage. The range of possible punishment which the defendant could receive ranged between 15 years and life in prison. I was very unclear about what was going to happen now and I was unsure whether the judge wanted me to give some kind of argument for the defendant. I heard the judge mention something about the defendant's character and I thought that evidence and arguments concerning the defendant's character may be the only issue in question at this point. Unfortunately I knew of practically nothing to say in favor of the defendant's character, and I realized if I did give an argument in his behalf, it wasn't going to be very convincing.

Meanwhile the other attorney had begun walking around the courtroom and talking to the judge. The attorney seemed muscular and strong, and I was impressed by his performance. I actually hoped he would take it upon himself to do everything that needed to be done at this point so I would need to be involved as little as possible. However I felt rather uncomfortable by just sitting here doing nothing, since I was supposed to be defending the fellow. There were quite a few other attorneys milling about the courtroom and I felt uneasy with their seeing me just sitting here.

The judge called out that the attorneys in the courtroom should come up to the judge's bench. I hastened up and in the gathering crowd I quickly found a place right in front of the judge. I figured since I was actually one of the defense attorneys, I needed to be asserting my place.

The defendant was seated to the judge's left facing the judge. The defendant (around 22 years old) seemed to remind me of someone I knew. He was obviously extremely distraught and it appeared that he was on the verge of tears. I looked at his eyes and noticed that his left eye seemed pale in the center as if he might be blind in that eye. He was a pitiable character, but I had a difficult time feeling any pity for him. Obviously he was now beginning to see the dire predicament he was in.

The judge talked to us all briefly and finally decided to recess until later in the day.

I was standing out on the street, apparently in front of the courthouse, with the group of lawyers. We still seemed to be dealing with the rape case.

In conjunction with the case, one lawyer was looking up into the sky with a pair of powerful binoculars. We were in Dallas and tall buildings were all around us, but we were still able to see the sky. I also had a small pair of black binoculars, although they weren't nearly as powerful as the one the other fellow had.

The other fellow began saying that he saw some military aircraft in the sky and he began naming off several different types of aircraft. Everyone was consternated by that fact, because the skies were supposed to be free of aircraft today. Obviously the military wasn't adhering to that.

I likewise looked through my binoculars, but I was unable to see anything. My binoculars only focused in on a small part of the sky and when I moved them, the area I could see sometimes became even smaller; but finally I did see something. It was obviously a long straight missile. It was going straight up but then it began to waver and started to follow a crooked line.

Obviously it was having trouble and soon began to tumble over and over completely out of control.

I hollered out to the others and told them what I had seen, but no one seemed particularly interested and we begin walking away down the street. I turned back and on the horizon in the distance I saw a large cloud of black smoke suddenly rise. I hollered out and pointed out the smoke to the others, shouting that it was from the missile which had crash landed. The others saw the black smoke cloud, which quickly rose and then spread out along the ground on the horizon, but no one seemed particularly interested and we continued walking away. I reflected about what a disaster it would have been if the missile had crashed into downtown Dallas.

Dream of: 04 October 1987 "Investments"

Altizer was telling me he was thinking of returning to The Ohio State University to study pharmacy. I was thinking of returning to Ohio State myself, and I would like to study chemistry. It occurred to me just how similar the subjects of pharmacy and chemistry were. I had been thinking about studying chemistry for quite a while, and I finally decided that was what I would like to do.

I was in a classroom at Ohio State and a black-haired woman professor (about 30 years old) wearing a dark sweater and a dark skirt walked to the front of the room. She was clearly pregnant, a fact which rather disgusted me, as I thought think about how overpopulated the world already was. Exactly what the world needed – more children.

Lying on my desk in front of me was a stack of nice sweaters. The subject of the class apparently dealt with buying and investing in sweaters. The sweater lying on top of the stack on my desk was pale cream-colored with quite a few red designs on it. A price tag was at the top with different prices – \$35 for a small, \$45 for a medium and another price for a large. The tag on the sweater described the material used in the sweater as "sash."

The professor told us to look down at the bottom of the sweater, where I saw the name and address of the company which manufactured the sweater sewn right into the sweater.

Also lying on my desk was a book entitled *Investments*. The woman was trying to teach us how to invest in sweaters and how to buy them for stores. I figured the subject of investments would come in handy even if I ended up studying chemistry, because I would learn how to invest in chemical concerns.

Dream of: 06 October 1987 "Warrantless Search"

It appeared to me that the possession of marijuana had been legalized by the state government, although I was unsure whether possession of marijuana had been legalized by the federal government. At any rate, I had acquired some marijuana in the form of a long stick which looked like incense. I also had some marijuana in small slender boxes about a third of a meter long.

I had stored the marijuana in a storage shed where a bunch of other junk was piled up, but I was beginning to become a bit concerned, because even though I thought possession of marijuana had been legalized, I thought the police might still try to arrest me.

Sure enough, some police dressed in suits came to the door of the shed and told me I must come with them. Apparently they were also intending to enter the shed to search it. I protested that they didn't have a search warrant, but they paid little attention to me and they took me away before I saw whether they had found the marijuana.

The police station appeared to be connected to the shed and was in the next room. After I was led to a desk, I began thinking I needed a lawyer. I wanted to know immediately how much my bail was. I was determined to fight against the charge, but I

thought I needed to get out of jail on bail first to be able to do so.

It just so happened that a lawyer was standing behind the desk. He was a tall vigorous-looking fellow dressed in a suit. I immediately addressed him and told him I needed help. I told him that I myself was a lawyer. He seemed as if he might be willing to try to help me. He walked around from behind the desk and together we began walking down a hall.

Dream of: 08 October 1987 "A Reclusive Family"

My good Dallas friend Eloise LaGrone had told me about a reclusive family living in a large old house in Portsmouth, Ohio. The family apparently consisted of a brother and two sisters. I decided to visit them and with another woman I arrived at a gigantic white mansion. When we reached the front door, a servant answered. When we told the servant the name of the person we wanted to see, the servant seemed surprised, as if the people there never accepted anyone and no one ever saw them.

We stepped into an anteroom; standing behind a large door leading to another room and peeking out from behind it was a beautiful blonde woman. The servant told us the people whom we wanted to

see were upstairs and the servant reluctantly let us ascend to the second floor.

We waited in another anteroom until a blond-haired man (probably in his mid 30s) walked out to meet us. He was quite large, about 30 centimeters taller than I. His name was Miles and he was the person we had come to see. We all sat down at a table with Miles at the head and my companion across from me. Miles invited us to eat and he himself began eating. I wasn't very hungry; I ate hardly anything. I felt serene and I seemed to have a smile on my face the whole time.

Miles said something to me and I gathered he wanted me to eat. I looked at him; he was wearing a napkin around his neck. Silverware and a napkin had also been laid out for me. I mumbled something about not even being sure of the proper etiquette there. Nevertheless, I picked up the napkin and put it on my lap; I picked up the silverware, put some food on my plate and began eating. Miles mentioned we were the only people who had ever sat down at that table and eaten with him. Obviously these people were extremely reclusive.

When we had almost finished eating, Miles' sister walked out and sat down behind us. She was a short, black-haired, slightly overweight woman. She asked if we would like to have some coffee

and something alcoholic to drink. I said, "I don't want either."

They seemed a bit surprised that I had refused; I explained, "It just doesn't make me feel good when I drink coffee or alcohol."

They seemed satisfied with the response. We all moved into some different chairs so we were sitting across from each other. Miles and his sister were obviously curious about why the woman and I had come to visit them. They asked about it and the sister asked if we were there for an astrological visit. I adamantly answered, "No, I don't believe in astrology."

I also didn't want them to think that I had come as a representative of the Dallas Zen Center and that I was trying to convert them to Zen. I was concerned they might draw that conclusion since both Eloise and I lived in the Dallas Zen Center. Even though Zen had come to permeate my life, I didn't want them to think my visit there concerned Zen.

I explained to them that there were simply not that many interesting people in Portsmouth – I had simply come to meet them. Even as I was offering my explanation, however, it occurred to me that actually many interesting people probably lived in Portsmouth – I simply hadn't met them. My old classmate Sally Counts crossed my mind, and I

thought I would like to visit her if she were around Portsmouth.

While speaking to Miles' sister, I noticed some decayed areas between her teeth, which also appeared to be chipped around the tops. I thought it amazing she would let her teeth deteriorate like that.

While talking, I asked the sister something about who she liked; she responded, "Peter."

I was uncertain to whom she was referring, but thought it might be Peter Lamborghini (a fellow I had met at the Dallas Zen Center in 1987). I thought Lamborghini might have been out to visit them and I asked her about it.

Our conversation turned to Eloise and I said some nice things about Eloise.

Dream of: 10 October 1987 "Woody Allen Movie"

I was passing through Columbus, Ohio and since I thought I might be there for a few hours, I considered going to a movie. I looked through the movie section of a newspaper and saw a movie with Woody Allen advertised for only 35 cents. It appeared to be on the same theme as *The Godfather*, except Allen was going to play the part of the godfather. The ad said the movie was

extremely good and I thought I would like to see it. It started about 9:30 p.m. Since it was still afternoon, I thought I might go to a couple other movies first.

As I continued looking through the movie section, Steve Weinstein (my best friend in my teen years) crossed my mind and I thought about how he often went to movies. I basically thought, "I've gone to a lot of movies in my life and they've kind of formed like a reservoir of ideas in my mind. But it seems like I have not worked with that reservoir quite as well as Weinstein might be working with his reservoir of movie themes that are in his mind."

I could see the movies in my mind held much creative potential, but I hadn't yet seemed to grasp onto them.

I had rented a small yellow car which I thought I would be able to drive around to the different movie theaters. I looked at the address of one movie theater which was on State Street. It suddenly occurred to me that Sue lived in Columbus and that she lived on State Street. I thought perhaps I would go see Sue, but I hesitated because I hadn't called her first and I thought simply showing up would probably be embarrassing. I continued thinking about it.

On a bicycle, I pulled up in front of a large old brick house where Sue lived. Standing on the front porch, she didn't look like Sue. She was a short woman with kinky brown hair. When I noticed she had stacked something on the front porch, I thought she might have been doing some wash. She appeared to be wearing a gray tee shirt and a pair of pants.

When I nonchalantly said something to her, she seemed surprised to see me. We began talking and I told her I realized I hadn't written to her in a long time. I went on to explain that that didn't mean I hadn't been thinking about her. I explained that I simply went through stages when I might not write for a while, but then I might write a whole lot all at once.

I had never actually seen Sue in person and I was actually a bit embarrassed being there with her.

At the same time, I felt an extremely strong, almost magnetic force drawing me toward Sue, even while feeling as if I wanted to get away from her. I was unsure she even wanted me around or whether I should be around her.

All the while I was standing up on the bicycle with it between my legs. Finally Sue walked over close to me and began talking. She said several things, mentioned her mother, talked about kissing and

said something about a book. Finally she said, "The underlying theme of the book is whether you will kiss or won't kiss me."

She was standing directly to my left. I began thinking I would very much like to kiss her, but it was difficult for me to believe she would want to do the same thing. I reached out, put my arms around her and barely touched her lips with mine. Her obvious willingness to kiss me made me feel good. It also seemed obvious that she had thought about it a lot, and that kissing me was indeed what she wanted to do.

I pulled her closer to me and engaged her in a strong kiss. Her being married didn't seem to matter at the moment, partly because the kiss didn't seem to be of a sexual nature. The kiss just seemed to somehow be a fulfilling pleasant kiss. Our lips were both open and felt quite loose, not stiff as might be expected for two people kissing for the first time. What bothered me was that the kiss was so pleasant, it just seemed to absorb me. It was something I could only resist with extreme difficulty.

We suddenly heard someone else coming out of the house and stopped. I looked up and saw Sue's blonde-haired sister (probably 16-17 years old) had walked out of the house. As Sue began talking to her sister, I reached out my hand to the sister

and she clasped it with an almost vice-like grip, although her strong grip didn't hurt me in any way. I commented, "Boy, that's a good firm handshake."

The sister seemed pleased by what I had said and she smiled. She didn't seem annoyed that she had found me kissing Sue when she had walked out. We talked for a while and I mentioned that I had a car parked several blocks away which I had rented. Sue said something about my having gotten the car from Hertz and something about my owing Hertz some money. Although it wasn't clear to me exactly what she was saying, I knew Sue knew a lot about me, things which I wasn't even aware she knew. At any rate, I knew I still had enough money to be able to rent a car. I told them both I could come and pick them up if they wanted to go to a movie. I was still thinking about going to the Woody Allen movie.

Yet all the while, for some reason, I was still hesitant about going anywhere with them.

Dream of: 10 October 1987 (2) "Coming Apocalypse"

I appeared to be on a bus riding through the streets of Dallas. A large festival appeared to be going on outside. It wasn't entirely clear to me what I was doing, although it appeared that I was on some kind of mission. I looked out the window,

directly to my right, and noticed a lot of people sitting on what might be a wagon. Most people appeared to be in their early 20s and appeared to be drinking something alcoholic. One fellow had a couple women sitting next to him and I could hear them commenting about his new, green, short-sleeved shirt.

One blonde-haired woman (probably in her mid 20s) sitting on the wagon was quite beautiful. She was wearing a pair of very short shorts. She had her legs bent so I could clearly see some of her pubic hairs in front. We passed on by and I could see that she was now bent over so that, looking at her from the back, I could even see her vagina. I wanted to continue looking at her, and perhaps even get off the bus, but I knew I was in the process of doing something important and I didn't have time for that.

I was with a group of people in a mini bus going through the streets of Dallas just north of the county courthouse. It appeared to me that I had been in this situation before and that I knew what was about to happen. A gigantic battle was about to take place and the world was on the verge of coming to an end.

I was involved with some highly developed beings and I myself was a highly developed being,

although I hadn't yet fully developed and was even now in the process of going through some very rapid development. I was experiencing very dramatic and rapid changes which were evolving my mental capacities, especially my capacities to detect other enemy beings who were about to attack us.

Some other highly developed beings and I were headed toward a building which had an underground section which we could enter. In that section was some kind of transport system in which we could be taken off this planet.

I noticed myself in a mirror which I passed. My hair was short. I could perceive that I was developing my abilities to detect enemy beings around us. About 10 of us were there on the mini bus and most of the people on the bus were joking and having fun, but a couple of us, myself included, weren't joking around, even though we realized that joking and having fun was part of what we were involved with. The nature of some of us, such as myself, was to be calm and quiet, because we were protectors.

One fellow in particular, who almost seemed like a phantom, sitting across from me, was very calm and quiet and reminded me somewhat of myself.

I suddenly realized the developments which I was now undergoing should soon allow me to

communicate directly with another person's mind.

I began trying to communicate directly with the fellow across from me, trying to read his mind and trying to let him read my mind.

My companions and I were walking through the streets amidst a gigantic crowd of ordinary people and we were still trying to reach the building, although it was becoming clear that it was going to be difficult. The enemy beings were also supposed to be in the crowd, but they looked like ordinary people. Up until now, we had had orders only to shoot enemy beings when we were positive that they were actually enemy beings, but now it was becoming clear that the ordinary people were going to be destroyed anyway, so the order was given to shoot enemy beings even if we just had a mere suspicion that they were enemy beings.

I was carrying a weapon in my hand, although it didn't really seem like a weapon. If I pointed the weapon at someone and shot, something would happen, although I wasn't really sure exactly what. I wasn't yet confident about using the weapon, but suddenly I saw someone who appeared so grotesque to me, I was sure it was an enemy being. I was able to detect that the person was an enemy being because of my special powers,

although other people couldn't recognize the enemy being as such.

I pointed my weapon at the person and shot. I was unsure if a pellet went into the person or what, but I felt that after I had shot, the being had been neutralized.

I saw several other ugly enemy beings and shot them also. Suddenly the order was given and we began running toward the building. Even as I ran, the image of the woman and her vagina crossed my mind, but I quickly erased it and I headed on. I realized that when we reached the building, we were going to have to fight a terrific battle in order to reach our transport system. The enemy beings had gained some strength.

Plus the normal human beings around here had realized we were headed for somewhere and they wanted to know where we are going. They realized they were also in big trouble because of the coming apocalypse. It appeared that we might also have to eliminate some of the normal people if they got in our way.

We finally reached the building, which had a glass front. I felt as if my powers of detection were fully developed and I wouldn't have any more problem detecting the enemy being. There was about to be a very intense battle.

Dream of: 11 October 1987 "Sense Of Patience"

I was in a house and in the next room (a dining room) some black people were bringing in a bunch of ice cream and other sweet delicacies which I had ordered. There were bowls of ice cream, chocolates and cream-filled candies. When the black people had finished bringing in the food, they sat down and began eating some. I said something and left. I then returned and when I found they had eaten a great deal of the food, I went on a rampage and told them everything they had eaten was going to have to be replaced.

They seemed surprised and shocked at first, but then they began clearing things up. The room was also in disorder. Another group of black people came in and began arranging the furniture.

I walked back into the next room, where I had some guests. I began talking to them and soothing them. I also ate a cookie with some cream in it which I liked. It seemed that I had experienced this kind of situation before and that other people realized they could relax because I would be the one to take care of the matter. A woman said to me, "I have a complete sense of patience that this thing'll get done without you interfering."

I said, "That's because I generate that sense of patience."

My father and someone else were nearby, and they began laughing.

Dream of: 11 October 1987 (2) "Primitive Sources"

A man and a woman (who seemed somewhat like my good Dallas friend Eloise LaGrone) had traveled to Japan with me and we were walking in the basement in the clothing section of a big store. Piles of clothes, particularly sweaters, many with prices, surrounded us. When a Japanese fellow walked up and began talking with me in English, I felt a bit strange speaking English with him. He asked if he could help me and I responded, "Yea, how many yen are in a dollar?"

He started to tell me, but then I noticed the prices on the sweaters were in both dollars and yen. Realizing I didn't need to know the number of yen in a dollar, I thanked the man and told him I didn't need any help.

The prices were quite high (the sweaters were about \$100 apiece) but it looked as if the exchange rate between yen and dollars was favorable; if I stayed in Japan and earned some yen, I would be able to exchange the yen for lots of dollars.

We passed on to a part of the store where electronic appliances were sold. I loved being in

Japan; I wanted to stay. Talking about Japan, I told the woman with me, "It offers primitive sources and modern technology."

I was thinking about both the ancient nature of zen, and about the modern technology which could be found there in Japan. Plus, Japan offered a door to China and the east. Learning the Japanese language would also be a beautiful experience, even though learning the language would be difficult. I wouldn't be able to use the European languages which I knew; I would be able to use the European languages someday, but for now I wanted to live in Japan.

As we continued walking, I suggested we find a temple where we could meditate in the morning. I thought that would be great idea and the woman agreed.

As we continued walking, I said, "You know, less than a small fraction of one percent of the people in the United States would ever get a chance to come to here and live."

The woman agreed.

I had traveled here on the spur of the moment and I knew I might have to return to the United States to arrange my affairs before I could simply begin living in Japan.

We continued walking until I finally realized the woman with me was actually my ex-wife Louise. As we walked through a room, I turned around and realized Louise (although I could still hear her) had disappeared. Apparently she had fallen through the floor, even though I didn't see a hole anywhere. I could barely hear her voice somewhere below.

I began tearing up some air ducts in the floor and I tried to look below. I found what appeared to be mattress springs embedded in the floor and I began tearing them up, but I couldn't seem to reach her, even though I was able to talk with her. I tore up a duct and I could see down into the next floor, which had a checkerboard design of yellow and brown tile on it. I thought about dropping myself down below. I could hear Louise down there and we talked. She was upset about what had happened. She realized she was a bit clumsy.

I talked to her about her staying in Japan; she didn't seem to think she wanted to stay; she thought she would return to the United States. I wanted to get back with her quickly and try to convince her to stay. I didn't want to stay in Japan unless she stayed there with me. I tore up a duct; I could clearly see her standing below. She was wearing a white dress and looked quite pretty. I said, "Do you want me to come and get you?"

She says, "Well, yea, OK, I'm down at ground A."

Dream of: 12 October 1987 "Aphrodisiac"

I was with my mother and my sister in the 29th Street House. My mother had something wrong with her and we had brought her a container with 800 Quaaludes in it. The Quaaludes had only cost about 5 cents apiece. I realized the Quaaludes were powerful aphrodisiacs and could be sold for about \$1 apiece. It was clear to me why people sold them since they could make so much money doing it.

I wanted to take one of the Quaaludes myself and I did so. I then asked my sister to take one and she took two. I thought the Quaaludes would have an aphrodisiac effect on my sister and I might have some sexual contact with her. I waited about a half hour and finally asked my sister if she felt anything from the pills. She replied that she didn't. But I knew it didn't take much for one to begin feeling the aphrodisiac effects of the pills once the pills had been taken. Some other people were also in the room, and since I wanted to get away from them, I asked my sister to go upstairs with me. We ascended the stairs.

We went into a corner and I began kissing my sister. She kissed me back. She began rubbing her crotch against me and it felt exquisite. She was

extremely supple. I continued holding and kissing her.

**Dream of: 12 October 1987 (2) "The Birds
And The Wind"**

I was on the Gallia County Farm, preparing to move here. It seemed that two very pretty women were involved in my life, and that I was leaving one while the other was going to come to live with me. I called several friends to come visit me. About 10-15 people arrived and we sat on the side of the Farmhouse, talked and ate.

I looked across Symmes Creek and noticed a large construction project underway over there. It looked as if about 30 cars were over there. A large wooden platform was being built. It wasn't clear to me what it is for, but perhaps it was for a parking lot. The construction equipment was making a lot of noise. I told the people here that it was usually very quiet around here and when construction wasn't going on usually the birds and the wind could be heard.

In my hand I was holding a round, smooth, black rock about the size of my hand. It almost seemed to have some kind of handle on it. I was thinking about throwing it.

When it was time for the people to leave, I invited them back. I thought about telling them where I

hid the key so that in case I wasn't here when they came, they would be welcome to go inside.

Dream of: 13 October 1987 "Called To Be A Warrior"

I had gone walking with a woman and her three daughters. Although I was married to the woman and living with her, I didn't feel as if the woman and her daughters were my real family.

When we finally ended our walk, I encountered my sister. She asked some questions, but I didn't pay much attention to her. I was more interested in meditating. Ignoring my sister, I sat down in my typical meditative position, except my feet were bent back underneath me, instead of crossed in front of me. I was wearing a pair of black corduroy pants. Sitting up straight and tall, I began trying to meditate.

In front of me was an indistinct object which reminded me of the Tin Man character from the movie *The Wizard of Oz*. However this figure was constructed from a darker-colored metal, perhaps lead. The figure was carrying an ax, and appeared to be quite strong.

I was also aware of a man sitting next to me on my left. I knew he was going to ask me a question or a riddle about what I was seeing. As I tried to formulate an answer to the riddle, I thought I

would respond that the riddle had to do with my being a soldier and a fighter. Since I felt strong, as if I were a fighter, I thought I would answer, "I love to fight."

However I balked at saying such a thing. To some degree I questioned whether I did love to fight, although I felt God had called me to be a warrior, and I would have to answer the question accordingly. However I hesitated because I knew fighting and hurting people entailed blood and pain, which I abhorred. Even though I had qualms, I still thought I would have to answer, "I love to fight."

Although I felt proud of my calling for an instant, the feeling of pride instantly began to impede me.

Dream of: 14 October 1987 "Venezuelan Boy"

I was riding on a bicycle. Also sitting on the bicycle was a 5 year-old boy from Venezuela. As I talked with him, I realized I had been thinking about adopting a child from South America. I looked him over and I thought I might even like to adopt him. I noticed his teeth looked as if they might not have been well-cared for. I thought about asking him to open his mouth so I could see his teeth better.

He hung backwards over the handle bars. I felt sorry for him, but I really didn't think I would be happy with him if I kept him.

We were in Portsmouth and as we approached the underpass on Offnere Street, we were walking. We were ready to go under what looked like a little tunnel under the underpass, when I saw someone in the tunnel and I didn't want to go that way. There was another tunnel on the other side and I said, "Let's go over to the other one."

We went over to other tunnel, but someone was also in it. So both the boy and I ran into a yard next to the underpass, so we could cross over the railroad tracks on top of the underpass. A house was right next to the underpass and a man was sitting there on the porch. I hollered to him, "Call the police! Call the police!"

He didn't seem to hear me. I thought the men in the tunnels were probably thugs trying to grab us. The boy and I ran out into the street.

The boy and I had been captured and were standing in the living room of a house. Two men, one older and one younger, were standing in the room asking us questions. Finally I realized the younger man was a district attorney and that he had been trying to have the boy arrested. I

couldn't believe the district attorney was wasting his time with things like this and I began laughing.

A door knob with the long steel piece that goes into a door was lying there and I picked it up. I held the knob in my hand and suddenly I stabbed the steel piece toward the younger man, while I said something to him, letting him know what disdain I had for his doing that kind of work. The older man also seemed disdainful of the younger man. The younger man was apparently not going to do anything, so the boy and I walked together out of the room.

Dream of: 15 October 1987 "Dark Sunglasses"

While I was walking around in a mall, I noticed a pair of dark sunglasses which someone had apparently dropped lying in front of me. I walked on by, but then I stopped and thought the sunglasses looked pretty good. So I turned around and headed back to them. Just when I reached them, a large Hispanic-looking fellow picked them up and put them on. I walked past him without saying anything. I turn back, however, walked up to him, and got his attention. I didn't say anything to him, but I began motioning to him to give me the sunglasses. Although I wasn't speaking, I was trying to let him know that the glasses were mine.

At first he appeared reluctant to give me the glasses. Finally, however, he handed them to me

and I put them on. He walked away and I walked over to either a glass or mirror where I could see myself. The sunglasses looked quite large and looked good on me. I thought, "That's just what I wanted. I never wear sunglasses. I haven't worn sunglasses in a very long time."

They felt quite good as I walked out into the light. I began walking down a crowded sidewalk which seemed to be in Dallas. I had been carrying some things with me, among which was a loaf of bread. I didn't know why I had brought the bread with me, but I had been carrying it for a long time. It also seemed as if I had a large pie with me. I wanted to get rid of the bread, but I didn't want to just throw it away since I had just bought it. I shouldn't have brought it with me.

I walked through a place where bread was being sold and I hoped no one thought I had stolen the bread which I had. The sidewalk seemed to be crowded with a lot of different stuff and it appeared that many Hispanic people were here selling things on the sidewalk. I thought that was just like Hispanics. I didn't think they should come up to this country and crowd up the sidewalks that way.

Finally I came to a ladder set up in the sidewalk and I just knocked it down. Finally I just walked out into the street around all the people here.

Dream of: 15 October 1987 (2) "German Verse"

New York City. Here I was and it felt good to be here. I had been living in this section of town for several weeks now and I had come to know this one section fairly well, but I hadn't been out to see the rest of the city at all. I was getting a little restless and I thought I would go out and explore more. Now I saw how it was that people became tied down to just one small part of this city.

I had just awakened and found myself in a room which I had rented last night here in New York. I just arrived in New York yesterday and had found this room. I would probably stay here a while. The room was a bit indistinct, but a bed and a table were here.

I was thinking that if I needed anything, I should be able to find it in this town, if I just looked for it.

A woman and a fellow walked in and I chatted with the woman a little. My two blue suitcases were still packed and lying on the floor. But someone had gone through a sack I had brought in and had piled a bunch of my clothes on the floor. Some towels were also stacked there. The sack must have really held a lot. I figured the woman now with me must have gone through my stuff. It didn't

bother me much that she had done it, but I wondered if that was the practice here.

I chatted with her a little. I told her this was my first day of living in New York. She told me she had been here a long time. I thought maybe she might be able to help me if I needed to know something later.

She said something about the key and I didn't understand her at first. It turned out that there was a lock on the downstairs door and also one on my door. The lock on the downstairs door was locked between 4:30 and 6:00 o'clock every evening. I didn't yet have a key to the downstairs door, but I didn't think that would present any problems at the moment. The woman tried to tell me what time the door was locked at night, but I simply couldn't understand what she was saying. Finally the fellow told me that the woman said the downstairs door was locked at 3 o'clock in the morning. That should be no problem for me.

The woman left and the fellow began cleaning up the room some. He sponged off the table and I was glad to have a clean table. Maybe he likewise would be able to help me if I needed it.

I was out on the street walking around. I needed to buy a map of the city. I wasn't even entirely

sure where my room was located, but I thought it was on the Hudson River, which ran east-west across the northern edge of New York City. I figured my street must be a numbered street.

I passed a fellow who looked like the fellow I had seen back at my room. He stopped to talk with someone. I supposed I could start a conversation with him and get to know him, but I preferred to be alone right now.

I was only paying \$130 a month for my room. When I had first asked how much it was, I was surprised the price had been so low. I thought it might be \$130 a week. I remembered having once talked with Judith (a Dallas acquaintance) once about how high the prices were in New York and mentioning that Weinstein had been living in the same place for years and years because his rent there was so low.

Why, there was Weinstein now, walking into that building. I could see him through the glass. A couple young women were laughing at him. I could almost read their minds. They were thinking about Weinstein and how he was always looking for new jobs. I also thought about Weinstein and considered that he was a rather peculiar fellow. He still retained some of his ordinary nature from having grown up in Portsmouth. But he had managed to develop also into an extraordinary

person in his own way. Working at many different jobs was his way of acquiring experience and some day he would be able to use all that experience.

Myself, maybe I ought to look for a job also. But I had enough money to live on for probably a year and a half without working. So I doubted I would work. Actually I felt as if I would probably simply be reading German literature in the German language for the next year and a half. I began reciting and singing some German verse as I walked down the street. It felt good to be here.

Dream of: 16 October 1987 "Body In A Casket"

I was investigating some kind of group of people apparently involved in the use of hallucinogenic drugs. I was in a room and saw several cups with different-colored, creamy-looking liquids in them.

One was bluish. I understood that the liquids contained LSD and I was even thinking about taking some myself. But someone told me the liquids contained both acid and LSD. I thought acid was LSD. If acid wasn't LSD then what was it? I was unsure, but I decided the liquid might be harmful and that it was best that I not take any.

It appeared that several people frequented this place and they all took the drugs together and

then were led along on their drug experience by someone. A woman, who was apparently going to lead the group, emphasized that individual freedom would be honored, but that this was still a group venture.

I found out that the whole thing was pretty expensive, but that if a person didn't have enough money, then the person could fold up some kind of paper into quarters indicating how much time that person would be able to afford to stay. What were they going to do, let the person leave in the middle while still under the influence of the drug? Seemed rather bizarre.

I was walking along a wooded area and could hear voices not far away of the people taking part in the group drug venture. Suddenly I distinctly heard Weinstein's voice in the group. I was a bit surprised at first, but then remembered that Weinstein and I had once talked about the group, and now I realized he must have gone to see the group without telling me. Perhaps he was working on a story he was writing and he had gone to see the group in that connection. But there still seemed to be something amiss here and I continued pondering what it might be.

I sat down on the ground and I could hear the group coming close to where I was. I was unsure if I should let Weinstein see me, but I see that it was going to be unavoidable. Now I could see the entire group and they were coming closer to me.

Suddenly Weinstein saw me and he began advancing toward me with a surprised look on his face. When he was close enough, he asked how I had gotten in and I replied, "I just quietly walked in."

I realized I wasn't actually allowed to be here and I anticipated being ejected. But now I realized what was amiss here and what it was that I want to say to Weinstein: we weren't in the same time. I was in the year 1983 and he was in the year 1981. I looked at him straight in the eye and told him it was 1983. I tried to convey the message to him as strongly as I could, but I was unsure he perceived what I was saying.

I had awakened, had realized I had been dreaming and I was about to write it down. My computer was sitting on the headboard of the bed and I could turn around facing it and write while still sitting in the bed.

Weinstein was lying beside me in the bed. I still hadn't begun to write and I felt as if we needed to talk. I had come to visit him and it was now 1983.

But I realized he actually had been at the drug group back in 1981 and that I actually had visited him there through the dream which I just had. We began talking about it, and he remembered the event. Actually it turned out that he had remembered the event since 1981 and had been waiting to see if I would remember it when the proper time came in 1983 when I had the dream. I had had no memory of it until right now. Now I realized that in my dream I had somehow been able to go back to 1981 and actually visit Weinstein. We both realized this event was of monumental significance and was important in answering some of our questions about life. Yet neither of us could fathom the meaning of what was going on.

Weinstein had become very disconsolate. He said he realized he wasn't succeeding at life and he talked disparagingly about himself. He seemed to think I was succeeding and he was only now beginning to realize that fact. He seemed to view his situation as hopeless. While I agreed he wasn't succeeding at life, I tried to encourage him.

Weinstein had rolled over and was trying to pin me down and it became clear that he wanted to engage in some kind of sex with me. He was nude and seems rather strong, although I felt sure I could repel him. This confirmed some of my worst suspicions about Weinstein's intentions toward me and I was extremely disappointed to learn this.

Weinstein had died and his body lay in a casket. I was still lying in the bed and another man was lying beside me. The man was a chemist and it seemed that he was a high-ranking official working for John F. Kennedy when Kennedy had been president. In fact Weinstein, I, the time and the place all seemed to somehow be involved with John Kennedy. At any rate, the chemist had some kind of deal for me regarding Weinstein and his death. I wasn't completely sure what it was, but I rejected it and got up. It was time to accompany Weinstein's casket out.

Dream of: 16 October 1987 (2) "Visiting Europe"

I was planning to travel to Europe with two fellows who were brothers, one of whom was probably only in his late teens while the other was probably in his early 30s. I gave them a call to find out if they were going to be traveling light so we could move around a lot or if they were going to be

taking suitcases. It sounded as if they were thinking about taking suitcases.

The three of us were on a plane, except we appeared to be out on the wing and I was hanging on precariously. The older brother said he would like to land at JFK airport, but he didn't seem to know exactly where that was. I told him that was where we were going and that it wasn't far away. I pointed out that the plane had already leveled off and we weren't very high. Therefore we would soon be landing at JFK, which I said was is the airport of a small country in the middle of Europe. I had been there before.

We had landed at the airport and were walking around in what looked like a big hangar. German was spoken there and I said to the other two, "Hier spricht man deutsch."

It suddenly occurred to me that the younger fellow spoke pretty good German and that we therefore would be able to talk in German while we were here. It appeared that the older brother also spoke some German and that he was willing to speak German. That would certainly enhance my stay since I enjoyed speaking German so much.

A car rental place was there and I saw some people inside who I had seen earlier on the plane. A couple women were together and they seemed to have dyed their hair blue.

A sign said that cars could be rented for \$46 a day, which included the cost of new red tires, although I wasn't sure what that meant. The sign said they accepted Mastercard, Visa and American Express. Since I no longer had any credit cards, if we wanted a car, one of the others would have to use a credit card. But I didn't think either of them had one. So if we traveled, we would probably have to go by train, although it would have probably been cheaper to have rented a car.

I had been in this country before and I had even stayed here. I walked into a book store to buy a magazine which would show ads of rooms for rent. I saw some German magazines, including Stern. Finally I saw the magazine I was looking for and I got a copy.

I looked to the classified section and saw some ads, but I didn't seem to be able to find exactly what I was looking for regarding rooms for rent.

I was also wondering about exactly what we were going to do together here. The other two might want to go to some night clubs and drink some alcohol and try to pick up women. I certainly had no intention of drinking any alcohol. And I didn't

want to pick up women. But I might go with them anyway and if I did meet some women, it didn't necessarily mean I had to have sex with them.

Dream of: 16 October 1987 (3) "Learning To Hypnotize"

I was moving into a large old brick house in the country; several other people were also going to be living here. We were going to be living basically on a communal type basis.

When I arrived, more than ten cars were parked in the garage under the house. I wondered if the police think something illegal was going on here. We must make it perfectly clear to everyone that no drugs would be used in the house. I had thought I might someday use some hallucinogenic mushrooms, but I decided prohibition of all drugs would be best.

I walked into the house and immediately encountered an Hispanic-looking fellow who reminded me somewhat of Rufino (a fellow I had met). I told him my idea that no drugs could be used in the house and he was in complete agreement.

I walked into a large dining room where the others were gathering for a meeting. Across the room was a woman whom I had known years and years before. She recognized me and headed toward me.

I couldn't remember her name at first, but then realized she was my good Dallas friend Eloise. It seemed I now knew several people named Eloise. She walked up to me and we hugged each other tightly. I was happy to see her and she sat down beside me.

Someone stood up behind a podium and began speaking about the group. He said he was going to have someone here explain something about court orders. I knew it wasn't I who was going to be explaining, even though I was probably the only lawyer in the group.

A fellow (probably in his late teens or early 20s) had entered the house. I was unsure if he lived next door or was going to live in the house. We talked and during the conversation he mentioned he was interested in hypnosis. I told him I was also interested in hypnosis and we immediately focused in on that subject. I told him a couple other women were also in the house who were interested in hypnosis and he told me he had a friend who was also interested. I became quite interested. I thought we could all begin working together learning how to hypnotize.

Dream of: 18 October 1987 "Omotomy"

It was late at night, probably 4-5 o'clock in the morning. I hadn't been asleep all night. I was driving a car which I had taken without permission. I was about 50 kilometers from Portsmouth. I thought I might drive back there and spend the night at the 29th Street House. But I really didn't want to do that because I thought my mother and my sister might show up there tomorrow and I really didn't want to see them.

I was out in the country, heading up the side of a mountain. The road became so steep, I had to stick my foot out the door and help push the car along. As I continued pushing, I realized I was no longer in a car, but on a motorcycle.

When I reached the top of the mountain, I pulled off the road in a rocky area and stopped right on the edge of a cliff. I was surprised by how beautiful the vista of mountains was from up here.

Suddenly I saw someone riding a dirt bike come tearing up the mountain the same way I had come. The dirt bike passed me, then pulled over in front of me and stopped. A brown-haired girl (probably 17-18 years old) was on the motorcycle. Once she was stopped, she pulled out a long nail and began pounding on a pedal (similar to a bicycle pedal) of the motorcycle. I got off my motorcycle and walked over to her. She immediately began talking about someone being crazy and she used the word

"omotomy." I said, "You must be talking about a lobotomy."

She said she was indeed talking about a "lobotomy." She said a lobotomy had been performed on her. I thought to myself, "Great." When I had first walked up to her, I had thought she would probably be afraid of me. But not I realized I should probably be afraid of her.

Dream of: 19 October 1987 "A Dangerous Man"

A woman who was my mother (not my actual mother) had recently married a man. I suspected that this man had been involved in some crimes, perhaps murders of young women whom he had previously married. I told my mother of my suspicions.

Afterwards, my mother, a woman who was my sister (not my actual sister), my mother's new husband and I all boarded a car which my mother was driving. My sister, the man and I all sat in the back. I was on the left, the man was in the middle and my sister was on the right. I watched the man look at my sister in the eyes and hold her gaze for a moment. I immediately knew my suspicions were correct about the man. I wanted to tell my mother. I leaned over the front seat and whispered in my mother's left ear, "He's the one."

My mother replied, "I know. I saw."

When the man saw my mother and me talking, he leaned forward as if he were trying to listen. I changed the subject and began talking about something else. But my mother and I were both feeling very uncomfortable because we both now knew that the man was dangerous and that we needed to do something about him.

Dream of: 19 October 1987 (2) "Smashed Bananas"

I was in a room engaging in some sexual activity with a girl who was my sister (not my actual sister), about 13-14 years old. We continued with the sexual activity for quite a while until we both finally grew tired and she said she was going to go upstairs.

I followed her to her bedroom and told her I wanted to continue with the sex. She took off her top so she was nude from the waist up. I sat down close to her, pulled her to me and began kissing one breast. She was in a hurry, however, and she didn't want to continue.

Another girl about the same age was also in the room and she likewise was nude from the waist up. I recognized the girl as one of my sister's friends (when my sister had been 13-14 years old). I looked at the girl's breasts, which were rather

small. I wanted to take a good look at them, because once before when I had seen them I hadn't looked at them closely.

My sister and the girl were both going to go somewhere together. I became upset at the idea of my sister going out and I began severely criticizing her. I told her she was going to use drugs and become a prostitute. I said, "And then you're going to go out and sell yourself. You're going to sell your pussy."

As I said that, I grabbed her pubic region. I continued, "And then you're going to catch AIDS."

I also mentioned something about "squirting heroin." I was trying to portray to her how terrible her life would become if she began going out with a bunch of different fellows as she was apparently intending to do. She seemed to pay some attention to me, but she was still determined to go. She headed for the door and I followed her.

I was standing outside and several people were gathered around, although I didn't know exactly why. For some reason someone carried up a bunch of about 20 bananas and laid them on the ground. I walked over and crouched down on my hands and knees beside the bananas. Even though the bananas belonged to someone else, I began

furiously pounding on them and squashing them with both my fists. As a crowd gathered around me, I made sure I completely squashed every single banana.

I had felt as if I simply had to smash up the bananas, but after it was over I didn't know why or for what purpose. Finally I rose and I began talking with someone. I said that they just brought out the bananas to make a fool of me.

I didn't feel afraid of anyone here, but I did feel a bit threatened by some of the people. A fellow in the crowd who reminded me of J.B. Biggs (a former Portsmouth acquaintance) said something to me and I pulled my fist back as if I were going to fight with him. I told him I didn't want to fight, but I would if he wanted to. When he backed off, I turned my back to him and I walked away.

Someone said to me that I shouldn't turn my back on anyone. But I had some younger friends around me and someone mentioned that I wasn't worried because I had them to shield me in case I was attacked from behind.

As I headed back into the house, I noticed not far away a group of perhaps 20-25 people standing in lined formation. They began to move and I realized they posed some threat to me. I began running toward the house and I entered it. The house was very large and as soon as I was inside I noticed a

second group of people standing in formation inside the house. I thought they might also attack me.

Standing in the house, I saw myself in a mirror. I was wearing something black, but my turned-back lapels were dark red. I had black hair and I reminded myself of an Italian. I seemed somewhat sinister. I felt quite haughty and important. I also felt strong and muscular and I was confident that no one was going to try to bother me.

As I was standing near the large, double, front doors of the house, a man walked in and began asking me questions. I realized he was a police detective. I was unsure what he was investigating and I said, "I'm a lawyer. You know it and I know it. And you're breaking and entering."

He didn't have a warrant. I made a motion as if I were pulling back my fist. He turned, walked back out front and began talking with someone there. Although I was still unsure what he wanted, I felt good about having made him leave.

Dream of: 19 October 1987 (3) "Continuing The Dream"

I was talking with a woman who reminded me both of my good Dallas friend Eloise LaGrone and Sussie (my sweetheart when I was 16). The woman was probably in her mid 30s and was

dressed in a long skirt and a casual blouse. We were both discussing fairly long dreams which we had had and we both decided to write our dreams down and show them to someone. I left to write my dream, returned and began showing the dream to someone.

The woman then also returned, carrying one page on which she had printed part of her dream in large black letters. When she tried to explain why she hadn't written her entire dream, I was somewhat disappointed, because I had wanted to see the whole dream. Since she hadn't written the entire dream, she acted as if she didn't want me to read any of what she had written. But I wanted to read it and as she started to pull it away, I grabbed it and began looking at it.

As I looked at the page, I began to become lucid and realize I was dreaming. I felt so close to awakening, I wondered whether I should even continue with the dream. I remembered, however, that I had previously thought about this type of situation, and that I had decided when I felt as if I were about to awake from a dream, I would continue with the dream anyway, even if I felt as if I might be partially awake.

I decided what I really wanted to do was read what the woman had written. I looked over the page and noticed some of the ink seemed to have

run on the page, as if water had been spilt on the page. As I tried to read, I was simply unable to distinguish any words.

I set the page aside and the woman and I began talking. The subject of marriage arose and we agreed we weren't interested in marrying each other. We talked about places where we wouldn't want to get married. When it seemed the conversation had ended, I prepared to leave. Just as I was about to depart, however, I was surprised to hear the woman sing out, "Where would you want to get married?"

Dream of: 30 October 1987 "Love Song"

Birdie and I were at the House in Patriot. She had long black hair and was quite young and pretty. I was attracted to her, but at the same time I really didn't want to become involved with her because I realized it would be too troublesome. I sat down and minded my own business.

From where I was I could see the kitchen door; a woman wearing a blue print dress who resembled my great-aunt Dorothy walked in. I wasn't happy to see her. I had been staying there for a while and she had showed up for the last couple of Sundays. Today was also Sunday. But as the woman walked past me into the next room, I realized she wasn't Dorothy but some other relative. She seemed to have curlers in her head. I

thought maybe I should get up, put my arms around her and hug her, but I didn't. Then I saw Dorothy actually come through the front door.

I talked with Birdie, who was sitting right next to me, and continued to note how attractive she was. She seemed to have been hanging around me a lot lately and I thought it might be nice if I could find someone else with whom she could become involved. But as I continued talking, I realized it wasn't actually Birdie with whom I was talking, but my first cousin Barbara.

I found Barbara to be very attractive. She seemed very young. I asked her how she had been doing. She acted as if she were happy with her life, but it seemed to me that she had been leading a rather boring life. She only had a few little social gatherings to go to, and she seemed to be bored. She still seemed to be dominated to some extent by her mother, my aunt Violet. Finally I brought up the whole subject to her and she asked me what I expected her to do with her life. I replied, "Well you could take a trip around the world."

She apparently had saved up some money; I thought she could use her money for such a trip. I knew I had recently taken a trip with my money. She responded, "Well, there's a time for that."

I said, "When? When you're ninety three?"

She seemed to be in a dilemma about what to do about her life. We continued talking about traveling, and she mentioned that I should have been an importer. I continued to try to encourage her to do something and I said that there was no time like the present and that if she were going to do something, she should jump into it and do it.

As we talked, I moved closer and closer. She was wearing a dress; finally I placed my arm on her leg. She noticed it. Then I took it away. I began thinking I would like to take her up into the attic and have sex with her. I was somewhat concerned that someone might catch us up there, but I thought we could probably do it. Finally I bent over and whispered into her ear, "Let's go up into the attic and you can make love to me."

She didn't seem surprised by what I have said. Actually she appeared to have expected it and seemed gratified that I was being honest about it. But she said she didn't want to do it.

I continued to think, however, how nice it would be if we were to go up to the attic. I might even recite some poetry to her. I thought of a poem I knew called the "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" by T.S.Eliot. The first line went through my mind, "Let us go then, you and I, when the evening is spread out against the sky."

I also thought I might teach her a few words of Spanish up in the attic, although I realized it would probably be futile to try to teach her Spanish.

The thought of venereal disease also crossed my mind. I would want her to feel assured that I didn't have any disease. I felt confident she wasn't worried about that.

The idea of having sex with her was extremely appealing. The fact that she was my first cousin made the idea seem even more appealing. It occurred to me that I might have some other female first cousins, although I couldn't think of any right at the moment.

I felt quite up-beat and good while I talked with her. I asked her how old she was, and she said she was 23. I found her age remarkable because she seemed as if she were about 16 years old. But no doubt, she had already developed her sexual desires.

Dream of: 03 November 1987 (2) "Playing Basketball"

I was with about 20 men (many of whom were black) playing basketball on a basketball court. They tossed the basketball and finally someone threw it to me. I immediately held up my hands to signal time out, because I was unsure who was on

my team. I asked someone who was on my team. Finally I threw the basketball to someone else and sat down on a bench with someone who began explaining who was on my team.

While sitting there, I look up and saw Weinstein's older brother, Paul, standing in front of me, and standing next to Paul was Weinstein himself. They weren't dressed in gym clothes, but were wearing street clothes. Weinstein didn't see me at first. Finally I punched Weinstein's leg with my fist. He then saw me and we began talking.

Dream of: 02 November 1987 "Criminal Defense"

I had been appointed by a court to represent a criminal defendant; I was talking with the defendant in the courtroom. He was still in jail and had been brought to the courtroom today. He was probably in his early 30s and his hair was cropped very close. He reminded me somewhat of my uncle George in appearance.

Dream of: 03 November 1987 "Unprepared For Exams"

I had been taking several classes in what resembled a high school. One class was a math class and one was a science class. It was the last week of school and we were supposed to have

exams next week. I hadn't prepared for the exams for either class.

I talked with Anderson, who was also taking the same classes, and it was beginning to become clear to me how the science and math fit together. But I was completely unprepared for the exams. It even seemed that I might have failed in these classes in the previous grading period. Now I might even end up failing for the entire year.

Dream of: 04 November 1987 "Exhibitionist"

I was at my mother's house visiting her. It was late and night and she had already gone to bed. I walked around looking for the kitchen, but it was so dark, I couldn't find it. I clicked some light switches, but no light came on. I was slightly alarmed, because I didn't recognize the area where I was, and I wondered how I could be in my mother's house and still not recognize it.

Finally I noticed a light shining through a window and I looked through it. I could see the neighboring house. One of the house's upstairs windows appeared to be made from stained glass and had the word "Pepsi" written on it.

I also had a radio turned on and I heard someone on the radio talking about having recently had a Pepsi window put in his house. I think the window

on the neighboring house might be the window the person was talking about.

But it looked as if someone was presently working on the window, because it was moving. A black-haired woman was trying to install the window in place. I lay down on my back so I could stare up at her. She was wearing a heavy blue nightgown. She wasn't very attractive, but I found it intriguing to watch her without her knowing I was watching. But finally I noticed that the light was shining on me and that the woman appeared to be looking in my direction. I thought she might be able to see me, so I moved back into the shadows.

But then it struck me that it might be interesting for me to get up and, acting as if I didn't see the woman, turn on the light and stand naked in front of the window. It seemed that that would be an erotic thing to do. I stood and walked over to the light switch. I flipped the switch, but the light wouldn't come on. It seemed to me that a fuse must be burned out, because I remembered the same kind of thing having happened once before and my mother had gone down to the basement to change a fuse. I thought maybe I could wake up my mother to see about changing the fuse.

Then I looked back at the upstairs window next door and saw that the light had been turned out

there. It was going to be too late for me to perform my exhibitionist act.

Dream of: 04 November 1987 (2) "Possible Life Sentence"

I was in a prison cell with four or five other people. Apparently I had murdered someone. My sentence had not yet been passed, but I would probably be given a life sentence. I was lying on a bed and was talking with the other people about my situation. I was upset because I had been in jail before and the idea of being here again was very unpleasant. Nevertheless, it looked as if I were going to be here.

I mentioned that it was possible that I might not be given a life sentence and that I might only be given twenty years. I thought I would be able to be released after having served a third of my sentence and possibly might even be able to get out after having served even less than a third. I figured I should do some legal research on the subject and I asked if there was a good law library in the prison. The others seemed to think there was.

After being temporarily released from jail, I found myself riding along in the back seat of a car in which Ronald Reagan and Nancy Reagan were sitting in the front seat. I was not exactly sure why

I was with them, but we continued along for a couple hours.

Finally, Ronald was in the back seat with me. With him he had a little boy (about 2 years old) who was Reagan's grandson. The boy had dirt all over him and on his face, and he smeared some dirt on Reagan. Reagan fed the child some cake and some soda.

It occurred to me that Reagan could help me be permanently released from jail if I would befriend him. With me I had a thick book all about Reagan.

I leafed through the book, but Reagan did not seem interested in talking with me about anything.

Finally, Nancy, still in the front seat, turned around, looked at me and asked me about the homosexuals in prison. I explained to her that I had been in prison once before and I had never had any encounters with homosexuals there. I had never even been approached by a homosexual in prison, although I had heard that that kind of activity occurred. I told her it might sound surprising to her that I had never had any homosexual encounters in prison. She said she was not surprised because she thought prisons had changed.

I then told her that the first time I had been in prison was in Iran and I had been there for eight

months. This time I had only been in prison for two days so far.

I seemed to be talking articulately and Nancy seemed to be impressed as she listened to me. Finally she turned back around and I once again began watching Ronald. I leafed through the book again hoping I might be able to talk to Ronald and befriend him in some way, but I did not know what to say to him.

I saw a chapter in the book about Ronald's attitudes on abortion. Since I knew he was against abortion, I felt like saying, "I'm against abortion" just to get on his good side, but I thought he might be able to check that out and find out that was not true.

I thought about telling him that I had voted for him, but I thought he had the power to send someone out to check the records to find that that was not true.

I realized he had so much power, but he did not seem interested in using it. He just seemed like a tired, old man only interested in playing with his grandchild.

We then passed the prison and I saw how dismal it looked. I knew I was going to have to return there. Believing that I was going to have to be spending all that time in that prison was difficult.

Dream of: 05 November 1987 "Needed Repairs"

My brother Chris and I were next to the little creek behind the Gallia County Farmhouse and Chris was playing in the water. Not far from Chris in the creek was a horse which belonged to my step-grandfather Clarence. I also saw a bull there. Suddenly the horse and the bull saw me and ran away.

When I looked back to where Chris was supposed to be, he wasn't there. I hollered for him and then saw he was floating on his back down the stream. I ran to where he was and pulled him from the water. I then took him up to the Farmhouse.

When we reached the Farmhouse, Clarence and my grandmother Mabel pulled up in a car. I mentioned to them that it looked as if the pillars holding up the back porch were getting old and might need to be replaced. They said they needed some help in changing the pillars. But I was getting ready to leave the Farm and I realized that would be a big job. To change the pillars, all the wood on the floor of the porch would also have to be changed. But my grandparents didn't seem to be requiring the wood on the floor be changed, although they did want the pillars to be changed.

I noticed a two by four board under one of the pillars and I kicked it. The pillar then came loose and just hung there.

I then looked at the floor and noticed a quarter in a crack there. I pick up the quarter up and then noticed some other coins. Clarence then said he had dropped the coins earlier. I picked up the coins and gave them to Mabel.

Dream of: 06 November 1987 "Psychiatry"

I had apparently just begun working as a psychologist or a psychiatrist. An older man came in to see me and we discussed what he had been doing. It turned out that he had recently been smoking some marijuana. Not only had he smoked in his youth, but he had also started smoking again recently. I myself began wondering what smoking would be like, but even though I hadn't smoked any for a long time, I decided I shouldn't begin again now.

The man and I continued talking. He had some other problems. He reminded me some of my father and once I even called him "Dad." I told him that my calling him "Dad" was a mistake and then I explained that he somewhat reminded me of my father.

I discovered that he had recently been involved in an auto chase in which he had tried to escape

from the police. He had driven all the way to New York and even though he had passed through several police roadblocks, the police had never been able to catch him.

When the end of the session arrived, I realized I was actually in the man's house on Scioto Trail on the north side of Portsmouth. I had a big knapsack with me which was full of things. Originally I had thought the man would drive me home, but when I told him I thought I would just walk, he didn't offer to take me. I told him I would contact him later about our next meeting. I also realized that he hadn't yet paid me for the meeting.

Carrying my knapsack, I walked outside. I thought I was going to have to take a bus to wherever I was going. That would be a hassle.

Dream of: 06 November 1987 (2) "First To Die"

My step-grandfather Clarence, my grandmother Mabel and I had gone into one of the back bottom fields on the Gallia County Farm where there was a large cow with big horns. The cow had been running loose and had become quite wild. This cow had led the rest of Clarence's cows away and Clarence had come out here to chase it. Suddenly the cow took off running in circles around the herd of cows and Clarence began chasing it.

My grandmother and I watched as Clarence ran just as fast as he could. We were both worried he might have a heart attack.

Clarence was trying to grab the tail of the cow and finally he succeeded. But the cow pulled him along and finally he let go. Then he stumbled, clasped his hands over his chest and fell to the ground.

I immediately ran over to him. All the time he had been chasing the cow, he had also been carrying a large double barreled shotgun. I was also carrying a shotgun, but mine wasn't as good as Clarence's. When I reached Clarence, he was lying on his back and was conscious. I picked up his gun, because the cow was standing near us and I was afraid it might charge us and injure us with its large horns. If it did charge, I planned to shoot it. The barrels of the gun had fallen down and I pulled them back up.

I noticed Dale Finn and Brenda Finn (neighbors who lived about 2 kilometers away from the Farm) had come out into the field and were standing next to my grandmother under a tree. The tree was very large and had two large branches in the shape of a V. My grandmother began climbing up the tree, which was extremely high, and went all the way to the top of one of the branches. She was wearing a dress. It was incredible to me that she

was up in the tree at the top of one of the branches.

Dale likewise climbed up the tree, but he just shimmied up to the place where the two branches of the V were together.

I mentioned to Clarence that my grandmother Mabel was up in the tree. I continued watching her until she sat down right up in the very top. Suddenly she bent back, slipped and started to fall. I had been afraid that was going to happen. Her legs were arched and she looked like a V as she fell back out of the tree. I watched in shock as she plummeted into the branches of a smaller tree, hang there for a moment and then fell on down to the ground.

I looked at Clarence and said, "Grandma's fallen out of the tree and she's probably dead."

I ran toward her as fast as I could. Brenda had also run to her. I began trying to feel a pulse but couldn't feel any. She looked terrible and I thought she was probably dead. She looked quite pale and I finally concluded she was dead. I ran back to Clarence, knelt down beside him and said, "Grandma's dead. She's fallen out of a tree."

I thought about the inheritance and wondered what the ramifications would be since my grandmother apparently had died first. Even

though Clarence might die right now, my grandmother would still have died first.

Dream of: 09 November 1987 "Playing Monopoly"

Herrera (a Dallas attorney) and I were playing a game of monopoly and I mentioned something about how I normally didn't want the other fellow to move because he might land on property which he could buy. He rolled three dice, and three ones came up. He was on the second side of the board, three spaces from the jail space, and so moved his piece to that space. Since he had rolled triples, I told him he had to roll again. He didn't want to, but he did.

He rolled a seven, which put him on the yellow-colored property on the far side of the board. I owned that property and had a hotel on the property on which he had landed. I told him he owed me over \$1,500. But he didn't have any money and he wanted to work out some kind of deal with me. I adamantly told him I wanted cash and that he would have to mortgage some of his property. He said he was becoming irate.

He then said he was thinking of leaving Dallas. I could tell that he was upset about losing this game, and that was probably why he wanted to leave Dallas. I reflected about how strange it was

that these games could sometimes affect our whole lives.

He began turning over his property cards to mortgage his property. I still didn't think he was going to have enough money to pay me.

Dream of: 12 November 1987 "I've Seen The Light, Lord"

A virile-looking man was teaching a classroom full of students, including myself. Even though I wasn't paying much attention to the lesson, I enjoyed sitting in the classroom.

I was aware that someone in the class was either singing or reciting a poem, but I was unprepared when the teacher walked up to me and asked me to repeat the song which had just been sung. I stood up and tried to remember what I had just heard. I knew what the song was about. It was a religious song which I thought was titled "I've Seen the Light." I ransacked my memory for the words, which seemed to be, "No more suffering ... I'm so happy ... I've seen the light, Lord, I've see the light."

Before I could respond to the teacher, he asked a woman sitting near me to recite the song. She first hesitated, then said something about the song's having been written in a style similar to earlier songs. The teacher, however, replied that the song

was unique, and that it hadn't be written like any earlier songs.

Dream of: 13 November 1987 "First Kiss"

Black-haired Carolina (whom I had recently met) and I were lying on the floor together. I wanted to kiss her. I figured that she had probably never kissed anyone and that she probably did not even know how to kiss. We turned our faces toward each other and I touched her lips with mine. She hesitated only an instant before opening her mouth and engaging me in a passionate kiss. If she had never kissed, she surely was learning fast; she certainly seemed to know what she was doing.

We moved closer to each other and at one point it felt as if she might have put her hand inside my pants and was feeling my penis. I certainly enjoyed being with her, even though I still felt a bit uneasy about our being together.

Later I was lying alone on the floor of a room when my friend Eloise LaGrone (about five years older than I) vigorously walked in wearing a black shirt or tee shirt. When I stood up beside her, she let me know she wanted me to go into the next room with her. She put her arm around me and I put mine around her. Apparently we were going to engage in an experiment in the next room; she told me I didn't have to go if I didn't want to. I was somewhat apprehensive, especially since she was

pressing against me and was so physically close, but I figured I could take part in the experiment.

When we entered the room, I could see the figures of two people sitting on a couch. Although I couldn't tell exactly who they were, I thought they were a man and a woman, but the thought also occurred to me that they might be two homosexual men. One spoke in a rather deep voice which reminded me of Don Block (a fellow whom I had met at the Dallas Zen Center). It also seemed as if Ed Bloemendaal (another fellow whom I had met at the Dallas Zen Center), might be in the room. I had the distinct impression Bloemendaal would like to be with Eloise, although clearly she wasn't interested in him.

I enjoyed being with Eloise; I even liked being close to her like this. It seemed as if she was playing a game with me. I was somewhat alarmed because the game seemed to be of a sexual nature. I tried to convey the message that I was willing to participate in the game, but that I didn't want to have sex with her.

As part of what was going on, I also seemed able to somewhat control the situation. Eloise was actually about a head taller than I; had I somehow made her that way? I commented on the fact that she was so tall and I even thought about

suggesting she might be wearing stilts, even though I knew she wasn't.

Eloise and I finally lay down next to each other on the floor and she pressed against me until it occurred to me I might be dreaming. Could Eloise be making it look as if I were dreaming to fool me into having sex with her? I was convinced, however, that what was taking place was actually real and that I wasn't dreaming. I didn't want to let her fool me and I felt determined I shouldn't have sex with her.

She, however, was determined; she also seemed strong. I felt as if she were stronger than I and as if she could actually hold me down, perhaps against my will. The idea even occurred to me that I could imagine her as a vampire out to get me; but it was just a notion and I decided not to pursue it.

We engaged in a passionate kiss and Eloise seemed inflamed. I felt as if I must stop what we were doing before it was too late. I protested several times that we had to stop and that I couldn't have sex with her. The protests and my questions as to whether I was dreaming seemed to mix together. I liked Eloise and I liked being with her, but I didn't think we should have sex.

Eloise lost her control. She was still fully clothed, but she was rubbing her pubic region against me

and moaning quietly. Her presence was powerful, but I felt in control enough to think I wasn't going to succumb to her desires. What I really wanted to know though, was whether I was dreaming. I wanted to try to wake myself up to see.

Dream of: 15 November 1987 "Meditation Hall"

I was in the front room of the Dallas Zen Center. It was almost time for a scheduled meditation period and quite a few people were sitting around the room waiting to go next door into the meditation hall. Most faces were unfamiliar to me and I was unsure any of these people had ever meditated here before. Finally I asked and it turned out that most had meditated here before at least once, but this was the first time for two or three. Someone needed to quickly show them what to do since it was almost time to begin. I poked my head into a neighboring room trying to find someone with experience to show the newcomers the procedure. Finally I found someone to show them.

I began to realize we might not have enough room in the meditation hall for everyone here. It looked as if there might be over 20 people present and we only had space for about 15. I began thinking about how we could make more space. Perhaps I could sit on the mat which was in the front of the room in front of the statue of the Buddha. But that

might look too much to others as if I were trying to act like the leader. Maybe if I just pulled that mat around to the side along with the other mats it would be acceptable.

It seemed as if I were the only one taking control of the situation. I supposed I would be the one to lead the meditation ceremony, since I was probably the most capable one here. I wished this place was more organized to better accommodate new people when they came. But since it wasn't, I supposed I would simply have to do the best I could today.

Dream of: 17 November 1987 "Visiting Florida"

I had apparently been traveling around the country visiting different people, and I had finally arrived in to Florida, where I was visiting my mother-in-law, my father-in-law, my sister-in-law and my brother-in-law. Although I basically felt comfortable here, I also felt as if I would like to leave.

As we talked, I decided I would like to do some exercises. I found a pillow which I could use to stand on my head. Since I was going to be traveling around so much, I would sometimes have to do my exercises in front of people.

I was also thinking about publishing some kind of little newspaper and part of what I was doing was gathering information on family history.

It was night and I had left the house. Part of the time I was walking and part of the time I was riding a bicycle which I had with me. I was traveling along a path on a high cliff and I seemed to be able to see the ocean in the distance. It was rather scary in a way.

I noticed a couple cars come and go over into some bushes to hide. The cars passed by and then a truck with a police insignia on it passed by chasing the cars. The cars and the truck pulled over about 20 meters from me. Some policemen jumped out of the truck and approached the cars.

One policeman turned around and looked at me. He walked toward me and roughly told me to come out of the bushes. I climbed out of the bushes and said, "I haven't done anything."

I acted innocent, and in fact I hadn't done anything. But I knew my being in the bushes looked suspicious, and I was afraid the policeman thought I had jumped out of one of the cars and run over here. I walked up to them and said, "I'm a lawyer from Ohio."

It occurred to me that the people in the cars were up here using drugs. I wanted to make clear to the policemen that I wasn't involved in whatever they were doing.

I began trying to explain to him what I was doing here. Some other policemen also gathered around.

I told them my bicycle was in the bushes and I said, "I was with my mother-in-law, my father-in-law, my sister-in-law, my-brother-law, and I just got bored and wanted to get away."

One officer smiled, as if he understood how being with my mother-in-law could be boring.

One policeman went over to see if I really did have a bicycle in the bushes. I had the feeling they were beginning to believe me.

They asked me if I had ever been arrested before, and I decided I was going to say, "I have not been arrested."

I figured that the times I had been arrested, I had never been convicted anyway. Or if I had been convicted, it had been so long ago, it made no difference anyway.

One of them asked me to turn around. I did so and I held my hands over my back pockets. He told me to take my hands away and I said, "Are you going to hit me?"

I was afraid he was going to hit me. But apparently he just wanted to check to see if I had anything in my pockets.

Dream of: 17 November 1987 (2)
"Philosophize Disgrace"

I was standing in front of what appeared to be a nightclub in Columbus, Ohio. Since it was night and people were gathered out front, I was a bit apprehensive at first. When I walked inside, I noticed a marquee which seemed to display the names of movies playing in the building.

After stepping up to a water fountain, I saw a square hole in the ceiling above the fountain. I climbed onto the fountain and pulled myself up through the hole in the ceiling and discovered that the night club was actually up there on the second floor. When I noticed a small ladder standing there on the second floor, I thought the ladder should be placed down on the first floor so that people could use it to climb up to the hole in the ceiling instead of having to climb up on the water fountain to reach the hole.

Once I was upstairs, it seemed as if I were riding along in the cab of a truck and singing a Bob Dylan song, "You who philosophize disgrace, and criticize all fears, take the rag away from your face, for now is the time for your tears."

When I heard someone else singing off key over to the side, I looked and saw my brother Chris (1957-1974) down below me in another section of the truck. He was singing off key and was interrupting my singing.

I was sitting on the right of the seat, and when I looked down I noticed a large gray rat, perhaps over half a meter long, sitting there looking out the window. I tried to push the rat out the window, but it was so big I could not budge it. I was afraid it was going to turn around and bite me. Then I heard Chris say something about another big rat being down there with him. I thought his rat could not be any bigger than the rat up here with me. I really did not know what I was going to do.

I was driving and it was difficult for me to do anything. If the rat attacked me I would be in real trouble.

Dream of: 18 November 1987 "Spilled Spaghetti"

As I was sitting at a table in a restaurant, a male waiter (about 20 years old) walked up with what appeared to be a plate of spaghetti. Suddenly some spaghetti began slipping off the plate and some red sauce spilt on me right below my right knee and left a large spot. I thought about becoming angry, but when I looked at the waiter, he seemed very apologetic and said the restaurant

would pay for having my pants dry-cleaned. I decided there was no point in becoming angry about the matter.

I noticed two women behind the counter and at first it looked as if they were giggling about it. But then I realized they hadn't even seen the incident.

I rose and walked toward the women. The pants I was wearing were only blue jeans, and I thought it was too bad I wasn't wearing a better pair, so I could have them dry-cleaned.

I asked the waiter for the address of the dry-cleaners.

Dream of: 21 November 1987 "Coyote"

I was in a building into which I had moved in New York City. I felt good there, as if New York was where I belonged. I felt as if I fit into New York and as if New York made me feel strong.

My old friend from Portsmouth, Weinstein, lived in New York. I thought perhaps I would visit him, even though he clearly had little to do with my being in New York.

On the floor of the building where I was, stretched a fairly large rectangular hallway which I decided to run around. I began moving along the wooden

floor of the hallway, but I was able to do so without actually moving my feet. I had developed the ability to simply slide along on the floor, even at a fairly fast pace. It felt exhilarating. Finally I did begin moving my legs and I ran as fast as I could around the hallway. I had to be careful not to run into the walls when I reached the ends. As I ran, I began making some noise with my mouth - something like panting but more with a pronounced hard sound such as "bu, bu, bu."

As I turned one corner, I saw a thin brown-haired woman (probably in her late 20s), wearing blue jeans and a blue shirt, standing nearby and I figured she could probably hear the sound I was making. I hoped she wasn't disturbed by the sound. It seemed that several people were living there on the floor with me and that she was one of them. I didn't know her well, but I thought I probably would get to know her.

I was in a room on the floor of the building where I had been sleeping and I had just awakened. I was quite disoriented as I stood from the bed and began pulling on some pants. I was wearing a pair of under-shorts. The door to my room was open and I saw a woman (perhaps the same one I had seen earlier) standing outside in the hall. I quickly shut the door, but I heard the woman say it wasn't

necessary for me to be concerned about her seeing me.

Finally dressed, I walked out to where she was and I spoke with her. She mentioned she was going to a meeting where the topic was coyotes and she asked me if I would like to go with her. I wasn't very interested. Surely there was something better to do in New York than listen to someone talk about coyotes.

It seemed as if the woman was attracted to me, and I rather liked that, although I didn't feel all that attracted to her. Actually I felt slightly uncomfortable talking with her. Suddenly it occurred to me that while I had been sleeping I had had a dream and that I now needed to write the dream. I mumbled something to the woman about writing my dream and it made me feel slightly self-important that I wrote my dreams, as if that somehow made me special.

I walked over to my computer, which was sitting on a table and I flipped two switches to turn both it and the printer on. When I sat down and began typing, words began appearing on the screen. At one point I wanted to erase something and I held my finger on the erase button. The words moved quickly across the screen as they were being erased. When there were just blank spaces, the

screen moved extremely quickly. Some dots also finally began moving across the screen.

Finally, to my chagrin, part of a previous dream which I had written flashed across the screen and part of the first line was erased. I quickly looked over what was left of the dream. It had something to do with Fyodor Dostoevsky. It seemed to me that the part which had been erased had said something about some doctors wanting to see Dostoevsky for something. I thought about canceling everything I had just written and returning to a backup file in the computer so I could retrieve what I had accidentally erased of the previous dream.

It occurred to me I might start giving my dreams names. If I began with this dream, I thought I was going to name it "Coyote."

Dream of: 22 November 1987 "Sword Thrown Down"

Salvador Ibarra (a friend from El Salvador who with my help obtained political asylum in 1987) had been put in jail and I had gone to the jail to procure his release. Upon my arrival at the jail, Salvador began telling me about a battle and as he spoke, I clearly remembered the battle and I actually found myself at the scene of the battle. I

was gathered with the soldiers on one side who were opposing the soldiers gathered on the other side. We seemed to be in a time before modern weaponry had been developed.

Even though I didn't have many soldiers on my side, I was their leader, and we had already captured a large number of soldiers from the other side. The captured soldiers were standing nearby and when I saw a couple captured soldiers with swords, I ordered that the swords be turned over to our soldiers. After one prisoner threw down his sword on the ground, I walked over and picked up the sword which seemed like a long white plastic sword. When I walked toward the prisoner who had thrown down the sword, one of the captured leaders was scolding the prisoner for having disgracefully thrown down his sword.

As I approached the prisoner, I thought about what I was going to do about his throwing down his sword. I didn't intend to punish him. In fact, I was thinking about taking all the swords and throwing them down a hill into a lake or a creek. Or I might even return the sword to the prisoner, to indicate that we were all just men and not enemies.

When I reached the prisoner (dressed in a white outfit), I stood in front of him and looked him in the face even as the captured leader continued

talking to the prisoner about how disgraceful his throwing down of the sword had been. I realized that the captured leader considered the throwing down of the sword as more disgraceful than I did.

Suddenly, the prisoner fell over onto his back.

Still sitting with Salvador, I noticed a book lying on the table which described some of the events which I had just been experiencing. The writing said that only about ten people had survived the war. I realized that after the occurrence of the events in which I had just taken part, a large battle must have taken place in which almost everyone had been killed. I knew that Salvador had been involved in those events, and that he had been arrested somehow as a result.

Salvador was still in jail. I knew that a bond would need to be paid in order for him to be released.

Someone mentioned that a woman (who was either Salvador's wife, Nelly, or Paz, an El Salvadoran girlfriend of Salvador's) had visited the jail for a long time, but that the woman had finally departed when she had learned how high the bond was. I thought at least she had stayed with Salvador for awhile at the jail.

I continued thinking about how I could obtain Salvador's release from jail on bond.

Dream of: 24 November 1987 "Pleasures Of Life"

A gigantic night club was filled with a throng of healthy-looking men and women (mostly in their 20s and 30s). Everyone was having a good time, drinking booze, and possibly using drugs. I wondered why I myself wasn't consuming any drugs or alcohol. It seemed to me that God must have created drugs and alcohol so people could have a good time with them. Why did I continue to feel that I must deny myself these pleasures of life, while others were able to freely enjoy them?

As I sat in the club, I looked through a thick newspaper and noticed several colorful pictures.

Although I didn't usually use pictures from newspapers to make collages, I thought I might go through this paper, cut out all the pictures and try to make an interesting collage from them.

Noticing that LaBrie (a female acquaintance whom I had met at the Dallas Zen Center) was sitting next to me on my left, I thought I would like to show her what I could do with the pictures, but she seemed rather chilly, as if she were upset with me about something. So I simply continued looking at the pictures alone. Finally I came across a round picture of the world with a hammer and

sickle superimposed on it, clearly a symbol for the Soviet Union. I thought the picture would fit well somewhere in the collage. I wondered whether LaBrie would be able to see the significance of the picture.

Gradually, I began to notice something strange about my surroundings. The whole scene seemed somewhat distorted, as if everyone in the nightclub was under water, perhaps in a pool. Everything also seemed a bit unreal, as if we were on the set of a movie or television production, and as if all the people around me were actors.

It also appeared that even though drugs were available there, the distribution of the drugs was strictly controlled and was under surveillance. One man, dressed as a waiter, was involved in distributing the drugs. As I observed the waiter, a young woman walked up to him and used a ruse to obtain some drugs from him. After approaching the waiter, the woman stuck a necktie in his shirt pocket and asked him to hold the tie for her. Then she walked away. She soon returned for her tie, and when she retrieved it, she also pulled out a thin marijuana joint which the waiter had been carrying in his shirt pocket. With the waiter unawares, the woman quickly absconded.

Still seated beside me, LaBrie seemed to be in a dour mood. I had the feeling that she wanted to

have sex with someone, but that sex wasn't permitted there. I also felt she was partly upset with me because she had wanted to have sex with me and I had rebuffed her; I simply hadn't found her sexually stimulating. I had vaguely thought sex with her might be interesting, but the idea really didn't appeal to me. Finally, LaBrie seemed to accept the fact that I wasn't interested, and she began talking a bit with me anyway. As we discussed the prohibition against our having fun in this place, I realized she also disliked all the prohibitions. And in the course of our conversation, she informed me that she was interested in having sex with the waiter – the one who had had the joint in his pocket.

I was unsure how, but I suddenly realized I now had the joint which had been filched from the waiter. Since LaBrie had been talking so openly about her sexual desires, somewhat opening up to me, I concluded that showing her the joint would be safe. Extracting the joint from my pocket, I held it up in front of her so she could see it, but her reaction was far from what I had expected. She was shocked that I would break the rules there and actually have a joint in my possession.

Obviously showing the joint to her had been a mistake; and I realized that having pulled out the joint in a public place had also been a mistake.

I suddenly felt quite apprehensive that someone else might have seen the joint. What could I do with it? I reached down under the bottom of my right pants leg, rolled up my cuff a little on the inside, and slipped the joint inside the cuff. As soon as I had finished, however, I realized my cuff wasn't a safe place, and I thought I should have stuck the joint inside my sock instead.

Presently a sinister-looking man with slicked-back hair strode up. I recognized him as one of the people running the place. He casually but pointedly asked me a question which put me on notice that he knew I had the joint in my cuff. He simply wanted to advise me that I was in trouble, and then he walked away.

Extremely worried, I tried to think of what to do. I seemed to see myself following various alternatives. Perhaps I could stealthily retrieve the joint from my cuff and stick it in the back of my hair. Suddenly I saw the fellow walking back toward me. I seemed to see myself quickly grab the joint and stick it in my mouth. I chewed it up and swallowed it. What could they do now? Pump my stomach?

Dream of: 25 November 1987 "Ancient Custom"

I was on the floor lying next to LaBrie (a female Dallas acquaintance), on my left. I was telling her

about how I had recently been involved with seeing a woman who attracted me very much and every time after I would see her I would come home and feel like masturbating. I told LaBrie I had never masturbated, even though the pressure had been steadily mounting. But then I added, "But I will."

LaBrie seemed happy to hear I hadn't masturbated and she suddenly put her hand on my chest as if to shake hands with me. Actually I was completely nude and her hand was only a few centimeters above my pubic area. I mentioned something about her hand being awfully close to "down there." Then finally I took her hand and shook it.

It seemed that LaBrie and I hadn't been getting along well together lately, but that we had finally made up. She heaved a sigh. I was glad we were making up, but I was just a bit apprehensive because I was afraid she wanted to have sex with me and I didn't want to have sex with her. I would almost do it, just so we could get along, even though I wouldn't want to. But just when I thought I wasn't going to have to, I could detect that her hand had gradually moved closer to my penis. I decided to just let her put her hand on my penis if she wanted to. Perhaps she even wanted to masturbate me. But finally -- as if to say she thought the man rather than the woman should be the aggressive one -- she said she was "a little sad

to remind, that the ancient custom was supposed to come up from the spine."

Dream of: 27 November 1987 "Turned Into A Horse"

Mr. Pensata (a legal client in his mid 20s) had been arrested, had been convicted of a crime and had been sentenced to life imprisonment. He had been placed in my custody so I could take him somewhere. I turned him over to a fellow who reminded me of Beasley and I told the fellow where he was supposed to take Pensata.

The fellow later returned and told me he had taken Pensata to a country area and left him behind some fences there. I realized those fences could easily be climbed over and Pensata could escape from that area. I immediately went there and found that Pensata had already escaped.

When I found Pensata, he was contemplating what he would do now that he had escaped. He realized he had somehow been turned partially into a horse. It wasn't exactly clear, but it seemed that his lower body was now like a horse's and he had four legs. He was looking at an abstract piece of art which seemed to show that his head had been

turned into that of a horse. He thought he might be able to run faster through the woods now and escape from anyone who might be trying to catch him.

Dream of: 27 November 1987 (2) "Wad Of Money"

I was walking along in what appeared to be an inside mall when I noticed what looked like a wad of money lying on the ground up ahead of me. I continued looking at it as I approached it and finally I saw that it is indeed a thick wad of bills, and lying close by was another single bill, perhaps a ten. While I hesitated for a moment, unsure whether I should pick up the money, a young blonde woman (probably in her early 20s) stepped in front of me. I quickly tried to decide whether I should pick up the wad or the single bill, and before I did anything, the woman picked up the wad. I immediately then picked up the single bill and turned to the woman.

She was quite beautiful. We talked for a moment and I told her I had been just about to pick up the wad of money. She held it for a moment and then simply handed it over to me. I told her that if I didn't find the owner, I would get in touch with her and I would split it with her. She gave me her address and departed.

I was walking on alone thinking about the money. I had counted it and there was almost \$800. What bothered me though was that if I would have simply picked up the money first, I wouldn't now have to split it with the woman. I thought how beautiful women like that usually wouldn't pick up anything off the ground. But she certainly hadn't hesitated to pick up that wad of money!

I really didn't have to give her half of the money. It seemed as if I were in New York City and in a city this large, I might never see her again. I hadn't even given her my address. Perhaps I would simply keep all the money and not contact her again. If I ever did encounter her, I could just say I had lost the money.

While I was thinking the matter over I began going up either some stairs or an escalator. As I ascended, I realized my pants were pulled down below my thighs and that my nude butt was visible to anyone who might be on the stairs behind me.

Dream of: 27 November 1987 (3) "Zen In Church"

I was in a clothing store looking at some pants. A man who reminded me of Antonio Guerrero (a Dallas acquaintance) began showing me some blue jeans and mentioned that I could receive a discount if I bought a large quantity. I was looking

for some other kind of casual pants, and I wasn't interested in blue jeans.

Finally I noticed a table with some books. One large paperback entitled *Zen of Seeing* caught my eye. I picked it up and walked off with it.

I walked with the book into what appeared to be a church and started to sit down in the front pew on the right. A man was already sitting in the middle of the pew. Some children's coats were there and I scooted them out of my way. I sat down and began reading the book.

Dream of: 27 November 1987 (4) "A Force In The Universe"

I was in the dining room of a house where Walls was living with his wife Connie and apparently some children. It was a rather nice house and seemed to be well-furnished. As I was talking with Walls, I noticed some figures written down on a yellow paper and I asked him about them. I quickly learned that the figures had to do with settlement offers in a law suit where Walls had sued someone for some neck injuries. I point to the figure \$1,400 which he had written down and he told me that he had settled the suit for that amount. I was surprised at first, but then he explained that he would actually receive \$100 a week for the rest of his life. That didn't sound so bad.

Mike walked to the dining table to sit down and I noticed he had a limp and his left foot was bandaged up. It turned out that along with his injured neck, he also had an injured foot. I asked him how his neck was now, and he smiled and said that he didn't have any problem at all with it now. But it still seemed to me that he must be having difficulty -- with both his foot and his neck having been injured.

We continued talking and I learned that he had also made some other type of settlement with someone so that he would receive \$200 a month. All together, I figured he would be receiving \$800 each month for the rest of his life. Plus he was also working, so he was apparently financially quite well-off now. That would help to explain how he could afford this fine hard-wood dining table and all these well-built chairs we were sitting on.

I stood up and commented to Mike that if he weren't working, he could probably still be able to live just off the \$800 a month. Many people lived off less than that. He said he could, and then he mentioned something about just living on potatoes, grease and hamburgers if he just received the \$800 a month.

I wondered if Connie received any money too. But I didn't say anything.

I was walking along a street thinking about the money Mike received. I reflected that if I could sell one of my dream books and receive a steady income of around \$2,000 a month for that, then I would have enough to live on without doing any other kind of work. I wouldn't waste the money if I had it. I would probably visit some strange countries. Thailand passed through my mind.

I was walking along a street, probably Second Street, in the west end of Portsmouth. Suddenly I noticed some bills, including a \$5 bill, lying on the ground in a doorway and I immediately bent down to pick them up. As I picked them up, I also felt something hard in them, such as a plastic identification card. Something else was also mixed in with the money.

Just as I picked up the bills, I saw that they were lying on what appeared to be a woven-cloth light-pink purse. Before I had time to reflect further, I sensed that the door in front of me was opening and I immediately straightened up, turned my back on the door and continued walking down the street. It seemed to me that some old woman might have just laid her purse and money there in front of her door for a moment while she carried some other things inside. I felt somewhat guilty about continuing down the street with the money,

but I didn't want whoever came out of the door to catch me picking up the money and think I was stealing it. I decided that if the plastic card turned out to be an identification card, then I would return everything later to that address.

Meanwhile, I probably needed to get rid of the card in case the police caught me with it. I turned down a side street looking for some place to hide the card. Finally I pulled it out and looked at it. It had the picture of two totally ridiculous men on it, on each side. Perhaps they were the children of the owner of the purse. One of them reminded me of Zippy in the comic strip of the same name.

Amazing looking.

The other thing that was with the money was a pretty gold-colored bracelet. I wasn't sure whether it was actually made of gold, but if it were, it would be fairly valuable.

Finally in the alley I stopped by a table which had some clutter under it. I laid the identification card and the bracelet on the ground and looked for something with which to cover them up. A lot of used-up match books were here and I put a large blue one on the card and bracelet. I also saw a small, green cardboard fruit basket which I likewise set on the card and bracelet. Then I turned and walked away.

I stopped for a moment to look at the money. Only now did I realize the bills weren't real bills, but looked like play money. They were totally worthless. Someone had drawn a picture Thomas Jefferson on one of the bills to make it look like a \$5 bill. I was unsure what I would do with the bills and I continued on down the alley.

When I reached the entrance to the alley, the street looked strange and I was unsure exactly where I was. The buildings looked new and the area seemed to be quite developed. But I turned and continued going down the street the way I had been going before, figuring that finally I would end up somewhere I recognize.

As I proceeded and still did not recognize anything, I thought of the possibility that somehow, due to the fact that I had taken the woman's money without giving it back, some force in the universe may have put me in a place completely foreign to me. That would seem like an appropriate result of my actions.

Finally I passed by a store and noticed some books sitting inside. I turned to go back to look at the books, which looked as if they might be law books. For some reason it intrigued me that someone here would have law books.

But as I turned, I become conscious that I was no longer walking, but was floating along about a

meter off the ground. In fact I was quite adept at floating and it was a skill to which I had devoted considerable time and effort. Very few people, in fact almost no one else, could do it. And it was surprising that most people didn't even recognize that I was floating when I was floating. But I did notice a couple black men pass by here in a car and they looked at me as if they were aware that I was floating.

After taking a quick look in the store window, I turned around and continued on. But there seemed to be a bit of wind against me and I had a more difficult time floating on. I had to turn a bit sideways to lessen the wind resistance. Then I continued slowly across a street.

On the other side I passed by a window in which I could see myself. I looked quite youthful and my body was muscular, especially the biceps of both my arms, which appeared to be highly developed. My legs were also very muscular. The muscles had been developing due to the amount of force needed when I was floating. I still had to use my hands and legs to float, in fact I had to use them much more than when I was just walking.

When I floated I moved both arms and legs at the same time. There was a certain walking-like motion involved, but the motion was still unique. I had to coordinate the motion of all four limbs in a

slow and intricate way in order to allow me to float along. It was very hard work, but it was very rewarding.

As I continued, I opened up my palms to use them sort of like paddles to give me more area to push the air with my hands.

Dream of: 28 November 1987 "Dreams In The Attic"

I was in a crowd of mostly young people, many probably in their teens. Everyone seemed to be carrying guns, most of which appeared to be sophisticated automatic weapons. We were all milling around the outside of a large house. As I walked past a couple young fellows, I commented about how dangerous it would be if someone began shooting now. The whole place would probably erupt in shooting.

I would really like to get into the house, which appeared to be empty, but was all locked up. Finally as I was walking behind the house and no one else was around, I noticed behind some bushes a small basement window which had been opened. In a flash I squeezed through the window and once inside I closed it and set a concrete block against it so no one else could get in.

I was in the basement, and although I couldn't see anyone, I could hear a man's voice somewhere in

the darkness speaking very calmly. He seemed to be describing antique tables in the house and almost sounded like a tour guide.

I remembered I had been in this house once before. I remembered there was a hidden area either under the floor of the attic or in the wall of the attic where I had once been and had discovered some dreams which someone had written down. I wanted to head up there and try to find some spot of safety there where I could look at the dreams.

Dream of: 29 November 1987 "Dream Salad"

I had arrived at a woman's house where I had been invited to share a meal with the woman and some of her friends. A mutual friend of both the woman and I had brought me to the woman's house. I had never met the woman before. She was tall and shapely and had black hair which fell to her shoulders. She was probably in her mid 30s. We were in the kitchen where the woman was busily preparing something to eat.

I sat down at a large kitchen table and the woman sat down across from me at an angle to my right. Probably three or four other people were at the table. One was a man who reminded me somewhat of Donnie Craft (a classmate from junior high school). He seemed rather obtuse and it was difficult for me to think of any way to really

communicate with him. I did want to communicate with the others, but I wasn't really certain what to say. Finally I turned to the woman and said, "What did you dream about last night?"

Everyone seemed a bit surprised by my question, but the conversation began to focus on dreams. No one else except the woman seemed to remember what he had dreamed the previous night. I thought I could probably tell them about one of my dreams, since I seemed to recall having had around four dreams the previous night. But I had only written one, and I couldn't seem to remember that one at all. In fact I only seemed to remember one in which a woman had been performing felatio on me and I had ejaculated in her mouth. That certainly didn't seem to be an appropriate dream to be bringing up there at the table.

The woman had given me a sack with a salad mixed up in it. The salad was actually her dream, and as I ate pieces of it, different images of her dream appeared in my mind. It was very enjoyable. There was lettuce, tomatoes, cauliflower and I even picked up a piece of fruit which looked like a tangerine which added some zest to the dream. The images were very clear to me and the dream made sense, although I realized I was eating the random pieces of the salad and

therefore might have to rearrange the dream in order when I was finished. Part of the dream seemed to have something to do with the French language and I had the feeling that someone there spoke French and that I might later be able to talk with that person in French.

It seemed to me as if the woman might be interested in getting married to someone, and I thought about the possibility of my marrying her. But I really didn't want to get married to anyone. I might like to be her friend, but I felt certain I didn't want to get married.

I had walked out onto a verandah of the house which overlooked a large river which reminded me of the Ohio River. I had seen the river earlier, but it had been much lower. It now seemed to be rising rather quickly. The water had even reached some concrete levies along the river's side. It appeared the water was rising due to some recent rains, and in fact a drizzle still seemed to be hanging in the air.

Finally I noticed some large logs floating down the river. They were peculiar because they seemed to be floating almost right on top of the water, rather than mostly submerged as they would usually be.

Another fellow had walked out there with me and I pointed the logs out to him.

He pointed out to me a black object submerged in the water and moving upstream. He said it was a submarine and I immediately recognized it was indeed a submarine. It was headed for a barge and it looked as if it were going to ram into it. But it went right underneath the barge without incident. It seemed as if I had seen a submarine before in this river.

Finally I walked out onto a wooden porch deck on the side of the house. It had a large circular walkway and appeared to be empty in the center. I liked the configuration of it. From there I could look far downstream at the river, and suddenly, in the far distance, I could clearly see a funnel cloud. I immediately turned back to the house and hollered out, "Tornado."

I ran back into the house and a fellow from inside accompanied me back out. Now there were four funnel clouds, although they weren't quite as distinct as the first one had been. I expressed my alarm to the other fellow and he said we would still be able to go outside. I thought perhaps we should all go to the basement. I had been down there before.

I walked back into the kitchen and thinking about the rain and the tornado, I turned to the woman and sarcastically quipped, "This is really a nice day to be meeting, isn't it."

Dream of: 30 November 1987 "Awakening"

Early in the morning, I was in the meditation hall – what is known as the zendo – at the Dallas Zen Center. I was the "jiki," the leader of the meditation this morning. I began the meditation and the next thing I knew, I felt someone lightly slapping me on the face and I awakened. Suddenly I realized I had somehow fallen asleep and that the zen monk Jeff Webb was in front of me waking me back up. That was amazing. How could I have fallen asleep while sitting there in the middle of meditation? It didn't seem possible, yet obviously it had happened.

I continued on with the meditation and I reached the point where I had to stand and go to the front of the room to light some incense. The next thing I knew, however, I felt myself lying on my side asleep. I knew I was asleep and it slowly occurred to me that I was lying asleep in the front of the meditation hall. Gradually I also realized someone was slowly running his hand over my back and my butt, as if to quietly make me aware that I was asleep, but not to startle me. I knew Jeff was doing this, and I realized he was doing it in a way so as

not to suddenly startle me from my sleep, but just to make me gradually aware I had fallen asleep.

This gave me an opportunity to think, even while I was asleep, about what was taking place. How could I have possibly ended up on my side asleep, when just a few moments ago I had been wide awake and lighting the incense? This was indeed remarkable and I didn't have a logical answer. Obviously something quite out of the ordinary was taking place. But what? I was unsure, but I did feel glad that Jeff was there and that he was taking such a gentle approach toward me.

I felt as if I were still unable to awaken, even though I was conscious that I was lying there sleeping. And it occurred to me that Jeff also realized something important was happening to me and that his realization was part of the reason why he wasn't trying to awaken me. But I felt I should try somehow to awaken.

I began making some very slight moaning sounds. They were a bit eerie, actually. The moans slowly increased in intensity, and I even began to move about a little. I appeared closer and closer to awakening, but I remained amazed that I could be in this kind of situation to begin with.

After my moaning finally caused me to awaken, I realized the whole episode had been a dream. I was sitting in a room with Jeff and another fellow.

The fellow and Jeff began talking and I soon realized that although I had formerly thought that the two of them were friends, serious differences clearly existed between them. The fellow began complaining about how Jeff had said something about the zendo at the Dallas Zen Center not qualifying as a bona fide zendo. The fellow seemed to me to be rather peevish and immature.

Although I had previously been doubtful of whether I would like Jeff, I was now convinced that I should pay more attention to him, and that perhaps I should even try to befriend him. I felt a deepened regard developing toward him and I felt as if I shouldn't heed what the other fellow had to say. Someone also mentioned something about the other fellow being involved with the rodeo.

Finally I decided to tell them about the dream I had had about falling asleep twice in the zendo. I told them how I had fallen asleep the first time and how Jeff had awakened me. I then told them about falling asleep the second time and how I had felt Jeff's hands on my body. I hesitated while mentioning Jeff's hand on my body, especially my butt, hoping not to convey the false idea there had been anything sexual in his actions.

It also seemed as if there had been something else important that had happened, as if some kind of communication had taken place between Jeff and me about some words, but I couldn't seem to

remember what the communication had been. I did seem to remember Jeff's talking later with the other fellow about some chemical elements, including perhaps magnesium, but I couldn't remember the words I had been talking about. Finally I said, "It took a great deal of will to force myself to awake."

Dream of: 01 December 1987 "Ancient Sad Myth"

I was on the second day of a 30 day vacation and had arrived somewhere in eastern Asia. I was on a beach and might actually be on an island. I sensed the sea around me. There was much sand and high craggy rocks. I felt uplifted and free.

A couple men and a woman were with me. It seemed as if they had arrived with me, but actually they appeared to be natives living in this picturesque place. They had very brown skin and dark black hair and were scantily clad. The woman might not even be wearing a top.

Somewhere nearby was a large, dark green-colored statue of a sitting Buddha exactly like the famous sitting Buddha in Japan. I somehow seemed to see it all around me, in one way or another; it was a beautiful sight. Yet at the same time I didn't concentrate directly on it. It seemed like an extremely beautiful statue and its presence made me feel very good. It seemed to presage

what a wonderful trip this was going to be. I wasn't even sure where I was or where I was going, but I felt confident every day was going to be a new adventure.

One of the men, the woman and I found three spire-like towers which appeared to be composed of baked sand. I soon found myself at the top of one of the spires and I could see my two companions on the top of two neighboring spires. The spires were probably 30 meters tall and only a couple meters in circumference. I reached the top by means of a bright, silver ladder which came right up through a hole in the center of the spire. I had a marvelous view from up here and it seemed that in the distance I could just barely see the head of the sitting Buddha.

Suddenly I noticed the man and woman had disappeared, but after a short wait, I saw them appear again at the top of their spires. I thought they had gone all the way to the bottom and had returned, but it puzzled me how they could have done that so quickly. I decided to descend myself, and I quickly realized I could grab onto the sides of the ladder inside the spire and simply slide down. As I began sliding, I imagined the others doing the same, and it almost seemed like a race to see who could reach the bottom first.

When I reached the bottom, I saw the woman standing off by herself. She was quite beautiful and I was attracted to her. But I thought she was already taken by one of the other men. Nevertheless I decided I would try to talk with her and without further thought I ran across the sand to where she was and I tackled her legs, pulling her into the sand beside me. She seemed surprised by what I had done, but she didn't resist.

I began talking to her, trying to find out more about her. I asked her if she belonged to one of the men. She indicated that she did, but that she didn't care for him and that he treated her badly. She said he didn't even consider her his friend by saying, "Nisiquiera soy su amiga."

But apparently she was at least friends and perhaps even cared somewhat for, the other man, who was standing not far away watching me.

As she continued talking, I lay on my back in the sand. Actually it seemed that I might have discussed her plight once before with her, but that I hadn't expressed any emotion. This time I felt as if no one was watching and I allowed tears to form in my eyes and run down the sides of my face as I listened to her moving story. It was so sadly beautiful. It seemed like some ancient, sad myth she was telling me. The tears seemed to have a

refreshing effect on me and made me feel quite good.

Dream of: 02 December 1987 "Almost Perfectly Beautiful"

I was lying in bed in a room reminiscent of the upstairs bathroom of the Gay Street House. A woman (probably in her mid 30s) who was my mother (not my actual mother) was in the next room preparing to go somewhere, perhaps to sky diving lessons. She had only been my for a few days and I didn't yet know her well. She was oriental and probably from Japan. She was extremely beautiful, in fact she seemed almost perfectly beautiful. She had solid black hair which fell to her shoulders. Her shapely body seemed almost perfect.

I was completely nude and I decided to position myself under the covers in such a way so that when she walked in the room, my penis would be visible. I covered myself up, but I left my penis partially exposed. I had an erection and I noticed how inordinately large my penis seemed.

Finally she walked into the room. I had never told her before how beautiful I thought she was and I decided decide this was the time. Without further ado, I told her I thought she was probably the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She seemed to appreciate my telling her that and she

walked over close to me. I told her I would like to give her a kiss before she left and she bend her face down to me. She was just expecting me to kiss her on the cheek or lightly on the lips, but instead I pressed my open mouth against hers and slip my tongue into her mouth.

She didn't resist and I pulled her down onto her back on the bed next to me. She broke free for an instant and said she was in a hurry to leave. But I said I wouldn't keep her long and I slipped my right hand down between her legs. She was wearing a skirt and underneath it I could feel her panties. I slowly slid my finger into her vagina and she didn't resist.

I quickly pulled her panties down and positioned myself standing on my knees between her legs. I talked soothingly to her, but she didn't seem to want to have sex right now, because she was in such a hurry. But I told her it would only last 2 minutes. However I was somewhat concerned because her vagina was still not moist enough and I wished I had some Vaseline to reduce friction.

Dream of: 03 December 1987 "Paid For By The Church"

I was sitting in an airline terminal around midday planning to catch a plane to Europe around 6 p.m., when it suddenly occurred to me that I might be able to catch an earlier flight and not have to sit

around here all day. In fact, I had the feeling that a flight was going to be leaving in about fifteen minutes.

I asked a man working there to help me, but he became involved with something else and apparently he forgot all about me. Finally I asked him again and he got on the phone. I could hear the person with whom he was talking call him "Slop," and I thought that was a good name for this fellow.

A plane was found which I could take immediately and I hurried toward it. Just as I reached the plane, however, I realized I was also planning to take a dolphin with me to Europe and that the dolphin was supposed to be transported in a special water tank on the evening flight. When I reached the plane, almost everyone else had already boarded and the plane was going to take off in about seven more minutes. It didn't look as if there would be time to arrange to have my dolphin taken on this flight, but I decided to try anyway, and I quickly learned it would be possible.

The ticket still had to be paid for, but I myself wasn't going to pay for it. Instead it was being paid for by a priest of the Catholic Church. The portly priest, dressed in a red outfit, stepped up and I began telling him the cost. As he wrote down the figures, I told him it would cost about \$1,000

extra for the water tank for the dolphin. He wrote everything down on a piece of paper on which I finally signed my name, "Steven Collier." I then said, "Thank you father."

He seemed a bit concerned about the amount of the ticket, which was going to cost over \$4,000. Nevertheless he finally approved and I boarded.

As the plane was getting ready for take off, I felt so glad to be on board, no matter if it had cost the Catholic Church a lot. Anyway, the Catholic Church was rich and could afford it.

I seemed to be in flight when I began to realize that I was actually taking a horse to Europe. The horse wasn't mine - it belonged to another fellow with whom I had talked just before leaving. The fellow's father had been with him and the two of them had decided to let me take the horse with me for a while to Europe. I had figured I could keep the horse in a stable, and the idea had seemed like a good one at first. I had thought about how I had recently looked at how horses had appeared in my dreams and how I had liked seeing horses in my dreams. Now that I would be coming in such close, daily contact with a horse, I would be sure to dream more about horses, and that idea had excited me.

Now that I thought more about it, however, I began to see more clearly the problems involved in

taking care of the horse. First, having a horse wouldn't be like having a car which I could drive from town to town. In fact, I would be tied down to the area where the horse was stabled. I would have to see it every day and take care of it. Hopefully I might at least be able to meet some women at the stables.

I also wondered about how the horse would be affected by being away from its owner for so long and whether the horse would get used to me. I decided to simply try to be as close to the horse as it would allow. While I thought, I suddenly visualized the horse lying out in a field. It had just given birth to a colt lying beside it. It was a beautiful sight.

I was no longer flying in the plane. I was simply flying on my own through the air, along with two men who appeared to be my companions. I could look down at large mountains. In fact, the way I was flying, I almost seemed to be in a helicopter, and the mountains seemed to be rising up around me. The view was splendidly beautiful. The mountains reminded me of the Rockies in Colorado, and I could hardly believe how beautiful they were. I said, "Please don't let me ever have to return to Dallas."

I just wanted to absorb as much of this wonderful beauty as possible. I could see a river below and

the waters appeared dark blue. Then I noticed some water had started rushing down the river from upstream and one of my companions said that a dam had just been opened allowing the new water to flow down. When the new water hit the other water in the stream, the two waters mixed together like different colors of paint. I noticed a large area of brilliant yellow in the mixture.

Ahead of me was a large waterfall. The water falling over the falls was a deep blue and I became almost mesmerized by the beauty of the falls as I flew closer and closer to it. Suddenly, things began happening very fast. I discovered that my companions and I had fallen into the water. It seemed as if a piece of fishing line was wrapped around my foot and as if someone was pulling me toward the shore with it.

The images of the mountains were still in my mind. I began imagining a winding road threading through the mountains and it occurred to me how the setting would make good material for a scary story. Actually I would like to begin practicing telling scary stories to people and as my mind traveled along the windy road, I thought about how I could sit down with someone and just slowly begin describing the country road winding along through this isolated section of the mountains. I could tell of passing a few houses until finally my two companions and I arrived at what looked like

a recently-built house which appeared to be uninhabited.

Since the three of us were lost here, we walked on inside. Sitting all around was furniture made mostly of wood, such as cabinets and dressers. As we walked through the rooms, a couple times, I thought I saw someone cross a door in one of the other rooms. The tension slowly mounted as I proceeded from room to room without actually encountering anyone, but still feeling as if someone else was in the house.

Suddenly I turned a corner and was startled to run into a man who looked a lot like George Burns, but he was simply one of my companions whom I hadn't recognized at first. My other companion (who reminded me a bit of my friend Jon whom I first met in 1981 when we started law school together) walked up and as the three of us were standing there puzzling over the house, a green dog, which looked a bit like a poodle, ran past me, and I decided that the green dog was what I had seen moving in the rooms before.

The three of us started walking up the stairs to the next floor. I was still thinking about how this scene would make a good background for a scary story, and I thought back about what had occurred and how if I were telling the story, I would descriptively emphasize such things as the wooden

furniture below. I would slowly proceed, trying to create as much tension in the telling of the story as I could.

When I reached the upstairs, and I was standing on the top stairs, I saw before me two beds covered by white blankets, and what appeared to be the forms of two people under the blankets. I felt a tremor pass through my body. Here was where the story obviously became earnest. What was going on here? I was caught up myself in what I saw before me, and I wondered if the forms below the sheets were actually humans, and if so, whether they were alive or dead.

I daringly reached out and grabbed the covers from the beds and pulled them off. Before me, I saw the forms of two people, a man and a woman. One was in one bed and one in the other. They appeared to be dead or frozen and I didn't detect any movement. They were probably each in their late 30s. Apparently they had died here. What a wealth of tension there was here for a story. My mind raced ahead as to how my two companions and I could continue living in this house even while the bodies lay above. What tension that would create in the story.

Suddenly, however, something totally unexpected happened. The two bodies slowly began rising up to a sitting position in bed. This was more

frightening than I had anticipated and in frozen, perplexed silence I stared at the two bodies sitting in front of me.

Dream of: 04 December 1987
"Misrepresentation"

I was talking on the phone with Birdie and I was planning to see her. When I had finished talking, I hung up the phone, but then picked it up and heard Birdie talking with another man. I quickly realized that she was talking with Rick (Birdie's husband), and that Rick apparently had heard the very last part of the conversation Birdie had had with me. He asked her who she had been talking with and she told him it was me. Rick seemed very concerned. He also seemed like a very gentle and caring person, not at all like I might have expected him to be. It also appeared that he and Birdie weren't living together, although she had given me the impression that they were still married and living together. Rick asked Birdie what I had wanted and, referring to me, she replied, "He's started beating me again."

Rick seemed very concerned and I was shocked that Birdie would say something like that. Obviously she was telling Rick complete lies about me, and I realized she had also probably told me many lies about Rick.

I decided to speak up right then on the phone. I said something and I immediately heard Birdie hang up. But Rick was still there and I said to him, "Rick, I just caught the tale end of that conversation. You know I have never talked with you and you have never talked with me. And I feel that Birdie has represented me to you in ways that are very different from the way I really am. In fact I am sure that she has simply lied to you about me. And I feel that you are a much different person than what Birdie has represented you to me to be. So if you would like to talk with me, I'm here to talk with and I'd be happy to talk right now."

Dream of: 04 December 1987 (2) "Admissible Evidence"

Ellen and I were with Mike Walls and a red-haired girlfriend of Mike's. We were all being questioned by a prosecuting attorney concerning some criminal allegations against Mike. I defended Mike and took a hard stance against the prosecutor.

Afterwards, as I was driving a car with Ellen, I began to think that the prosecutor might try to file criminal charges against both Mike and me for having sex with a minor. In my case, I could be charged with having had sex with Ellen. When I began discussing the possibility with Ellen, I was dismayed to learn that she didn't want to talk about the matter with me. It was beginning to look

to me as if she might possibly testify against me.

When I reached Ellen's house and she got out of the car, I noticed Ellen's older sister (who looked a bit like Sissy Spacek) standing in the doorway of her house. The sister was probably in her mid 20s and I reflected about how much better off I would have been to have been involved with the sister instead of with Ellen.

Later I again spoke with the prosecuting attorney. This time I was much more cooperative. He let me know that he was thinking about filling charges against me. I tried to be as helpful as possible, hoping he wouldn't file any charges.

While at a courthouse, I encountered Mike's girlfriend sitting on a bench. She appeared to be crying. Boley (a Dallas female attorney) was standing next to her. I motioned Boley over to the side and Boley told me Mike's girlfriend wanted to see an attorney. I knew immediately that was bad news and that the girlfriend had probably decided to testify against Mike. That could also mean that Ellen would decide to testify against me.

As I descended some escalators, I talked with someone about the possibility of my going to trial.

I wondered what it would be like being a defendant in a courtroom, and I wondered what kind of evidence would be admitted. I tried to remember whether I ever used any drugs with

Ellen and whether that would be admissible. It seemed as if I might have used some kind of hallucinogen once with her. It certainly wouldn't be good if that fact were brought out at the trial.

The person with whom I was talking said that if I was convicted I would probably have to do five years in prison and then receive five years of parole, but I thought I would probably receive probation and not even have to go to prison. I mentioned that I would probably lose my Texas law license. Since I was in Ohio, however, I thought maybe somehow no one in Texas would find out about my being convicted and I wouldn't lose my license.

Dream of: 05 December 1987 "Society Girl"

I was the driver of a large bus which was the lead bus in a convoy of three buses. When I pulled off the road into what appeared to be the yard of a house, the other buses followed and stopped behind me. People began descending from all the buses for a short rest and I walked around behind the bus to urinate. There was a big metal pan here in which I might urinate; but then I noticed some other people and decided to wait.

I walked back onto my bus. Some others were already re-boarding. Among them was a woman (probably in her 20s), obviously from India, dressed in Indian clothes. She had long black hair,

large dark eyes and dark skin. She also had a young child walking along with her. She stood next to me on my left and I could tell that she was attracted to me, but I really didn't want to get involved with her. However, I decided kissing her would be acceptable. I bent my head around and gave her a short kiss on her lips, which seem inexperienced.

I had arrived at a house where my good Dallas friend Eloise LaGrone was living and I was sitting at a dining table with Eloise and another person. Eloise had been describing a house into which she had moved in Colorado; but it also seemed as if the house we were in was the house she was describing and that we were in Colorado. She had also been talking about inviting a lot of people up to visit her, but it also seemed that she had already done that and that the people, myself included, were visiting her right now. That seemed a little strange, because I was in the process of deciding I probably wouldn't go to visit her.

When Eloise was talking, she wasn't talking to me, but mainly talking to the other person sitting at the table. I had pulled my seat back a little and was mainly just observing. The table was covered with many different kinds of food; my plate was also piled with food, but I wasn't eating anything.

Again it seemed a little strange that my plate was piled with food, because I had already decided I didn't want to eat with Eloise.

My state of mind was difficult to describe. Mainly I was thinking about and watching Eloise. I definitely didn't want to talk with her at the moment. I was seeing her in a new way, and I needed to focus on my thoughts without actually talking to her. I probably appeared rather melancholy to the others since I wasn't taking part in their conversation, but I wasn't sad. I simply didn't feel talking right now would be appropriate.

Eloise. It had taken months, but now I saw her much more clearly. It had been difficult to see her at first because she dissembled so well; she was so adept at camouflage. On the surface she tried to make herself seem so care-free. She tried to project a rebellious figure of someone who had rejected many of society's rules, but actually, I now saw that she was simply a society girl and that her acting as a rebel was simply her way of distinguishing herself in her social world.

It was important to her to maintain her role in society, while seeming to reject that role. That way she could have her Peugeot and her nice clothes, she could have her money and a nice place to live, while on the surface continuing to portray someone who rejected being materialistic.

All that might not bother me much, except now I saw what it was doing to her. It was doing now what it apparently had done to her most of her life. She simply wasn't doing anything with her life. She wasn't accomplishing. She was sitting around talking and eating and pretending, and the result was that nothing remained. Yet she simply refused to change, and I felt impotent. It hardly helped to point out what she herself was already aware of.

So I sat back and I didn't take part in the conversation. Eloise glanced at me a few times, but she didn't try to force me to say anything.

Obviously she could detect something was bothering me. Finally I took a fork and poked around at the plate which was full of many different kinds of food in front of me; but I didn't seem to have an appetite. I picked up a glass of cream and poured some over some fruit cobbler on my plate. Then I drank the rest of the cream.

Dream of: 06 December 1987
"Metamorphosis"

I had walked into what appeared to be the Little Theater in Portsmouth (although it didn't look like the Little Theater) and I had entered a small, cluttered room which apparently served as an office. It seemed that a play was going to be given today in the theater. It also seemed that after the

play today, only one more play would be given this year, and that would be next week.

I passed my curious eyes over the room and especially noticed the many books sitting on shelves and piled haphazardly about the room. One fairly thick book containing ancient Greek literature caught my attention and I thought about glancing through it. But instead, I continued looking until I noticed a small red book which I recognized as one of a set of books which contained Latin literature. I decided I would like to read some Latin and that I would specifically like to read the *Metamorphosis* by the Latin writer Ovid. I saw another of the red books which I thought might be by Ovid, picked it up and opened it.

I remembered that in this particular kind of book, the original Latin writing was given on the left side of the page and the English translation on the right. But when I glanced at the first few pages, I saw only the English translation. I flipped back a few pages until I saw some Latin, and then I searched until I found where the Latin began. Apparently the first pages had just been an introduction.

I began reading the Latin and was surprised by how easy it was. I checked my understanding against the English translation and was amazed

that I was doing so well, especially since it had been so long since I had read any Latin.

Only after I had read several lines did I begin to realize that this book wasn't by Ovid. I turned to the cover and saw that the author's name was Maurius. The book was obviously about history and the part I had been reading seemed to be about a king living in the year 167 A.D. On the cover of the book was an indication that this book was only one of many works in a series of history books written by this author. I reflected that I had recently decided that I didn't care that much about learning much more history. But this particular book was so easy to read, I decided I would like to take it with me.

The problem was that I was unsure I would be able to borrow it from here. I thought maybe it would be best to simply stick the book into my pants and then bring it back after I had read it without even telling anyone that I had borrowed it.

Two women (probably in their mid 30s) had walked into the room. I looked out into the hall and saw that it had begun filling with women (mostly in their 50s and 60s). The two women in the room seemed a bit impatient, as if they had something they needed to begin doing, and I felt as if they probably wanted me to leave.

One of the women left the room and only one was left sitting in a chair. She was slender, fairly attractive and was wearing a dress. While she was sitting here, I began thinking about how I might put the book (which I had laid down) in my pants without being seen by her. But the matter was complicated by the presence of a large mirror in the room. Even if the woman wasn't looking directly at me, she would be able to see me through the mirror.

Lying in the room was also a flute which I had taken from its case and had looked at. I even quietly played it a bit (before the women came into the room) and I had found it to be in good condition. I thought about piping out a few notes for the woman here, but then I simply began taking it apart to return it to its case. I briefly even considered sticking the flute in my pants, but I decided that wouldn't be a good idea.

The woman and I were together in a car which she was driving. We seemed seem to be going along LBJ Freeway in North Dallas. She finally turned to me and asked about where it was that I wanted want to be let off. She apparently was just giving me a ride. I hesitated, trying to remember, and finally I realized I had actually driven myself to the theater and that the car I had driven was sitting

back there where I just left from. When I told the woman, she seemed a bit annoyed, but she immediately began looking for an exit so she could turn around and go back. She said something about being in a hurry to get somewhere and when I asked her when she had to be there, she said in half an hour. It seemed to me that she would be able to make it.

She then asked me something about the car I had left parked, something about the color of the roof of the car. For some reason she seemed to be probing me. The car I had been driving actually belonged to my mother and not me, although I didn't feel like telling the woman that. But I didn't really understand her question, which sounded a bit like a riddle, and I asked ask her to repeat it. She did so, this time more slowly, and it sounded as if she said something about sitting on the hood and something about sitting on the running board of the car. It did sound like a riddle and I simply didn't have the answer. Finally she gave me one or two more such riddles, none of which I understood. Then she turned on a cassette player which apparently had recorded what she had said and she played it back.

I was sitting in the back seat and the woman was in the front. Looking down, I noticed I was nude

from the waist down, and my limp penis was clearly visible. But what most caught my attention was that the woman had laid one of her hands on my thigh just centimeters from my pubic region. In fact, the tips of her fingers were so close to my penis, it seemed that she might even have touched it once. I even thought about moving just a bit, so my penis would touch her hand.

The woman seemed so stand-offish, it seemed implausible that she would have consciously laid her hand there and I thought she might have just absent-mindedly done so. I casually mentioned that I was nude from the waist down, and she looked back at me, seeming to be shocked. She said something about my needing to lose some weight and I admitted that I needed to lose weight around my stomach. She acted as if she wasn't interested at all in me, but I noticed her glancing several times at my penis, as if she wanted to get a good look at it.

Finally I picked up her hand and held it, rubbing it fairly vigorously, and I mentioned to her how cold her hand was and that I was going to warm it for her. Indeed her hand was quite cold.

Dream of: 07 December 1987 "Gray Feather"

I was strolling along the sidewalk next to a park which looked like Mound Park in Portsmouth, when I noticed a large bird flying low overhead.

My eyes followed it and I saw it was carrying something. Finally I concluded that it was either an eagle or a hawk, probably a hawk, and that it was carrying a large blue jay in its talons. I had never known of hawks to hunt blue jays and I found the sight highly intriguing.

The bird landed on a large outstretched limb of a nearby tree and I could see the blue jay was still alive. The jay seemed to be struggling to free itself and some feathers fell off, some even in a big clump. Then I noticed a small whitish owl sitting a little farther up on the tree limb and I thought maybe the big bird was actually an owl.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the blue jay broke free and awkwardly began flying away. I followed its uncertain flight with my eyes, and finally I concluded it would probably survive.

I walked over and picked up one of the fallen feathers. In my hand the feather looked gray instead of blue. It resembled what I would have expected a mockingbird's feather to look like. I thought if I showed the feather to anyone and told him what I seen, no one would believe the bird had actually been a blue jay.

Dream of: 07 December 1987 (2) "Water Hose"

I was standing outside an empty apartment which I was thinking of renting and moving into, when I noticed several young girls playing in the street. It looked as if they might have a water hose with which they were spraying each other. They all looked Hispanic and had long dark hair and swarthy skin. But what most caught my attention was that they were all nude and seemed completely uninhibited about the fact.

One walked close to me and when I asked her how old she was, she told me she was eleven. She remained fairly close to me and I had the feeling she wanted me to touch her, but I was sure I wasn't going to. But I allowed myself to look at the girls fairly closely. They all had developing breasts and already had black pubic hair. Sometimes when I looked at them, they seemed very fat, other times they seemed quite normal.

Dream of: 08 December 1987 "Delayed Flight To Europe"

Louise and I were on our way to an airport which seemed to be in Athens, Ohio; I had made reservations for both of us on a flight to Europe. Although we were running a little late, we still had time to make it. But on the way, after we fell into an argument about something, I got out of the car and began walking down the road. To my surprise, Louise drove off and left me.

It was nasty weather out and seemed to be raining, although I didn't feel any rain. I kept walking until I reached a small town which contained a number of motels. I remembered having stayed once in a fairly nice motel on the other side of town which hadn't been too expensive. I headed for that motel, thinking Louise might be there waiting for me.

If she wasn't and I had to stay in the motel, I wondered if it would cause any problems because I didn't have a car. I tried to figure out how I would explain to the motel clerk why I was walking.

I passed some other motels along the way and saw their prices on their signs. They all seemed fairly expensive. Finally I reached the motel for which I had been searching. It was called "Marriot." I looked for the car Louise was driving, a blue Chrysler Imperial, but it was nowhere in sight. I tried to decide what to do.

The more I thought about how Louise had left me stranded, the more ill feelings were engendered toward her. She had already sued me for divorce; I had planned to just give her the divorce without any problems. But now I wasn't so sure. She had an insurance policy which provided that if she got a divorce from me, she would collect quite a bit of money. I might try to find out more about that. If

she went to Europe, I might use my discovery rights in the court to force her to send me any documents which I wanted to see.

I was also concerned about the airline tickets for which I had already paid. I might be able to get my money back if we didn't show up for the flight, but I was unsure.

I was in a car with a couple who seemed like my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel, but who didn't look like them. The man was driving up and down the same road on which I had earlier been walking; we were looking for Louise. The man and woman both seem distressed that Louise and I were having problems.

We reached the Marriot where I saw a car in the parking lot which looked like the blue Chrysler Imperial. We pulled up close to the car and I got out of our car to look. The car was covered with snow, so it was difficult to tell at first. After I wiped some of the snow off the right front window so I could see in, I was sure this was the car Louise had been driving.

I walked into the reception room of the motel and there I saw Louise talking on the phone. She immediately walked over to me. She didn't seem angry but seemed excited because she was afraid

we would miss our flight if we didn't hurry. I immediately called the airline and was told we still had time because our flight had been delayed due to snow. I told the airline's agent to hold our tickets and not sell them because we were on our way.

Louise seemed quite friendly and now seemed ready to embark with me on the trip to Europe. I still felt uneasy; but I was glad we were actually going to be going.

Dream of: 09 December 1987 "Speaking Burmese"

I was a soldier in Vietnam, and I seemed to be Vietnamese myself. I was watching a battle scene which looked as if it were on a movie screen. In the scene, a number of soldiers were scattered around in muddy fox holes. Suddenly a bomb flew in and exploded in their midst, leaving a large crater. I was unsure if anyone had been killed by the bomb, but I saw one fellow in a fox hole right next to the crater and I thought about how narrowly he had missed being killed.

The incident made me reflect about the lunacy of what was going on here. I myself could be killed at any time and it simply didn't seem worth it. I decided that I wanted to try to leave the country.

I was in vehicle being driven by a fellow soldier whom I trusted, and I began talking with him of the possibility of fleeing to Burma. At first he thought I was just joking. But gradually I convinced him that I was serious, and I proceeded to point out the terrible danger that we were both in here in Vietnam, and how that at least if we could try to escape to Burma, there was a chance of survival. Slowly he began to believe what I was saying. I remembered that one of his duties had been cleaning the latrines here and I pointed out that at least he "won't have to shovel shit" in Burma. Finally he agreed to go with me.

My fellow soldier and I were are driving in the direction of Burma. Suddenly up ahead I saw a United States military checkpoint. My friend was a black American. He apparently had a pass and shouldn't have any trouble passing the checkpoint. I myself now looked American, but my passport wasn't American and I anticipated problems.

My friend pulled up to the window of the checkpoint and two American soldiers began asking questions. I told them I was going to Burma for the weekend. They seemed to think that was a bit odd, but not completely out of the question. I asked them about the quickest route and I almost asked them whether I would have any problems

going through Cambodia. But before I spoke, I formed a mental image in my mind of the map of Southeast Asia, and I saw that to get to Burma through Cambodia, I would have to go through North Vietnam, which was enemy territory. There was a direct route to Burma through South Vietnam, where I was, which I should follow instead. So I didn't say anything to the soldiers about Cambodia. I just discussed whether the route through South Vietnam was dangerous and they seemed to think I should be able to make it without too much difficulty.

They wanted to know if I knew anyone in Burma and where I would stay there. I told them I didn't know anyone, but I had heard of other soldiers going there for the weekend and being able to find accommodations without much problem.

Finally the soldiers asked some other questions and my friend went back to a jeep which parked several meters behind me and got another soldier in the jeep to pretend he was an officer and he said something in support of my going to Burma. It looked as if I was going to be let through without incident.

I was talking with a woman on the phone and she was apparently in Burma and apparently was speaking Burmese. Although I didn't understand

what she was saying, there was something about her voice which made me want to continue listening to her. There was something familiar about it. Finally she said in English, "Do you remember Birdie?"

I could hardly believe it, but apparently it was Birdie talking to me. I wanted to find out exactly where she was so I could visit her.

Dream of: 11 December 1987 "Goal Of Meditation"

My father and Ed Bloemendaal (whom I had recently met at the Dallas Zen Center) were sitting in a room with me, meditating. After the three of us had finished meditating, my father began talking with Ed and criticizing some of Ed's behavior. For example, my father complained about a portable cassette-player/radio which Ed owned. When new people would come to the Zen Center to meditate, Ed had the irksome habit of playing the cassette player to give the new people little messages. Sometimes Ed would even turn the cassette player on while we were all trying to meditate together. My father pointed out that it was distracting when Ed played these little messages and that Ed should try to concentrate more on meditating and less on broadcasting the messages.

Ed had previously been advised not to bring the device into the meditation room, but he just couldn't seem to get it straight in his mind that he caused a distraction with the cassette player. He seemed to have a failing in his nature which caused him to rely on the cassettes.

My father also mentioned that when the group practiced walking meditation, Ed waddled. I had noticed the same trait before: during walking meditation, Ed didn't keep his body straight, but tended to move his upper body and head back and forth from side to side in a waddling fashion. So I also mentioned to Ed that he tended to waddle. I even began aping the way he walked, waddling around the large room. As I did so, I was actually able to float along, not touching the ground with my feet.

I tried to emphasize to Ed that he needed to try to walk straighter without waddling, but I hesitated to talk with him about it, because Ed wasn't a particularly receptive person.

My good friend Eloise LaGrone (whom I had also met at the Zen Center) and a tall slender man were now with me in the meditation room of the Dallas Zen Center. Eloise sat down with her back against the wall, while the man lay down in front of her, perhaps with his head in her lap. When I placidly lay down on Eloise's right side with my

head almost touching the wall, Eloise and the man began talking about a meditation group which had quickly sprung up all around the country. Many people had already joined the group and had begun training in it.

As I stretched impassively next to Eloise, I felt as if I would like to be closer to her, and I moved my head against her leg. I would just like to feel her touch me, perhaps stroke my hair. For an instant, I thought I might have actually felt her touch my head with her hand. Noticing that she seemed slightly distant at the moment, I thought perhaps she was interested in the other man, who seemed like a strong vigorous fellow. It didn't bother me if she liked the other man; I still felt comfortable being around them both.

As we began talking about meditation, I felt as if I should explain my need to meditate. I said to Eloise and the other man, "My goal is still to bring myself in as close a contact with God as I can. That's the only thing I'm really interested in doing."

Dream of: 12 December 1987 "Evil Creature"

While I was sitting in a chair talking with a fellow, a woman walked up and began showing him something from a file which she had. Although the woman was showing the contents of one of the files in such a way so I wouldn't see it, I knew that

the files contained pictures of Louise's new baby. I would like to see the pictures, but I didn't express any interest. Besides, I had already seen a picture and knew what the baby looked like. However, I noticed the fellow was holding one of the files under the other and I had the feeling he was sneaking the pictures out of the file without the woman's being aware of it.

Indeed, when the woman finally left, the fellow revealed that he had managed to pull two of the pictures out of the file; he showed them to me.

Some other people gathered around and also began looking at the pictures. At first the pictures seemed like those of a normal baby; but upon closer scrutiny, it looked as if one picture was only of the hands, and those hands seemed bent and deformed, with long fingernails. They looked frightening and unnatural. I had the feeling that Louise had given birth to some kind of evil creature.

Just then another black-haired woman with two red bruises on the side of her face walked up. I learned almost immediately that this woman was the nanny of the new baby and that the marks upon the woman's face had apparently been inflicted by the baby. Something about the nanny seemed downright evil; it caused me to shudder.

Dream of: 12 December 1987 (2) "Belabored"

Ed Bloemendaal and Don Block (Dallas acquaintances) were sitting at a table with me, having a conversation. As he talked, Bloemendaal (sitting across the table from me) tried to act very erudite and tried to use big words to make himself look like a learned person. He continued on and on and he seemed to think he was quite impressive.

Finally I said to him, "Ed, I usually understand everything you say. But why is it that you have to belabor every point the way you do?"

I put quite a bit of emphasis on the word "belabor," since it seemed to be the exact word I was looking for to describe Bloemendaal's way of talking. Block chimed in and said "belabor" was the word he had had in mind too, to describe Bloemendaal's way of talking.

Bloemendaal closed the book in front of him and looked taken aback. He didn't answer my question, but at least he did begin talking in a much more relaxed and unpretentious manner. It was definitely an improvement.

Bloemendaal, Block and I were in a large brown car, still carrying on our conversation. Bloemendaal was in the driver's seat, Block was on the passenger side of the front seat and I was in the back. LaBrie (a female Dallas acquaintance) was also in the car and we all had a definite

subject about which we were just about to begin talking, when someone walked up to the car -- a man with several days' growth of beard on his face. He was wearing a white tee shirt and a cap. Finally I recognized he was my old friend, Steve Buckner. I introduced him to the others in the car and I introduced them to him. I told everyone who Buckner was and he got in the car with us. As and Bloemendaal took off driving, I realized we were in Portsmouth, Ohio.

I felt in a happy-go-lucky mood; I asked Buckner how he had been. He told me he had rearranged his living accommodations here in Portsmouth. Apparently he was now living with a woman. He pointed to a woman standing in the middle of the road by a stop sign at the bottom of a hill we were headed down, and he indicated she was the woman with whom he was living. Another woman was with her. I mentioned something to Buckner about getting together with some women and going out to party. Then I said something silly and referring to how silly I was talking, I added, "That's what pot does to your mind."

I knew I hadn't smoked marijuana in years, but at the same time, it seemed as if I had taken a couple puffs of marijuana that very day. But part of the reason I had said something about marijuana was simply to alarm Bloemendaal, because I knew he had such a staunch anti-drug attitude. It seemed

to me it would be healthy for him to lighten up some.

When we reached the bottom of the hill and I could see the two women (both probably in their late 20s) more clearly, they both looked pretty good, although not beautiful. They were both dressed up. I felt ready to have a good time. But thinking the others in the car (besides Buckner) might not be in the mood to go out and have a good time I said, "That's probably not what you all wanted to do."

I made it clear to them that we didn't have to go with Buckner and the women, but that the others also wanted to go, even Bloemendaal.

Bloemendaal wanted to take part in the merriment, even if it meant enjoying himself vicariously by watching someone else. He wanted to be present and he didn't want to feel left out.

I was also unsure LaBrie was going to want to go with us and, referring to going out to have a good time, I said, "This is probably not what you had in mind."

She replied, "Ah, I don't mind."

Realizing she did indeed want to go with us, I turned to her and with a large smile on my face I responded,

"This is exactly what you had in mind, isn't it."

Meanwhile we had stopped in front of a small house from which the two women apparently had come. Bloemendaal stepped out of the car and peered into the house. He apparently wasn't able to control his bowels well, and he lumbered into the house to use the toilet.

I stepped out of the car and Block also got out. Block and someone else began running wildly up and down a nearby road behind some trees. I wasn't exactly sure what they were doing over there.

Finally the two women climbed into the back seat. I also wanted to get in the back seat with them, but I was unsure Bloemendaal was going to continue driving. I didn't have my glasses with me and I said something about not wanting to drive without them. Buckner had on his glasses and I thought perhaps I could borrow them, but I remembered his eyesight was different from mine. It was just beginning to get dark and I was unsure I wanted to drive at this time of day without any glasses. Also, it seemed I wasn't wearing any shoes and I was unsure I wanted to drive barefoot.

I felt as if I probably had the best driving abilities here. But I would prefer to get in the back seat with the women.

Dream of: 12 December 1987 (3) "Hit With A Dart"

I was standing outside at the back of a house, in front of an aluminum screen door, holding a yellow part of a highly sophisticated cleaning device, perhaps a vacuum cleaner. A larger part of the cleaner, which resembled a lawn mower, was sitting to my side. The part I was holding was supposed to fit on the larger part. I had come to this house to sell the cleaner; apparently I had been there before, because the larger part had already been sitting there when I arrived.

As I knocked on the door, I thought I should keep in mind that most households had enough money to buy something like what I was selling – I shouldn't let the person who lived there convince me he didn't have the money.

After I had knocked and waited a short while, it occurred to me that this was the house where Carolina's parents lived, and that I had come there for an entirely different reason than selling cleaners.

I now recalled I had been appointed in a certain court as an attorney to represent Carolina, who was being held in custody for some reason.

Carolina's parents had never visited her in custody, and therefore, since I had become particularly concerned about Carolina and her

case, I had come there to visit her parents. I felt silly holding the cleaning device in my hand; I set it down atop the larger piece. I hoped no one would steal the device while I was inside, because it actually was quite expensive.

The door opened and a thin, frail-looking, black man (who looked a bit like Sammy Davis, Jr.) stood in front of me. I talked with him briefly and concluded he was Carolina's father. I tried to explain who I was and that I was an attorney representing Carolina, but he didn't quite seem to understand. As I was talking, he backed into the house, and without being asked, I followed. As we passed through some halls and rooms, I stole a look at the house. It was poorly furnished, but it seemed orderly and clean. A light blue color seemed to predominate.

As I followed the man, he continued talking and gradually became more and more incoherent. He seemed to be ranting and making no sense at all. Although the man was obviously severely mentally deranged, I nevertheless continued trying to talk with him. He walked into another room and turned on a television or radio, even though he continued to talk deliriously. I also was trying to talk to him even though he was obviously trying to shut me off.

When I thought I saw someone in another room at the end of the hall, I walked down there and found a woman (probably in her late 30s) sitting in the middle of the floor. She had black hair, was quite overweight, and was dressed in a blue print shirt and pants. I immediately concluded she was Carolina's mother.

By now I had become quite emotionally distraught. During the time I had known Carolina, I had come to care for her; it was disturbing to see that she had had to live under these conditions. Her father was obviously quite insane – perhaps even dangerous. I had the distinct feeling he might have hurt Carolina and might have abused her in some way. He certainly seemed capable of it. And this house was so bleak and dismal, I shuddered at the thought of Carolina's having to live there. Now I also saw Carolina's mother was a slovenly overweight woman probably incapable of providing Carolina any proper upbringing and guidance. When I began talking to the mother, I had tears in my eyes. I introduced myself as Carolina's lawyer and added, "I'm half in love with Carolina."

The mother also began crying; it quickly became evident that she at least was mentally competent. As I sat down on the floor and began talking with her, I noticed one of the cuffs of the blue long-

sleeved shirt I was wearing had come off; I picked up the cuff in my hand.

After briefly talking with the mother, I quickly concluded she might indeed be able to somehow help Carolina. The problem was the father, whom I could see in the room at the end of the hall. He was lying on his back, talking and moaning to himself. Obviously he controlled this house with an iron hand; it was he who wouldn't allow the mother to visit Carolina in custody.

I doubted he would even want me back there talking with the mother. One thing was becoming certain to me: it would be highly dangerous for Carolina to return there. I would use all my power as her attorney to prevent her returning. I explained that to the mother; I said, "There's no way I will let her return to this home."

Suddenly the father looked in my direction and noticed I was with the mother. He was enraged; as he jumped to his feet, I quickly decided I was going to try to help the mother flee from him. I grabbed one of her hands; in a flash the two of us were outside running across the back yard.

The father followed; he walked to his car and pulled out a long silver rifle. I continued running – I heard him fire a shot. Something flew past me – he was shooting darts. He shot again – the dart missed. I fell down on my side, hoping to give him

less target to aim at. I heard the next shot; something hit my back. I reached around and could feel that one of the darts had hit me right in the middle of my back and was embedded in me. But I didn't feel any pain. I began pulling the dart out and I finally had it all the way out. It had a blue head, and the point which was in me was about five centimeters long. Referring to the father's use of the gun, I said to the mother, "Damn, he's pretty good at it, too."

Dream of: 13 December 1987 "Unprepared"

Somehow, (I wasn't exactly sure how) I had ended up in a courtroom and was the defense attorney for two brothers accused of murder and possession of cocaine. It was about 9 a.m. this was the first day of trial. The court was beginning to fill up with people and the case was scheduled to begin soon. But what most concerned me, was that I was completely unprepared. I hadn't even interviewed the brothers yet, I knew practically nothing about the case and I hadn't prepared any pre-trial motions. Plus, this was only the second case that I had ever tried and I had never tried a felony case before. The only other jury trial I had ever had was a driving while intoxicated on alcohol case, which (although I did win it) had only been a misdemeanor. But this was a felony case and might even be a capital felony asking for the death penalty. I wasn't even sure of that.

This reminded me so much of a case I had seen in the Dallas County courthouse. In that case, two brothers, Gary Evans and Ronnie Evans, had been accused of murder. Their court-appointed attorney had come to court on the first day of trial almost completely unprepared. He hadn't prepared any motions for discovery of evidence and he had only talked with the defendants for about ten minutes each. As far as I could tell, he had never interviewed anyone else in the case, and he didn't even know on what day the murder had occurred. When I had watched the case and the inefficient assistance of the attorney, I had told myself I would never ineffectively defend someone like that.

Here I was, however, unprepared. I asked the defendants (both probably in their 30s) a few questions and then I sat down at the prosecutor's table next to a woman prosecutor. I asked her some questions and she gave me some advice. She suggested that the judge might somehow already know something about this case or about these defendants and that I might ask him to voluntarily remove himself from the case and ask for a new judge. I was too embarrassed to ask her much else.

Finally a question arose about the questioning of the prosecution witnesses. It appeared there would be four men testifying for the prosecution

and I was asked whether I wanted them all in the room at the same time, or whether I wanted them brought in individually. Unsure, I thought about it for a few moments and then I requested the witnesses be brought in individually. I thought that was a good decision because that way the witnesses wouldn't be able to hear the testimony of the other witnesses and alter their testimony accordingly.

I continued sitting at the prosecution table for quite a while until finally, realizing I should be at the defense table, I moved over there. I was only wearing a short-sleeved blue shirt and I didn't even have on a jacket. I felt ill-attired and I wished I had dressed more appropriately. But it was too late for that now. I had a few notes in front of me and a few papers that the prosecution had given me. Basically, however, I was unsure exactly what I was going to ask any witnesses.

The judge then walked in and began going over a chart about how the cases would be tried. Since there was more than one case, the question was whether the cases should be tried together or separated. And there also appeared to be a question about whether there would be any hearings to suppress some of the evidence, such as the cocaine or the murder weapon, so the evidence couldn't be used in the trial. I felt very

confused by the judge's chart and I didn't know what would be best.

I also realized I should have made some pre-trial motions. On a yellow tablet in front of me, I jotted down that I was going to request the prosecution turn over to me any exculpatory evidence which they had and any evidence which would tend to prove the innocence of the defendant. I knew I was at least entitled to that. But since I didn't have written motions and I was only going to make oral requests, I was unsure the judge was going to grant the motions.

Finally the judge, walking around the courtroom instead of sitting in his bench, seemed to be ready and someone who appeared to be a bailiff shouted out a question. I felt embarrassed, but I didn't hear what the man said, and I asked him to repeat it. He asked if anyone had any preliminary motions before the trial began. I stood up and falteringly ask the judge about the possibility of his removing himself from the case so a new judge could be assigned. But even as I was doing it, I realized I didn't have a good reason for this request and I thought maybe the prosecutor had tricked me into making the request to get me on the bad side of the judge. The judge didn't seem angry, but he responded that he intended to stay on the case and he denied the motion.

Someone in the audience, (which was quite large at this point) then said some kind of little prayer. It appeared that was a signal for the trial to begin and before I knew what happened, the prosecutor began questioning someone. I listened to the questions, and it was quickly obvious they had nothing to do with the case. I thought about objecting to the questions, but since they seemed harmless, I didn't say anything. The questions seemed to be of some completely irrelevant matters and they continued for quite a while. Finally a couple families came in, stood in front of the judge (now sitting on his bench) and had their pictures taken.

Somehow I gathered that all this ceremony had to do with the judicial political process here, and this was one method the judge used to get votes so he would be elected. But finally I felt as if the thing had really gone too far and I thought I might object to the irrelevancy of what was going on. But I hesitated to do that, because I was using this time to begin formulating the questions I might be asking witnesses in the case. And besides, if it lasted all day, I might have some extra time tonight to study the case.

I was across the street from the courthouse (which seemed to be in Gallipolis) and I was on the other

side of a park. Although was only about 10:30 a.m., it was quite dark. I was in a hurry to get back inside the courtroom and I cut across the side of the road in front of a car. In the process I stepped in a deep muddy area and sank my left foot in mud, which seeped inside the boots I was wearing. I pulled myself out of the mud and I began pulling handfuls of mud out of my boot with my left hand.

Dream of: 16 December 1987 "No Causal Connection"

I was in an area which looked like the back yard of a house. Several people were gathered around. After a while I became involved in a contest in which another person and I acted like lawyers engaged in a trial. We each had clients and my client was a woman who had injured her back while the child of the other party had been in her care. It wasn't exactly clear to me how the back injury had, but my client was claiming the child had had something to do with it. I did know that at the time of the injury, the child had been crawling around on the ground of the back yard of my client.

I asked my client some questions, but I didn't seem to be doing a very good job, and finally I let the other person begin questioning my client.

Another tall man dressed in a black suit who reminded me of judge Issenberg (a Dallas judge) was standing here. He was apparently the person judging the contest. I began talking with him and the subject of his name came up. I asked him about his name and he finally told me that his middle name was Ratid. I found that to be a rather amusing name and I thought I could make fun of it if I wanted, but I didn't.

I sat down in a chair and he began massaging the scalp of my head with his hands. I wasn't used to anyone doing this and I was surprised by just how good it felt. I closed my eyes and I had a very vivid image of what looked like a neon sign with some kind of word in it. The word had two round letters which looked like kaleidoscopes and the colors in them were going around and changing rapidly.

Gradually I realized the other fellow was still questioning the woman. The woman continued talking and talking, and finally I stood up and said that I objected because the woman wasn't being responsive. But the judge just turned his head away and didn't respond to me. The woman in fact was now talking with someone else, apparently her husband, and their conversation seemed to be coming from a television or a radio. I point out that this was improper procedure, but the judge didn't pay any attention to me.

I sat back down and was painfully aware that I was losing the case. Finally I said to the judge, "I'm losing this case."

He said, "You had it won. She can't dance anymore."

He was referring to the fact that her injury had caused her not to be able to dance any more and she used to dance a lot. I replied, "I can see the damage. But I just don't see the causal connection."

What I meant was that I understand that she had an injury, but I was uncertain how to prove that the baby had caused the injury.

Dream of: 18 December 1987 "Trunk Full Of Gasoline"

Walls and I were standing on an isolated road in the country. We had apparently both bought a substantial amount of marijuana (perhaps 20-30 kilograms each) and we had been hiding the marijuana. Although I had a nice black car with me, I didn't hide my marijuana in the car. Instead I put the marijuana somewhere else where I thought it would be safe. Walls, however, put his marijuana in the car he was driving.

After we filled up both cars with gas, Walls drove his car a short ways down the road. He went

around a curve, but had to stop. I walked up to his car and deduced that he was having car trouble; his car simply wouldn't run. Walls got out of the car and opened the trunk, which we immediately saw was full of gasoline. I saw the problem: a gas line was leaking and the gas was pouring out of it. I tried to stick some cellophane on the line, but the hole was so big I was unable to stop it up.

I was beginning to be concerned, because if the police came along, they might want to know what we were doing there and discover Walls' marijuana. I thought perhaps I should pull up my car and stash Walls' marijuana in my car. Walls opposed that idea, and I didn't press it, because I really didn't want Walls' marijuana in my car to begin with.

A car containing some of my family members pulled up. I boarded the car and asked to be driven back to my car. I was still unsure how I was going to help Walls.

Dream of: 23 December 1987 "Outside The Church"

Two friends from my late teens, Mike Walls and Steve Buckner, were playing cards with me at a card table set up outside a church. I had been having some revelations and I now recalled that years ago, I had been involved in some murders in which I had killed several people by beating them

to death with clubs. Since Mike and Steve had also been involved in some of the murders, I decided to bring the subject up to them. Pointing to each of them, I said that I had been involved in one murder with each of them. Mike said, "Listen to him," as if trying to pretend he didn't know what I was talking about. But he knew. They both knew. I went on to say that besides the two murders I had committed with them, I had also committed a number of other murders by myself. I felt as I were permitted to talk with them about the subject, because they couldn't tell anyone else.

Suddenly we heard a sound nearby, perhaps around the other side of the church. We immediately disbanded and tried to take off running. Mike started one in one direction. Now, instead of Steve, the other person was a black-haired woman who reminded me somewhat of Birdie (my girlfriend from 1968 to 1972). Suddenly we were all cut off by a number of large dogs which looked like wolves which came running from around the side of the church. They were all dark in color. Several were actually as large as a man. One of the larger ones was coal-black.

Mike was cut off over to the side. I told the woman - who was near me - to slowly back up to me. She did so and together we backed toward the church and toward a pile of sticks from a fallen tree. I told her to move toward the sticks so I could get one.

After I was finally able to pick up a large stick, we backed into a corner beside some steps leading up to the church. I pulled the woman (dressed in a long black cape) around behind me where she cowered.

The wolf-dogs were close to us, and were showing their teeth and growling. I almost seemed to be having some mental communication with them and I somewhat understood what they were after. The matter had to do with the earlier murders I had committed, as well as my having also somehow betrayed the wolf-dogs. I had tried to put it out of my mind, but I had once belonged to the wolf-dogs in some way, and then I had abandoned them.

Now they had sought me out.

I imagined I could swing the stick at them, and I formed images in my mind of my doing so, but I doubted that swinging the stick would do any good. Somehow the wolf-dogs seemed invulnerable to me, and I knew they could easily overcome me if they did attack.

Some of the wolf-dogs had climbed onto the steps of the church behind me and were standing just above my head looking down. One of those was very large - about the size of a man. Suddenly it occurred to me to try something different. I began talking very soothingly to them and calling them, "Boys."

I even reached out my hand to pet the fur under the necks of the ones which were standing over me. All the animals reacted the same way: they immediately stopped growling and began docilly wagging their tails. They seemed to want me to pet them.

I realized they were really demanding that I join them and complete some kind of commitment I had with them. I could sense this communication from them. And actually I would like to do just that. I didn't want to just act like it, but I really wanted to do it. Doing so, however, would be difficult and would entail extreme sacrifice. I didn't know how to do it. Yet it seemed as if I really had little choice in the matter if I wanted to survive. I continued talking, saying things like, "Boys, how ya doing boys."

Dream of: 25 December 1987 "Lost Cat"

While riding a bus, I began talking with a man sitting a few rows behind me. The conversation turned to poetry and I recited an entire poem by T.S.Eliot to him. When I had finished, the man said he could tell from listening to me that I didn't really understand or have the feel for Eliot's poetry; the man suggested another poet for me.

I found his comments inappropriate and immediately told him that he didn't know what he was talking about. I said that Eliot was my favorite

poet and that Eliot's poem "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" was my favorite poem. I even spoke out the first line of the poem to him.

The man seemed to be reconsidering what he had said. Meanwhile we both commented on a dark brown calico cat sitting on a seat across from me. I hadn't noticed the cat earlier and I could see that it was probably lost, not knowing where it would go.

Dream of: 25 December 1987 (2)
"Windsurfer"

I was on a windsurfer, a kind of boat/surfboard which had a sail. Louise was with me and together we were going down a river. I decided to go faster and leaned my body so that the sail was able to catch more wind. I began traveling very fast over the water; Louise was becoming frightened, but I didn't abate my speed.

Suddenly something went wrong, and the boat turned over into the water. I wanted to save the boat but decided to rescue Louise instead; I began groping for her in the water. Finally, I grabbed her and pulled her to shore; but I still searched the water with my eyes, trying to see my windsurfer.

Louise had swallowed a lot of water; she might be in danger of dying. When I began squeezing her to pump out the water, she no longer looked like a

person, but a clean plastic bottle, like a bottle which might have once contained liquid dish-washing detergent. The bottle's cap (or what I thought of as Louise's head) was missing.

I pressed the bottle and water flowed out. I put my mouth over the bottle's top and sucked some water out, hoping to revive Louise; but there was no response and I began to realize she wasn't going to revive.

Dream of: 26 December 1987 "Attacked By Hunters"

I was standing outside the Gallia County Farmhouse; I was talking to my step-grandfather Clarence about people hunting on the Farm. I was against the hunters coming here; Clarence said he was too. I called him a "hypocrite" and pointed out that the Farm belonged to him and he allowed the hunters to come.

I then noticed that six men had gotten out of a vehicle and were standing in the yard next to the road. Obviously, they were hunters and had come to ask permission to hunt. I told Clarence to let me handle it and I walked over toward them.

I immediately told them they wouldn't be allowed to hunt on the Farm. I rather aggressively explained that hunters had been killing all the

deer and that I didn't want to see any more deer killed; the hunters would have to go elsewhere.

While I was talking, I realized the hunters were offended by what I was saying and that they might attack me. In fact, that was precisely why Clarence had never stood up to the hunters – he had always been afraid of them. I also was apprehensive, but I figured if it came to a fight, I would just have to do the best I could to protect myself.

Finally, it looked obvious that one husky-looking hunter was so angry he was going to attack me.

He turned to face me and moved toward me. I realized how formidable he was, but I was calm and unafraid. Suddenly he lashed out at me and I defended myself. In short order, by expertly using some kind of martial art, I subdued him without suffering any injury myself.

A second hunter then attacked me with the same adroit ease, I incapacitated him. I then bent his body in half; I was slightly concerned that I might have seriously injured him. I threw his body back at the others.

I subdued a third hunter; finally, one of the them picked up a pair of scissors and came toward me. By this time, I was inside the Farmhouse; I picked up two long butcher knives, one for each hand. I warned him that I would kill him if he tried to

attack me with a weapon. And I would will indeed kill him; nevertheless, he continued toward me.

If I had a gun, I would probably just blow his head off.

Dream of: 31 December 1987 "Intruder"

I was alone in the upstairs living room of the Gay Street House where I was staying while I visited Portsmouth for a few days. I was thinking of trying to call up someone, perhaps Marjean (one of my high school schoolmates), and ask for a date tonight. But it had been such a long time since I had been in Portsmouth, I doubted I would be able to find anyone.

I was listening to a cassette on a cassette player, when I heard some kind of noise which sounded as if it were coming from downstairs. I immediately became alarmed, and it suddenly occurred to me that my father didn't know I was there in his house and that he might be angry at finding me there.

I stood up and pushed a button on the cassette player to turn it off, but the music kept on playing. I tried again and then pushed another button, but the music still continued. Finally, I pressed the eject button and the music finally stopped.

I looked and saw that a man had walked into the rear door of the room. At first, I thought he was

my father, except he looked a bit young for my father. He was probably only in his late 30s. He had dark black hair and several days growth of beard on his face. He had his hands in the pockets of a long black coat he was wearing. His general appearance was unkempt, and he appeared to be intoxicated from alcohol.

I headed toward him intending to try to explain what I was doing there. But I quickly stopped, because I suddenly realized he wasn't my father, but some intruder. I was extremely alarmed and began backing away, looking for something with which to defend myself. I noticed a brown coconut, picked it up and heaved it at the man. But it had no effect. I then turned and fled through the front door and head down the stairs. On the way I noticed a small glass with some ice and I thought of grabbing it to throw at the man.

When I reached reach the bottom of the stairs, I frantically began trying to open the door to the front porch. The door had two locks and it took time to undo them both. If the man was following me, surely he would be able to reach me. But it appeared that he hadn't followed.

Finally, I had the door open and I dashed into the street. It was dark, and no one was around. I noticed a car parked sideways on Gay Street as if it had slid around there. I thought it might belong

to the intruder and I quickly memorized the license plate - KJRJL.

On the other side of Gay Street, I saw the light of a vehicle on Eighth Street. I ran toward it waving my arms and screaming for help. It looked as if it may be a motorcycle. But suddenly I noticed that whoever was driving the vehicle had jumped from it and was running away from me down Eighth Street. Obviously, the person was afraid of me.

Dream of: 31 December 1987 (2) "Absolutely Crazy"

I had awakened in the middle of the night in the House in Patriot (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child) and had found my grandmother Leacy in the kitchen. I sat down across from her at the kitchen table where my mother and my father were also sitting. My grandmother gave me some paper on which she had written a dream which she had just had. I looked over it and she began telling me more details of the dream, details which she hadn't written down. I realized the details were important to the understanding of the dream and I began writing them down.

At one point I asked my grandmother why she had decided to write the dream. She looked puzzled and I asked her whether the thought of writing the dream down had come to her before or after she

awoke. I was trying to see if she might have first thought about writing the dream down while she had still been dreaming.

My grandmother's dream had taken place at the House in Patriot. I mentioned that that was interesting because I likewise had just had a dream before awakening which had taken place at the House in Patriot. I thought the others might want to hear my dream, but I really didn't want to tell it to them right at the moment.

My grandmother continued telling her dream and mentioned that in the dream she had arrived at the House in a car. I drew a map of an intersection and showed her where the House would be sitting on the map. I also pointed to where the house across the street would be. She then showed me what direction she had been coming in the car, which I also marked on the map.

I asked her whether she had been riding in the front passenger seat of the car. She was uncertain and tried to remember. I didn't think she had been driving and I had the feeling she might have been in the rear seat.

My father seemed a bit impatient and I explained I had realized from the many car dreams which I had had, that the place a person is sitting in a car was important. That was the reason I was going into the detail.

Finally I was finished and I stood to leave. As I did so, my mother and I began having an altercation. I became rather belligerent and began pointing out that my mother was actually quite insane. I even pointed to her facial features, which appeared distorted like a retarded person's, to emphasize my point. In fact I began touching her, which made her look even more distorted.

Suddenly it occurred to me the only reason she looked that way, was because I was unable to have sex with her. If I could have sex with her, she would be quite attractive. I reached out to her and began pulling up the long white night gown she was wearing. I anticipated seeing a very attractive body and intended to have sex with her. As I proceeded, I said, "You are absolutely crazy. Come on, lets fuck this one out once and for all."

By that I meant that if I could just have sex with her, she would no longer appear to be insane.

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- 44. 06 November 1987 "Psychiatry"
- 45. 05 November 1987 "Needed Repairs"
- 46. 04 November 1987 (2) "Tired Old Man"
- 47. 04 November 1987 "Exhibitionist"
- 48. 03 November 1987 (2) "Playing Basketball"
- 49. 03 November 1987 "Unprepared For Exams"
- 50. 02 November 1987 "Criminal Defense"
- 51. 30 October 1987 "Love Song"

- 52. [19 October 1987 \(3\)](#)
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- 53. [19 October 1987 \(2\)](#) ["Smashed Bananas"](#)
- 54. [19 October 1987](#) ["A Dangerous Man"](#)
- 55. [18 October 1987](#) ["Omotomy"](#)
- 56. [16 October 1987 \(3\)](#) ["Learning to Hypnotize"](#)
- 57. [16 October 1987 \(2\)](#) ["Visiting Europe"](#)
- 58. [16 October 1987](#) ["Body In A Casket"](#)
- 59. [15 October 1987 \(2\)](#) ["German Verse"](#)
- 60. [15 October 1987](#) ["Dark Sunglasses"](#)
- 61. [14 October 1987](#) ["Venezuelan Boy"](#)
- 62. [13 October 1987](#) ["Called To Be a Warrior"](#)
- 63. [12 October 1987 \(2\)](#) ["The Birds And The Wind"](#)

- 64. [12 October 1987 "Aphrodisiac"](#)
- 65. [11 October 1987 \(2\) "Primitive Sources"](#)
- 66. [11 October 1987 "Sense Of Patience"](#)
- 67. [10 October 1987 \(2\) "Coming Apocalypse"](#)
- 68. [10 October 1987 "Woody Allen Movie"](#)
- 69. [08 October 1987 "A Reclusive Family"](#)
- 70. [06 October 1987 "Warrantless Search"](#)
- 71. [04 October 1987 "Investments"](#)
- 72. [03 October 1987 \(2\) "Blind Eye"](#)
- 73. [03 October 1987 "Computer Message"](#)
- 74. [30 September 1987 \(2\) "Help Your Own Self"](#)
- 75. [30 September 1987 "Escape From East Germany"](#)
- 76. [29 September 1987 \(3\) "Acceptance Of Punishment"](#)

- 77. 29 September 1987 (2)
"Feeding Birds"
- 78. 29 September 1987 "Mayday"
- 79. 28 September 1987 (2) "What
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- 80. 28 September 1987 "Giving Up
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- 81. 24 September 1987 "Zen
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- 82. 22 September 1987 "Cancun"
- 83. 21 September 1987 (2)
"Descending A Cliff"
- 84. 21 September 1987 "Logical
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- 85. 20 September 1987 (2)
"Gunfight"
- 86. 20 September 1987 "First Jury
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- 87. 19 September 1987 (2) "Don
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- 88. 19 September 1987
"Uncomfortable And Fascinated"

89. [18 September 1987 "Court-Appointed Lawyers"](#)
90. [17 September 1987 \(2\) "One Thing After Another"](#)
91. [17 September 1987 "Fighting Japanese"](#)
92. [16 September 1987 "Bushel Of Corn"](#)
93. [13 September 1987 \(2\) "Minor Criminal Case"](#)
94. [13 September 1987 "Noble In Nature"](#)
95. [11 September 1987 "Happy To Be Free"](#)
96. [08 September 1987 "Arts District"](#)
97. [02 September 1987 "More Than Pure Chance"](#)
98. [23 August 1987 "Fradulous"](#)
99. [22 August 1987 \(3\) "Upside Down"](#)
100. [22 August 1987 \(2\) "Indian Drums"](#)

- 101.[22 August 1987 "Royal Society"](#)
- 102.[15 August 1987 "Learning Meditation"](#)
- 103.[12 August 1987 \(2\) "Another Man's Dead"](#)
- 104.[12 August 1987 "Symbolic Act"](#)
- 105.[11 August 1987 "Tooth Of A Bear"](#)
- 106.[09 August 1987 \(2\) "Preparing To Meditate"](#)
- 107.[09 August 1987 "AIDS Test"](#)
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- 110.[05 August 1987 \(2\) "Fundambulism"](#)
- 111.[05 August 1987 "Professional Golfer"](#)
- 112.[01 August 1987 "Mental Illness Court"](#)
- 113.[31 July 1987 "An Utter Failure"](#)
- 114.[30 July 1987 \(2\) "Prepared For Attacks"](#)

- 115. 30 July 1987 "Professional Dream Writer"
- 116. 26 July 1987 "Dead And Buried"
- 117. 25 July 1987 "Bulldogs"
- 118. 24 July 1987 "Not Meant To Be"
- 119. 23 July 1987 "Small Silver Ball"
- 120. 22 July 1987 "Failure To Protect"
- 121. 21 July 1987 "Marriage Ceremony"
- 122. 20 July 1987 "Feeling Liberated"
- 123. 18 July 1987 "Possessed"
- 124. 16 July 1987 "Facing Issues"
- 125. 15 July 1987 (2) "Bearing My Teeth"
- 126. 15 July 1987 "Mind Probe"
- 127. 14 July 1987 (3) "Somewhat Guilty"
- 128. 14 July 1987 (2) "Window Peeping"
- 129. 14 July 1987 "Ghostly Ball"

- 130.[13 July 1987 \(3\) "Private Helicopter"](#)
- 131.[13 July 1987 \(2\) "Experimental Horror Movie"](#)
- 132.[13 July 1987 "Harmless"](#)
- 133.[12 July 1987 "Body Under The Bed"](#)
- 134.[10 July 1987 "Horror Show"](#)
- 135.[09 July 1987 \(3\) "Lion's Claws"](#)
- 136.[09 July 1987 \(2\) "Savoring A Cigar"](#)
- 137.[09 July 1987 "Guardian Of The Key"](#)
- 138.[08 July 1987 "We"](#)
- 139.[07 July 1987 "Soap Opera"](#)
- 140.[06 July 1987 \(2\) "Busy Street"](#)
- 141.[06 July 1987 "Swallowed Pride"](#)
- 142.[05 July 1987 \(4\) "Cohisiveness"](#)
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- 145.[05 July 1987 "Ominous Presence"](#)

- 146.[04 July 1987 \(2\) "Some Responsibility"](#)
- 147.[04 July 1987 "Black And White"](#)
- 148.[03 July 1987 "Picking Blackberries"](#)
- 149.[02 July 1987 \(2\) "Rays Of Light"](#)
- 150.[02 July 1987 "Upanuhanyshads"](#)
- 151.[01 July 1987 "Fall From A Horse"](#)
- 152.[30 June 1987 "Fire Under The Bed"](#)
- 153.[23 June 1987 "Lifeless Figures"](#)
- 154.[20 June 1987 \(3\) "Rented Car"](#)
- 155.[20 June 1987 \(2\) "Wild Girl"](#)
- 156.[20 June 1987 "Unsafe Ski Lift"](#)
- 157.[18 June 1987 \(2\) "Strawberries And Bananas"](#)
- 158.[18 June 1987 "Kozetzo"](#)
- 159.[16 June 1987 "Silent Movie"](#)
- 160.[15 June 1987 "Talance"](#)
- 161.[14 June 1987 "Construction Project"](#)
- 162.[13 June 1987 "Camera Lesson"](#)

- 163.[12 June 1987 "Animal Eyes"](#)
- 164.[10 June 1987 \(2\) "Intolerable Rules"](#)
- 165.[10 June 1987 "Sensuous Kiss"](#)
- 166.[08 June 1987 \(2\) "Going Trapping"](#)
- 167.[08 June 1987 "New Accomodations"](#)
- 168.[06 June 1987 "Artistic Stamps"](#)
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- 172.[04 June 1987 "History Of Asia"](#)
- 173.[02 June 1987 "Rattling Noise"](#)
- 174.[29 May 1987 \(2\) "Subatomic Particles"](#)
- 175.[29 May 1987 "Jet Pilot"](#)
- 176.[28 May 1987 "Derelicts"](#)
- 177.[27 May 1987 "Learning To Fly"](#)
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- 193.[08 May 1987 "Mutual Dream"](#)
- 194.[07 May 1987 "Ship In Space"](#)
- 195.[06 May 1987 "When It Rains"](#)
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- 197.[03 May 1987 "War Of The
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- 200.[01 May 1987 "Test Of Confidence"](#)
- 201.[29 April 1987 "White Wine"](#)
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- 203.[25 April 1987 "Troubling Tests"](#)
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- 215.[06 April 1987 "Slaughtered Deer"](#)
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- 218.[29 March 1987 "The Mailman's Advice"](#)
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- 221.[26 March 1987 "Surrealistic Landscape"](#)
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- 228.[09 March 1987 "Samson"](#)

- 229.[04 March 1987 "Duty To Protect"](#)
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- 231.[02 March 1987 "Murder Trial"](#)
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- 241.[21 February 1987 "Free Lance Reporter"](#)
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- 262.[22 January 1987 "Porch Swing"](#)
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